

**THE BOOK OF
IRISH POETRY**



Drawn by]

[Geo. Morrow

Raftery, the Blind Poet of Connaught

Every · Irishman's · Library

General Editors : ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES, M.A.
WILLIAM MAGENNIS, M.A. DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

THE BOOK OF IRISH POETRY



EDITED
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
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Dedication

. . To . .

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., D.Litt.

President of the Gaelic League

*Because, alumni of one Irish College,
And sons of fathers of the self-same
Church,*

*Striving to swell the sum of Irish
knowledge,*

*Dear Creeveen Eevinn, we unite our
search;*

*And each of us an Irish Bardic brother
In "Songs of Connacht" and "The
Gael" has found,*

*This Poem-Book is yours—for to no
other*

*By such a kindly friendship am I
bound.*

A. P. G.



INTRODUCTION.

OF anthologies of Irish verse there have been many. Miss Charlotte Brooke's "Irish Poetry," a volume of translations of her own from the Irish, led the way in the year 1789, and was followed by Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," in 1831, with metrical translations by Thomas Furlong, Henry Grattan Curran, and John D'Alton. Both these volumes contained the Irish originals, as well as the translations from them, and both volumes were extremely valuable for their preservation of those originals, but suffered from the over ornate, and, indeed, often extremely artificial English verse into which they were translated. Highly finished that verse undoubtedly was ; here and there as fine as much of Macpherson's Ossian. But it was, as a rule, as untrue a presentment in English verse of Irish Gaelic poetry as Pope's version of the Iliad and Dryden's translation of the Aeneid are untrue expressions of the spirit and form of the Greek and Latin originals. As a matter of fact, these translators from the Irish had not learnt the lesson, not long afterwards learnt by Edward Walsh and Sir Samuel Ferguson, that the use of that poetical Hiberno-English speech, recently made popular by Douglas Hyde, Synge, Lady Gregory and others, was a far truer vehicle for the expression, in trans-

lation or adaptation, of Irish Gaelic poetry. Walsh indeed published his own translations of "Reliques of Ancient Jacobite Poetry" (1844) and his more characteristic "Irish Popular Songs" (1847), it might almost be thought, as a protest against the artificial character of previous collections of the kind, not excepting Montgomery's anthology, which preceded his second volume by a year. Dr. Drummond's "Ancient Irish Minstrelsy," translated by himself, which appeared in 1852, is an attempt to hark back to the eighteenth century and early nineteenth century formal school of poetry, but has fine passages, such as his "Cuchullin's Chariot," expanded from a passage in "The Breach in the Plain at Muirthemne."

This wise tendency to treat Irish poetry in an Irish way, through the medium of what I have already called Hiberno-English speech, was lost sight of by the Young Irelanders, whose work was, as a rule, oratorical rather than poetical, when verse became the medium, or in very large part, the medium of their political propaganda. Thomas Davis and his friends fell more under the influence of Scott and Macaulay than under that of the Gaelic poets immediately preceding them or contemporary with them. No doubt they took a pleasure in printing Irish words in Irish characters here and there in some of their national lyrics, and now and again we find, in Davis more particularly, the Irish human touch, which, when he had time to write poetry rather than verse, so distinguishes him. But as a rule the stirring appeals to patriotism on the part of the Young Ireland poets is little better than versified oratory.

Thomas Moore was more individual as a poet than any of the Young Ireland group ; yet, whilst he undoubtedly possessed the Irish characteristics of wit and fancy, sentiment and satire, he had nothing of the spirit of the Irish countryside in his composition. Irish was not spoken by his parents or neighbours in Dublin, and when years afterwards he was seeking materials for his History of Ireland in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, he was amazed to find what a great body of Gaelic literature in prose and verse, utterly new to him, lay collected there before his eyes. The classics inspired the anacreontics of " Thomas Little " ; his poetical tales, coloured though they were by his Celtic imagination as well as by his West Indian recollections, were entirely derived from Eastern, never from Irish sources. The only purely Irish influence upon his work was that of Irish music, and that influence has made his Irish melodies, in part at any rate, imperishable.

In spite of his fine as well as faithful translations from the Irish, the influence of Byron upon Callanan is obvious, and Gerald Griffin, though much nearer to the spirit of his native soil as a poet than most of his contemporaries, was drawn, like so many young Irishmen of letters, under London literary influences, and was never more than half emancipated from them. Mangan, on the other hand, had the good fortune to be able to study in translation some of the finer specimens of Gaelic verse, and his essentially mystic genius and fine musical ear drew from that old Irish poetry a something which is lacking in the writings of his contemporaries, Ferguson and Edward Walsh alone excepted. Yet Mangan, like

Moore, went to the East for some of his inspiration, though, unlike Moore, he drew more of it from contemporary German poetry, which he translated, adapted and imitated with characteristic power. But Mangan at the end of his career did a hasty piece of work of a thoroughly Irish kind in his translations of the Gaelic "Poets and Poetry of Munster," for John O'Daly, the Gaelic publisher and bookseller, "few of which," as Mr. D. T. O'Donoghue, his biographer, rightly says, "are of high poetical merit." But it is only fair to add, in Mr. O'Donoghue's words, that Mangan, who did not live to see them published, "would have given them," had he survived their appearance, "as he often did with his earlier poems, an additional polish or other necessary revision."

The vulgar verse which exploited the stage Irishman before his time was transformed by Samuel Lover into a new medium for the expression of humorous character sketches of Irish life. These lyrics, written to Irish popular airs or original compositions by the author, had a great vogue in their day, and on the strength of the reputation achieved by them Lover published an Anglo-Irish anthology of Irish poetry, "Lyrics of Ireland," in 1858. Much pains has been bestowed on the collection and classification of the poems in this illustrated anthology. Its Anglo-Irish character is evident from the small proportion of either translations or adaptations from the Irish that it contains—about one poem in ten—and "sentimental" poems are too predominant in the volume. Much of it, moreover, is mere "convivial and comic, historical and political" verse, but it

is, nevertheless the most comprehensive, as well as typical collection of Irish verse that had yet appeared, and, as it claims to be, the most "national" in the widest sense of the word. Crofton Croker's "Popular Songs of Ireland" is a collection of Anglo-Irish folk songs and ballads gleaned from an unfortunately narrow field, but though much still remains to be done to supplement it, more especially in the north of Ireland, Dr. Joyce has in his Folk Song volume of 1906 added a considerable number of Irish popular ballads in the English tongue to Croker's anthology.

Meantime other anthologies of Irish poetry were seeing the light: Charles Gavan Duffy's, afterwards Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's, well-known volume of "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland," which had reached a fortieth edition in 1869; Hayes's two volumes of "The Ballads of Ireland" (1855), a very comprehensive but far from choice collection, and "The Harp of Erin," a small but interesting anthology, edited by Ralph Varian, and published in 1869, in which Northern writers are more adequately represented than elsewhere. To these may be added the "Spirit of the Nation," a collection of the best of the poems published in that famous political journal edited by Gavan Duffy; and Michael Joseph Barry's collection, "The Songs of Ireland" (1845), to which Thomas Davis wrote a stirring introduction; Denis Florence McCarthy's "The Book of Irish Ballads" (1846), and Hercules Ellis's "Songs of Ireland" and "Romances and Ballads of Ireland" (1849 and 1850); and William Johnston's "Boyne Book of Poetry and Song" (an Orange collection), 1859.

With the exception of a volume of my own in the Mayfair Library, and, as its title ("Songs of Irish Wit and Humour") shows, of limited scope, no anthology of Irish poetry appeared for many years, until the interesting American collection of Alfred M. Williams. The circumstances under which that anthology was compiled were remarkable. Mr. Williams, a reporter of the "New York Tribune" during Fenian days, was imprisoned in Dublin under the Arms Act for carrying a weapon which, as an American citizen, he had always been in the habit of doing. He solaced his enforced leisure by the study of Irish poetry, and eventually published, with Messrs. Osgood & Co., of Boston, his scholarly and discriminating volume "The Poets and Poetry of Ireland." This anthology had the advantage of Longfellow's criticism as it was going through the Press, and is distinguished by the interesting essays which preface most of its sections and the critical and biographical notes which deal with the more important Irish poets. Like Lover's collection, it is divided into sections relating to the various types of Irish poetry, but more stress is laid by Williams upon translations from the Irish, and, generally speaking, it may be said to be more expressive of Gaelic than Anglo-Irish genius. It was followed by Mr. T. D. Sullivan's "Emerald Gems" (1885), "The Emerald Wreath," and three American-Irish collections: "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland," in "Ford's National Library" (1886), Connolly's "Household Library of Ireland's Poets" (1887), and "The New Universal Irish Song Book" (P. T. Kennedy, 1887).

Meantime there had been a fresh flowering of Irish poetry brought about by what has been called The Irish Literary Renaissance, whose first inspirers were Sir Samuel Ferguson, Mangan, Edward Walsh, and Aubrey De Vere; but to the influence of Standish O'Grady, through his "Heroic History of Ireland," the main impulse to this movement was undoubtedly given. Mr. Yeats might have been drawn away to lead a school of English mystic poets but for that influence, and Dr. Todhunter and other writers would probably also have been contented to cast in their lot with the English poets amongst whom they lived. Mr. O'Grady, himself an Irish scholar, though perhaps more Greek than Irish in expression, fired the imagination of his friends and drew them to the contemplation of Irish heroic themes, for which he had shown so fine a feeling. Katharine Tynan, who had fallen under the spell of Rossetti, may be claimed as a disciple of his, as may Mr. T. W. Rolleston, but undoubtedly Mr. Yeats was his greatest convert, and the founder, under his influence, of the Neo-Celtic School of Irish poetry, and, in conjunction with Lady Gregory, of the Irish Literary Theatre, on its heroic side. It is remarkable how his faithfulness to technique has impressed itself upon his followers. For like his brother poet, A.E., he is an artist to his finger tips. If he has been blamed for the limited amount of his poetical output, he has at any rate a complete answer, that he has put artistic endeavour into every poem he has written, and that he has, as a propagandist, spoken and written more for the creation of Irish Literary and Graphic Art, and with more effect, than any Irishman of his time, and, finally, that his

latest poetical work shows a remarkable departure in fresh and advanced directions. Mr. Yeats is also one of our anthologists, and his collection, "A Book of Irish Verse," shows a more catholic taste than could have been expected from one of his own fastidious word-for-word finish.

Halliday Sparling's "Irish Minstrelsy" (1887) had its vogue before the new School of Irish Symbolists had arisen, under Mr. Yeats' aegis, and Mr. Hinkson's "Collection of Verse by members of Trinity College, Dublin" (1894), and his wife's (*née* Katharine Tynan) delightful florilegium of "Irish Love Songs" also anticipated that poetical period, as to a large extent did the most ambitious and comprehensive volume of Irish verse that had yet appeared, "A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue" (1890), edited by Dr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. T. W. Rolleston, afterwards his son-in-law.

This anthology is more of a collection than a selection of Anglo-Irish Poetry or rather, as the editors describe it, "Irish poetry in the English tongue," for it contains not a few fine translations and adaptations from the Irish. It is, as it proposes to be, a compendium of poetical literature in the making, a history of Irish poetry in the English tongue, as shown by examples of every variety of it deserving critical recognition.

Another important collection rather than selection of Irish poetry, and exhibiting great pains in its gathering, is Mr. Cooke's "The Dublin Book of Irish Verse," which has the advantage of being a practically up-to-date anthology. It is arranged in the main in chronological order, and typical illustrations are given, chiefly from Anglo-Irish writers, though it also contains many good translations

from the Irish. It has no literary introduction and no biographical sketches of the poets represented, or such short critical estimates of their work as are to be found in the Brooke-Rolleston collection, but there are about thirty pages of useful notes referring to the sources of the poems or explanatory of the allusions in them.

Other important anthologies, and the latest in the field, are Mrs. Tynan Hinkson's and Mr. Padric Gregory's recently published volumes entitled "The Wild Harp" and "Modern Anglo-Irish Verse," respectively. The first volume, like Mr. Yeats's, contains the poems that have made a special appeal to the anthologist, poems likely "to capture for English ears, sensitive to a wild music, just such strains as might be sounded by the strings of a harp—something thin, strange, forlorn; something a little unearthly and exquisite, else there would be no reason to garner it." This method of selection "shuts out reflective poetry, unless the reflection is brief and shining. It bars propagandist poetry altogether."

Mr. Gregory's anthology only deals with poems whose authors were living when his selection was made. He only asks that his poets should be of Irish blood; he is not careful that their work should be Irish in atmosphere. He is very catholic in his taste, and introduces to his readers some half a dozen writers of finely distinctive verse whose work is either quite fresh or has been hitherto overlooked by anthologists: "John Eglinton," Helen Lanyon, Sir Samuel Keightly, Florence Wilson.

Though partial to the ballad, and himself a master of this form of verse, he lays special stress on the symbolist lyrics of what we may call the Irish Georgian school of

writers : Mr. Thomas MacDonagh, Mr. George Plunkett, Mr. Darell Figgis, Mr. J. H. Cousins, and Mr. Sidney Royse Lysaght. The most notable new ballad in his book is Miss Emily Lawless's "The Third Trumpet," one of the last poems she ever wrote and a very remarkable one.

While dealing with the bibliography of the subject, certain British anthologies may be mentioned which have introduced Irish verse to the general body of readers. The first and most important of these is that beautiful volume "Lyra Celtica," selected with great discrimination by Mrs. William Sharp from the best Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Cornish and Breton poetry available in the year 1896, and prefaced by a striking introduction from the pen of her husband, who, as a Celtic writer, had adopted the *nom de plume* of Fiona McLeod.

Next comes Mr. Brimley Johnson's charmingly illustrated four volumes of British Ballads, now to be had for one shilling in "Everyman's Library," in which there is an interesting Irish section. It has been followed by the Oxford Book of Verse, edited by Sir Quiller Couch, whose Celtic instincts have led him to admit not a few Irish poems into his volume. Conspicuous amongst the writers for the book of Georgian Poets are some writers of Irish blood, and much room has been found in Mr. Walter Jerrold's "Living Poets" for the work of Irishmen and Irishwomen.

Finally, attention should be called to two notable anthologies drawn straight from the Irish Gaelic.

Dr. Sigerson, like Miss Brooke, has preferred to make all the translations from the Irish contained in his "Bards

of the Gael and Gall." This volume appeared in 1897, but much of the work had been done in the Sixties, when, following in the footsteps of Edward Walsh, Dr. Sigerson, in co-operation with the late John O'Daly, accomplished for Munster lyrics what Dr. Hyde has since achieved for the religious and love poetry of Connacht, in his two memorable books, "The Love Songs of Connacht" and "The Religious Songs of Connacht." In this collection, which is prefaced by a peculiarly interesting as well as scholarly introduction, and contains a wealth of valuable notes, Dr. Sigerson covers practically the whole ground of Gaelic poetical literature, not only making translations in the metres and spirit of Irish verse of every kind, heroic, religious, sententious, humorous, descriptive, erotic, hitherto undealt with, but being always ready to break a lance with former translators, such as Ferguson, Walsh and Mangan, by presenting fresh versions of his own of famous Gaelic originals.

Lastly, we come to Miss Eleanor Hull's delightful volume "The Poem Book of the Gael." This is written much on the same lines as Dr. Sigerson's book, but with these differences. Besides making some excellent translations of her own from the Irish, she gives her readers the best metrical translations made by the leading Irish poets of this century and the last, and by such brilliant prose writers as Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady, Professor Kuno Meyer and Lady Gregory. She covers as much ground as Dr. Sigerson, though she does not go into as close detail in the matter of the origins of Irish verse and its peculiar metric; but she presents a very fine prose translation from her own hand of the "Saltair na Rann," a ninth

century Irish version of "Paradise Lost and Regained," attributed to Oengus the Culdee, and never rendered into English before, and she prints in translation an interesting set of recently collected Irish Folk Poems, religious and secular, as well as translations in verse and prose from contemporary Gaelic poetry.

In what respects does my own anthology of Irish poetry differ from those described.

Roughly speaking it may be said, to be a selection of Irish Poetry, old and new, old and modern Gaelic poems in English verse translation and Anglo-Irish poetry of the last two centuries which have most appealed to me as illustrating the leading features of Gaelic, Hiberno-English and Anglo-Irish verse. I do not suggest that there are not other poems, or even many poems equal in merit to those chosen for this volume. But I have been careful to make such a selection under the seven heads which appear to me most illustrative of the special characteristics of Irish poetry as I hope will be found to yield as much variety of thought, style and metrical expression as could well be contained within the compass of from three to four hundred pages. My headings are "Nature Poetry," "Wonder Poetry," "Love Poetry," "War Poetry," "National Poetry," "Countryside Poetry," "Spiritual and Philosophical Poetry," and "Religious Poetry."

I have been led to adopt this order of subjects for good reasons. The earliest Irish poetry consists of mystical nature hymns and Nature enters largely into the poems of the Cuculain and Fenian sagas, while nature poems pure and simple are attributed to Fionn MacCumhail himself. But, interblent with the visible beauties of this

world are the invisible enchantments and supernatural appearances of the fairies, the denizens of that other world which, amongst the Gaels, was neither in heaven or hell, but in intermediate space.

Love poetry finds early expression amongst the Gaels, much earlier expression from both sexes than is to be found in any other European literature. The Irish were without verse epics but their prose romances are interspersed with lyrics of many kinds, including love lyrics of poignant beauty. Amongst these may be mentioned Deirdré's Farewell to Alba, her lament over the bodies of Naisi, Ardan and Ainli, and her passionate rejection, a year later, of King Conor's attempts to win her love. The lamentation over their lovers of the two Credés, Fand's noble farewell to Cuculain and Grainné's Sleep Song over Diarmid, when they are hiding from the pursuit of Fionn, are love poems of the rarest quality.

I have placed the Irish War poetry next, because it follows naturally upon the love contests between chieftain and chieftain, and also because it stretches from pagan to early Christian times and through them, in its many moods of daring, triumph and defeat, down to the rebellion of '98, flickering out finally in Smith O'Brien's and the Fenian Rebellions.

But it was not until the tribal system had been broken for ever that there emerged that spirit of common Irish nationality which makes Irish patriotic poetry so distinctive. The love for Ireland is, no doubt, most tenderly and perfectly expressed by St. Columba, but it is not until the clans had united in common defence of the whole country and until Ireland began to be described

by her bards by such loving names as "The Little Dark Rose," or "The Silk of the Kine," or again by such titles as "Granuaile" or "Kathleen na Houlahan," or "The Shan van Vocht" that a spirit of nationalism had been aroused sufficient to endure and bear, because it hoped for, all things. This patriotic poetry, beginning as suggested with St. Columba carried on by Keating, the historian, in his delightful "Letter to Erin," and then spreading in every direction over Ireland and overseas with Irish exiles, is in no sense confined to poets of any particular creed or political belief. It is as strong in Emily Lawless as in D'Arcy McGee, as fervently expressed by Sir Samuel Ferguson as Stephen Gwynn or Standish O'Grady or A.E. I doubt whether there is any poetical literature in the world so suffused with this genuine love of country or in which it is expressed with more delicate feeling.

Folk songs have come to us in countless numbers from the Gaelic and Anglo-Irish alike, but the Gaelic Folk Songs are, without doubt, the finest. Specimens of these have been given in translation with all the skill commanded by Mangan, Ferguson, Walsh, Dr. Sigerson, Dr. Hyde, Mr. P. J. McCall, Miss Eleanor Hull, and Mr. Thomas MacDonagh. For their collection warm obligations are due to Hardiman, Edward Walsh, Dr. Sigerson, Dr. Hyde, Mr. McCall, Mr. P. H. Pearse and to the Gaelic League and Irish Folk Song Society. They could ill be spared, speaking as they do straight from the heart of the Irish people.

Lastly, we have to deal with Irish religious poetry and the spiritual and philosophical poetry which has followed

it in recent years and which is the most remarkable outcome of contemporary Irish literary thought, unless indeed the new Irish literary drama may be said to rival it as an expression of the modern Irish mind ; though let it be noted that three of its most prominent representatives, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. George Russell (A.E.) and Mr. Padraic Colum are also leading dramatists of the Irish Literary Theatre.

Early Irish Religious Poetry is remarkable, not only for its fine metrical form, but for its cheerful spirituality, its open-air freshness, and for its occasional touches of kindly humour, and the later religious poetry of O'Daly and kindred writers as preserved by Dr. Hyde, whilst of a more sombre character, is beautifully fervid and extraordinarily finished in its technique. And what may be called the wild flowers of Irish religious poetry, the short prayers, invocations and charms are as delightful, in their degree, as all readers of Dr. Hyde's Religious Songs of Connacht must confess.

And now I hand over to my readers the song wreath I have been long gathering for them. May they grow to love, as much as I do, what I have elsewhere described as :—

“ These sprays of Druid oak and yew,
And Red Branch rowans hoar with dew,
And sedges sighing from the strand
Whence Oiseen rode to Fairy Land,
And festals blooms whose bardic breath
Pleased the proud Elizabeth ;
Heath plumes that o'er our Princes sang
Exultant to the battle clang ;

Pale immortelles whose plaintive lay
Still murmurs o'er their hero clay ;
And wild flowers, plucked with artless art
From out the Irish peasant's heart—
Wood shamrocks, *noineens* from the lawn,
The *drinaun dhun* and *canavaun* ;
Arbutus from Killarney's shore,
Bog myrtle, magical *lusmore*,
And, every blossom else above,
Dark Rosaleen's own rose of Love."

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Erinfa,
Harlech.

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It is interesting to learn that these Modern Irish Poets will be more fully represented in a Volume of Irish Verses to be published by Maunsel and Co.

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ODE.

*We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams ;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams ;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems*

*With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory.
One man with a dream at pleasure
Shall go forth and conquer a crown,
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.*

*We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth ;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth ;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.*

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

THE SCRIBE.

[*From the Early Irish.*]

*A leafy grove surrounds me quite ;
For my delight the blackbirds flute ;
While o'er my little book's lined words
Sweet warbling birds their Scribe salute.*

*The Cuckoo in his mantle grey
Cries on all day through lush tree tops.
And verily—God shield me still !
Well speeds my quill beneath the copse.*

BOOK OF IRISH POETRY

IRISH NATURE POETRY.

THE SONG OF AMORGEN

By Amorgen, a pre-historic Bard.

[From the Books of Leccan and Ballymote.]

I am the wind on the sea for might ;
I am a wave of the deep for length ;
I am the sound of the sea for fright ;
I am a stag of seven points for strength.
I am a hawk on a cliff for lightness ;
I am a tear of the sun for brightness ;
I am a salmon in Wisdom's fountain ;
I am a lake that afar expands ;
I am Knowledge and Poesy's mountain ;
I am a spear in a spoiler's hands.
I am a God who fashions smoke from magic fire for a
Druid to slay with.
Who but I will make clear each question the mind of man
still goes astray with ?
Who but myself the assemblies knows of the house of the
sages on high Slieve Mis ?
Who but the poet knows where in the ocean the going down
of the great sun is ?

Who seven times sought the Fairy Forts without or fear
 or injury ?
 And who declareth the moon's past ages and the ages
 thereof that have yet to be ?
 Who out of the shadowy haunts of Tethra hitherward
 draweth his herds of kine ?
 Who segregated them from each other to browse the
 plains of the watery brine ?
 For whom will the fish of the laughing ocean be making
 welcome if not for me ?
 Who shapeth as I can the spell of letters, a weapon to
 win them out of the sea ?
 Invoke a satirist, fit incantations to weave for you, O folk
 of the waves,
 Even me, the Druid, forth furnishing Ogham letters on
 oaken staves,
 Even me, the parter of combatants, even me who the
 Fairy Height
 Enter to find a cunning enchanter to lure with me your
 shoals to light !
 I am the Wind of the Sea for might.

FIRST WINTER-SONG.

Take my tidings !
 Stags contend ;
 Snows descend—
 Summer's end !

A chill wind raging ;
 The sun low keeping ;
 Swift to set
 O'er seas high sweeping.

Dull red the fern ;
 Shapes are shadows ;
 Wild geese mourn
 O'er misty meadows.

Keen cold limes
 Each weaker wing.
 Icy times—
 Such I sing !
 Take my tidings !

KING AND HERMIT.

[*A tenth century poem, first published and translated
 by Professor Kuno Meyer.*]

Marvan, brother of King Guare of Connaught, in the seventh century, had renounced the life of a warrior prince for that of a hermit. The King endeavoured to persuade his brother to return to his Court, when the following colloquy took place between them.

GUARE.

Now, Marvan, hermit of the grot,
 Why sleepest thou not on quilted feathers ?
 Why on a pitch-pine floor instead
 Still make thy bed, despite all weathers ?

MARVAN.

I have a shieling in the wood,
 None save my God has knowledge of it,
 An ash tree and a hazel nut
 Its two sides shut, great oak-boughs roof it.

Two heath-clad posts beneath a buckle
 Of honeysuckle its frame are propping,
 The woods around its narrow bound
 Swine fattening mast are richly dropping.

From out my shieling not too small,
 Familiar all, fair paths invite me,
 Now, blackbird, from my gable end,
 Sweet sable friend, thy notes delight me !

With joy the stags of Oakridge leap
Into their clear and deep-banked river,
Far off, red Royny glows with joy,
Muckraw, Moinmoy in sunshine quiver.

With mighty mane a green-barked yew
Upholds the blue ; his fortress green
An oak uprears against the storms—
Tremendous forms, stupendous scene !

Mine apple-tree is full of fruit
From crown to root—a hostel's store—
My bonny nut-full hazel bush
Leans branching lush against my door.

A choice pure spring of cooling draught
Is mine ; what prince has quaffed a rarer ?
Around it cresses keen, O King,
Invite the famishing wayfarer.

Tame swine and wild and goat and deer
Assemble here upon its brink,
Yea ! even the badger's brood draw near
And without fear lie down to drink.

A peaceful troop of creatures strange,
They hither range from wood and height,
To meet them slender foxes steal
At vesper peal, O my delight !

These visitants, as to a Court,
Frequent resort to seek me out,
Pure water, Brother Guare, are they,
The salmon grey, the speckled trout :

Red rowans, dusky sloes and mast—
O unsurpassed and God-sent dish,
Blackberries, whortleberries blue,
Red strawberries to my taste and wish ;

Sweet apples, honey of wild bees,
And, after them, of eggs a clutch,
Haws, berries of the juniper—
Who, King, could cast a slur on such ?

A cup with mead of hazel-nut
Outside my hut, in summer shine,
Or ale, with herbs from wood and spring,
Are worth, O King, thy costliest wine.

Bright bluebells o'er my board I throw—
A lovely show my feast to spangle—
The rushes' radiance, oaklets gray,
Briar-tresses gay—sweet, goodly tangle.

When brilliant summer casts once more
Her cloak of colour o'er the fields,
Sweet-tasting marjoram, pignut, leek—
To all who seek—her verdure yields.

Her bright red-breasted little men
Their lovely music then outpour,
The thrush exults, the cuckoos all
Around her call and call once more.

The bees, earth's small musicians, hum,
No longer dumb, in gentle chorus,
Like echoes faint of that long plaint
The fleeing wild-fowl murmur o'er us.

The wren, an active songster now,
From off the hazel-bough pipes shrill,
Woodpeckers flock in multitudes
With beauteous hoods and beating bill.

With fair white birds, the crane and gull,
The fields are full, while cuckoos cry.
No mournful music ! Heath poults dun
Through russet heather sunward fly.

The heifers now with loud delight,
Summer bright, salute thy reign ;
Comfort smooth for toilsome loss
'Tis now to cross the fertile plain.

The warblings of the wind that sweep
From branchy wood to sapphire sky,
The river falls, the swan's far note—
Delicious music floating by !

Earth's bravest band, because unhired,
All day untired, makes cheer for me.
In Christ's own eyes of endless youth
Can this same truth be said of thee ?

What though in Kingly pleasures now
Beyond all riches thou rejoice,
Content am I my Saviour good
Should on this wood have set my choice.

Without one hour of war or strife,
Through all my life at peace I fare.
Where better can I keep my tryst
With our Lord Christ, O brother Guare ?

GUARE.

My glorious Kingship, yea ! and all
My sire's estates that fall to me,
My Marvan, I would gladly give,
So I might live my life with thee.

ST. COLUMBA IN IONA.

[*From an Irish manuscript in the Burgundian Library,
Brussels.*]

Delightful would it be to me
From a rock pinnacle to trace
Continually
The ocean's face ;
That I might watch the heaving waves
Of noble force
To God the Father chant their staves
Of the earth's course ;
That I might mark its level strand,
To me no lone distress,
That I might hark the sea-bird's wondrous band—
Sweet source of happiness ;
That I might hear the clamorous billows thunder
On the rude beach,
That by my blessed church side I might ponder
Their mighty speech,
Or watch surf-flying gulls the dark shoal follow
With joyous scream,
Or mighty ocean monsters spout and wallow—
Wonder supreme !

That I might well observe of ebb and flood
All cycles therein ;
And that my mystic name might be for good
But " Cul-ri, Erin."
That gazing toward her on my heart might fall
A full contrition,
That I might then bewail my evils all,
Though hard the addition ;
That I might bless the Lord who all things orders
For their great good ;
The countless hierarchies through Heaven's bright
borders—
Land, strand and flood.

That I might search all books and from their chart
 Find my soul's calm ;
 Now kneel before the heaven of my heart,
 Now chant a psalm ;
 Now meditate upon the King of Heaven,
 Chief of the Holy Three ;
 Now ply my work, by no compulsion driven.
 What greater joy could be ?
 Now plucking dulse upon the rocky shore,
 Now fishing eager on,
 Now furnishing food unto the famished poor ;
 In hermitage anon.
 The guidance of the King of Kings
 Hath been vouchsafed unto me ;
 If I keep watch beneath His wings,
 No evil shall undo me.

THE IRISH WOLF-HOUND.

[From " The Foray of Con O'Donnell."]

His stature tall, his body long,
 His back like night, his breast like snow,
 His fore-leg pillar-like and strong,
 His hind-leg like a bended bow ;
 Rough curling hair, head long and thin,
 His ear a leaf so small and round ;
 Not Bran, the favourite dog of Finn,
 Could rival John MacDonnell's hound.

As fly the shadows o'er the grass,
 He flies with step as light and sure,
 He hunts the wolf through Tostan pass,
 And starts the deer by Lisanoure.
 The music of the Sabbath bells,
 O Con ! has not a sweeter sound
 Than when along the valley swells
 The cry of John MacDonnell's hound.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

Royal and saintly Cashel ! I would gaze
Upon the wreck of thy departed powers
Not in the dewy light of matin hours,
Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze,
But at the close of dim autumnal days,
When the sun's parting glance, through slanting
showers,
Sheds o'er thy rock-throned battlements and towers
Such awful gleams as brighten o'er Decay's
Prophetic cheek. At such a time, methinks,
There breathes from thy lone courts and voiceless
aisles
A melancholy moral ; such as sinks
On the lone traveller's heart amid the piles
Of vast Persepolis on her mountain stand,
Or Thebes half buried in the desert sand.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

GLENGARRIFF.

Gazing from each low bulwark of this bridge,
How wonderful the contrast ! Dark as night,
Here, amid cliffs and woods, with headlong might,
The black stream whirls, through ferns and drooping
sedge,
'Neath twisted roots moss-brown, and weedy ledge,
Gushing. Aloft, from yonder birch-clad height,
Leaps into air a cataract, snow-white ;
Falling to gulfs obscure. The mountain ridge,
Like a gray Warder, guardian of the scene,
Above the cloven gorge gloomily towers.
O'er the dim woods a gathering tempest lowers ;
Save where athwart the moist leaves' lucid green
A sunbeam, glancing through disparted showers,
Sparkles along the rill with diamond sheen !

A sun-burst on the bay ! Turn and behold !
 The restless waves, resplendent in their glory,
 Sweep glittering past yon purpled promontory,
 Bright as Apollo's breastplate. Bathed in gold,
 Yon bastioned islet gleams. Thin mists are rolled,
 Translucent, through each glen. A mantle hoary
 Veils those peaked hills, shapely as e'er in story
 Delphic, or Alpine, or Vesuvian old,
 Minstrels have sung. From rock and headland proud
 The wild wood spreads its arms around the bay :
 The manifold mountain cones, now dark, now bright,
 Now seen, now lost, alternate from rich light
 To spectral shade ; and each dissolving cloud
 Reveals new mountains as it floats away.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

SIBERIA.

In Siberia's wastes
 The Ice-wind's breath
 Woundeth like the toothéd steel.
 Lost Siberia doth reveal
 Only blight and death.

Blight and death alone !
 No summer sun shines ;
 Night is interblent with day ;
 In Siberia's wastes, alway
 The blood blackens, the heart pines.

In Siberia's wastes
 No tears are shed,
 For they freeze within the brain.
 Nought is felt but dullest pain ;
 Pain acute, yet dead.

Pain as in a dream,
 When years go by

Funeral-paced, yet fugitive ;
When man lives and doth not live,
Doth not live—nor die.

In Siberia's wastes
Are sands and rocks.
Nothing blooms of green or soft,
But the snow-peaks rise aloft,
And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there
Is one with those ;
They are part, and he is part !
For the sands are in his heart,
And the killing snows.

Therefore, in those wastes
None curse the Czar.
Each man's tongue is cloven by
The North Blast, who heweth nigh
With sharp scimitar.

And such doom each drees,
Till, hunger-gnawn,
And cold-slain, he at length sinks there ;
Yet scarce more a corpse than ere
His last breath was drawn.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

A SIGH FOR KNOCKMANY.

Take, proud ambition, take thy fill
Of pleasures won through toil or crime ;
Go, learning, climb thy rugged hill,
And give thy name to future time :
Philosophy, be keen to see
Whate'er is just, or false, or vain,
Take each thy meed, but, oh ! give me
To range my mountain glens again !

Pure was the breeze that fann'd my cheek,
As o'er Knockmany's brow I went ;
When every lonely dell could speak
In airy music, vision-sent ;
False world, I hate thy cares and thee,
I hate the treacherous haunts of men ;
Give back my early heart to me,
Give back to me my mountain glen !

How light my youthful visions shone,
When spann'd by Fancy's radiant form ;
But now her glittering bow is gone,
And leaves me but the cloud and storm.
With wasted form, and cheek all pale—
With heart long seared by grief and pain,
Dunroe, I'll seek thy native vale,
I'll tread my mountain glens again.

Thy breeze once more may fan my blood,
Thy valleys all are lovely still ;
And I may stand, where oft I stood,
In lonely musings on thy hill.
But, ah ! the spell is gone ;—no art
In crowded town, or native plain,
Can teach a crush'd and breaking heart
To pipe the song of youth again.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

SONNET.

I have wept tears, and learnt, I fear, sad ways
Of searching for a smile, and I can guess
The secret of a wan mouth's droopingness,
And know which eyes are they that waste their gaze
On the hid grave of hope—yet ne'er the less
My heart leaps up to utter thanks, and bless
Our earth which bears sweet flowers, and the glad face
Of these unwearied waters—thanks to them

For brief, intense, bright moments when we see
Our life stand clear in joy, we kiss the hem
Of God's robe in a rapture, and are whole—
On wind-swept hill-tops, by the mystery
Of ocean on still morns, or when the soul
Springs to the lark in a fine ecstasy.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

FOUR DUCKS ON A POND.

Four ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing :
What a little thing
To remember for years—
To remember with tears !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

FOAM FLAKES.

Gotten in the strife of waters,
Twinkling little stars of foam,
Restless, beautiful white daughters
Of a father made to roam.

Under sun and under moon,
Under many a cloudy sky,
To a low monotonous tune,
Ye go glancing, dancing by.

Fleeting shapes of rarest beauty,
Poetry and life and joy,
I would err in manhood's duty,
If I passed you like a boy.

I will lie down here and weave a
Web of similes to you
In the long rye-grass and cleave a
Little lane to see you through.

Shooting, quivering, restless flamelets
On a restless hearth you seem ;
Fairy-tenanted white hamlets,
Rocked of earth-quakes on the stream ;

Whitest clouds of bluest ether
Prest in Eons' hands as snow,
Thrown in multitudes together
On the streams of earth below ;

Forms as undefined as faces
Seen in dreamland : ghosts of white,
Flowers that grew in heavenly places,
Fed on heavenly air and light.

I would cast my lot with you,
In your bundle would be bound,
Shining maidens ! bid adieu
To this barren, steady, ground,

Dance with you amid the ridges
And the madness of the stream,
Sleep and kiss you where the midges
On the silent water gleam.

STANDISH O'GRADY.

FROM SHANNON TO SEA.

The Shannon bore me to thy bosom wide :
I wandered with it on its winding way
By fields of yellow corn and new mown hay,
And far blue hills that rose on either side,
And low dark woods that fringed the ebbing tide ;

And ever as its waters neared the west,
Out of the slumber of its broadening breast
Faint momentary ripples rose and died :—
And rose again before the breeze and grew
To wavelets dancing in the noonday light,
And these were changed to waves of ocean blue,
And creek and headland faded from the sight,
And oh ! at last—at last I floated free
On the long rollers of the open sea.

E. G. A. HOLMES.

ETERNAL VIGIL.

Oh ! once again upon thy heaving breast
I floated, like a seabird when it braves
The shoreward onset of thy flowing waves
And leaps triumphant on each rushing crest :
Round me in dark magnificent unrest,
The billows of the wild Atlantic rolled
Far, far away, into the gates of gold,
The sunlit portals of the stormy west :
O never wearied ! In the hush of noon
Thy billows break the paths of golden sleep :
They break the dreamlike lustre of the moon :
Earth knows the hours of darkness : thou dost keep
Eternal vigil : still thy surges white
Flash through the deepest gloom of starless night.

E. G. A. HOLMES.

BIRDS.

Sure maybe ye've heard the storm-thrush
Whistling bould in March,
Before there's a primrose peepin' out,
Or a wee red cone on the larch ;
Whistlin' the sun to come out o' the cloud,
An' the wind to come over the sea,
But for all he can whistle so clear an' loud,
He's never the bird for me.

Sure maybe ye've seen the song-thrush
After an April rain
Slip from in-under the drippin' leaves,
Wishful to sing again ;
An' low wi' love when he's near the nest,
An' loud from the top o' the tree,
But for all he can flutter the heart in your breast,
He's never the bird for me.

Sure maybe ye've heard the cushadoo
Callin' his mate in May,
When one sweet thought is the whole of his life,
An' he tells it the one sweet way.
But my heart is sore at the cushadoo
Filled with his own soft glee,
Over an' over his ' me an' you !'
He's never the bird for me.

Sure maybe ye've heard the red-breast
Singin' his lone on a thorn,
Mindin' himself o' the dear days lost,
Brave wid his heart forlorn.
The time is in dark November,
An' no spring hopes has he :
' Remember,' he sings, ' remember !'
Ay, thon's the wee bird for me.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

All in the April morning,
April airs were abroad ;
Sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road ;
All in the April evening,
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak human cry,
I thought on the Lamb of God,
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet ;
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

Rest for the Lamb of God
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

APRIL IN IRELAND.

She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge,
And all her flowers are snowdrops grown on the winter's
edge :

The golden looms of Tir na n' Og wove all the winter
through

Her gown of mist and raindrops, shot with a cloudy blue.

Sunlight she holds in one hand, and rain she scatters
after,

And through the rainy twilight we hear her fitful laughter ;
She shakes down on her flowers the snows less white than
they,

Then quickens with her kisses the folded " knots o' May."

She seeks the summer-lover that never shall be hers,
Fain for gold leaves of autumn she passes by the furze,
Though buried gold it hideth : she scorns her sedgy
crown,
And pressing blindly sunwards she treads her snowdrops
down.

Her gifts are all a fardel of wayward smiles and tears,
Yet hope she also holdeth, this daughter of the years—
A hope that blossoms faintly set upon sorrow's edge :
She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge.

NORA HOPPER.

GLORNY'S WEIR.

At night when the world was sleepy and still,
I'd wake, maybe, in the depth o' the dark,
And think of the river below the hill,
That flows so fast by the ruined old mill.
Never a sound beside would I hear,
But the water roaring at Glorny's Weir.

I'd think to myself how day would come soon,
The water-hens wake, and the wagtails stir,
The kingfisher flash in the light of the noon
From the willowy banks of Knockmaroon.
But through the day you could scarcely hear
The voice of the river at Glorny's Weir.

I'd wake in the depth o' the dark, maybe,
When the friendly voices of day were still ;
But the river would lift its song for me,
Down from the mountains off to the sea.
And glad was I in the night to hear
The roar of the waters at Glorny's Weir.

WINIFRED M. LETTS.

THE NINE GREEN GLENS.

Sorrow and strife be far away
From these sweet vales and hills for aye !
O who would think of sword and death,
That feels the living sea's sweet breath
Blow through the nine green glens to-day ?

Who sees the blue smoke skyward-curl'd
From many a lowly glen hearthstone,
Each with a pleasure and a pain,
A pathos and romance its own ;
Each little house a world ?

Who that can hear the voice of morn,
The whisper of the springing corn,
Who understands the babbling rills,
The weird wild music of the hills,
And nameless voices heaven-born ?

Sure am I that the Antrim glen
Holds mysteries beyond our ken,
And that there moves in wind and sea,
And rock and stream, and weed and tree,
A life not far from the life of men.

Dear Mother Earth, I know within,
That leaf and I are next of kin—
The rowan high by blood is near,
The primrose is a sister dear,
Brother of mine the mountain whin.

Now on the ocean shore I stand,
The sea-worn cliff on either hand,
And farther north no other land ;
Only the long sea-heave and roll
Between me and the Arctic pole.

JOHN STEVENSON.

LOUGH BRAY.

I.

A little lonely moorland lake,
Its waters brown and cool and deep—
The cliff, the hills behind it, make
A picture for my heart to keep.

For rock and heather, wave and strand,
Wore tints I never saw them wear ;
The June sunshine was o'er the land ;
Before, 'twas never half so fair !

The amber ripples sang all day,
And singing spilled their crowns of white
Upon the beach, in thin pale spray,
That streaked the sober strand with light.

The amber ripples sang their song,
When suddenly from far o'erhead
A lark's pure voice mixed with the throng
Of lovely things about us spread.

Some flowers were there, so near the brink
Their shadows in the wave were thrown ;
While mosses, green and grey and pink,
Grew thickly round each smooth dark stone.

And over all, the summer sky
Shut out the town we left behind ;
'Twas joy to stand in silence by,
One bright chain linking mind to mind.

Oh, little, lonely, mountain spot !
Your place within my heart will be,
Apart from all Life's busy lot,
A true, sweet, solemn memory.

ROSE KAVANAGH.

LOUGH BRAY.

II.

Now Memory, false, spendthrift Memory,
Disloyal treasure-keeper of the soul,
This vision change shall never wrong from thee,
Nor wasteful years, effacing as they roll.
O steel-blue lake, high cradled in the hills !
O sad waves, filled with little sobs and cries !
White glistening shingle, hiss of mountain rills,
And granite-hearted walls blotting the skies,
Shine, sob, gleam, gloom for ever ! Oh, in me
Be what you are in Nature—a recess—
To sadness dedicate, the mystery
Withdrawn, afar, in the soul's wilderness.
Still let my thoughts, leaving the worldly roar
Like pilgrims, wander on thy haunted shore.

STANDISH O'GRADY.

AN AWAKENING.

O Spring will waken the heart of me
With the rapture of blown violets !
When the green bud quickens on every tree,
The Spring will waken the heart of me,
And dews of honey will rain on the lea,
Tangling the grasses in silver nets.
Yes, Spring will waken the heart of me
With the rapture of blown violets !

ALICE FURLONG.

THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY.

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the
sea,
And there is traffic in it and many a horse and cart ;
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through
my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
 And there is glory in it and terror on the wind,
 But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
 And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their
 way,
 Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal ;
 But the Little Waves of Breffny have drenched my heart
 in spray,
 And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumbling through
 my soul.

EVA GORE-BOOTH.

ON GREAT SUGARLOAF.

Where Sugarloaf with bare and ruinous wedge
 Cleaves the grey air to view the darkening sea,
 We stood on high, and heard the north wind flee,
 Through clouds storm-heavy fallen from ledge to ledge.

Then sudden " Look ! " we cried. The far black edge
 Of south horizon oped in sunbright glee,
 And a broad water shone, one moment free,
 Ere darkness veiled again the wavering sedge.

Such is the Poet's inspiration, still
 Too evanescent ! coming but to go ;
 Such the great passions showing good in ill,

Quick brightnesses, love-lights, too, burnt low ;
 And such man's life, which flashes Heaven's will—
 Between two glooms, a transitory glow.

GEORGE A. GREENE.

A JUNE DAY.

The very spirit of summer breathes to-day,
Here where I sun me in a dreamy mood,
And laps the sultry leas, and seems to brood
Tenderly o'er those hazed hills far away.
The air is fragrant with the new-mown hay,
And drowsed with hum of myriad flies pursued
By twittering martins. All yon hillside wood
Is drowned in sunshine till its green looks grey.
No scrap of cloud is in the still blue sky,
Vaporous with heat, from which the foreground trees
Stand out—each leaf cut sharp. The whetted scythe
Makes rustic music for me as I lie,
Watching the gambols of the children blythe,
Drinking the season's sweetness to the lees.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

THE SWIMMER.

Who would linger idle,
Dallying would lie,
When wind and wave, a bridal
Celebrating, fly?
Let him plunge among them,
Who hath wooed enough,
Flirted with them, sung them,
In the salt sea-trough.
He may win them, onward
On a buoyant crest,
Far to seaward, sunward,
Ocean-borne to rest!
Wild wind will sing over him,
And the free foam cover him,
Swimming seaward, sunward,
On a blithe sea-breast!

On a blithe sea-bosom
Swims another too,
Swims a live sea-blossom,
A grey-winged sea-mew !
Grape-green all the waves are,
By whose hurrying line
Half of ships and caves are
Buried under brine ;
Supple, shifting ranges
Lucent at the crest,
With pearly surface-changes
Never laid to rest ;
Now a dipping gunwale
Momently he sees,
Now a fuming funnel,
Or red flag in the breeze ;
Arms flung open wide,
Lip the laughing sea ;
For playfellow, for bride,
Claim her impetuously !
Triumphantly exult with all the free,
Buoyant, bounding splendour of the sea !
And if while on the billow
Wearily he lay,
His awful wild playfellow
Filled his mouth with spray,
Reft him of his breath,
To some far realms away
He would float with Death ;
Wild wind would sing over him,
And the free foam over him,
Waft him sleeping, sunward,
All alone with Death ;
In a realm of wondrous dreams
And shadow-haunted ocean gleams.

RODEN NOEL.

SPRING, THE TRAVELLING MAN.

Spring, the Travelling Man, has been here,
Here in the glen ;
He must have passed by in the grey of the dawn,
When only the robin and wren
Were awake,
Watching out with their bright little eyes
In the midst of the brake.
The rabbits, maybe, heard him pass,
Stepping light on the grass,
Whistling careless and gay at the break o' the day.
Then the blackthorn to give him delight
Put on raiment of white :
And, all for his sake,
The gorse on the hill, where he rested an hour,
Grew bright with a splendour of flower.
My grief, that I was not aware
Of himself being there ;
It is I would have given my dower
To have seen him set forth,
Whistling careless and gay in the grey of the morn,
By gorse bush and fraughan and thorn,
On his way to the north.

WINIFRED M. LETTS.

A FINE DAY ON LOUGH SWILLY

Soft slept the beautiful autumn
In the heart, on the face of the Lough—
Its heart, whose pulses were hush'd
Till you knew the life of the tide
But by a wash on the shore.
A whisper like whispering leaves
In green abysses of forest—
Its face, whose violet melted,
Melted in roseate gold—

Roses and violets dying
Into a tender mystery
Of soft impalpable haze.

Calm lay the woodlands of Fahan ;
The summer was gone, yet it lay
On the gently yellowing leaves,
Like the beautiful poem, whose tones
Are mute, whose words are forgot,
But its music sleepeth for ever
Within the music of thought.
The robin sang from the ash,
The sunset's pencils of gold
No longer wrote their great lines
On the boles of the odorous limes,
Or bathed the tree-tops in glory,
But a soft strange radiance there hung
In splinters of tenderest light.
And those who look'd from Glengollen
Saw the purple wall of the Scalp,
As if through an old church window
Stain'd with a marvellous blue.

From the snow-white shell strand of Inch
You could not behold the white horses
Lifting their glittering backs,
Tossing their manes on Dunree,
And the battle boom of Macammish
Was lull'd in the delicate air.
As in old pictures the smoke
Goes up from Abraham's pyre,
So the smoke went up from Rathmullen ;
And beyond the trail of the smoke
Was a great, deep, fiery abyss
Of molten gold in the sky,
And it set a far track up the waters
Ablaze with gold like its own.
Over the fire of the sea,
Over the chasm in the sky,

My spirit, as by a bridge
Of wonder, went wandering on,
And lost its way in the heaven.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

FROST-MORNING.

The morn is cold. A whiteness newly brought
Lightly and loosely powders every place,
The panes among yon trees that eastward face
Flash rosy fire from the opposite dawning caught,—
As the face flashes with a splendid thought,
As the heart flashes with a touch of grace
When heaven's light comes on ways we cannot trace,
Unsought, yet lovelier than we ever sought.
In the blue northern sky is a pale moon,
Through whose thin texture something doth appear
Like the dark shadow of a branchy tree—
Fit morning for the prayers of one like me,
Whose life is in midwinter, and must soon
Come to the shortest day of all my year.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

THE WIND FROM THE WEST.

Blow high, blow low,
O wind from the west :
You come from the country
I love the best.

O say have the lilies
Yet lifted their heads
Above the lake-water
That ripples and spreads ?

Do the little sedges
Still shake with delight
And whisper together
All through the night ?

Have the mountains the purple
I used to love,
And peace about them,
Around and above ?

O wind from the west,
Blow high, blow low,
You come from the country
I loved long ago.

ELLA YOUNG.

TO THE MOUNTAIN BEN BULBEN.

I would I were a wide-winged hawk, beloved,
With all the silence of thy peaks my own,
Hovering above thy fragrant sun-steeped valleys
Or on salt winds from height to headland blown.

I would I were a little wind of night-time—
All the great winds blow through the upper skies—
But I would wander where through dew-starred myrtle,
Like faint moon flames, thy secret thoughts arise.

I would I were a falling star, beloved,
One of a host exultant, swift and free ;
Then would I burn the sundering leagues of darkness
And, flaming to thy heart, be lost in thee.

MOIREEN FOX.

ANACH.

There is no peace now however things go,
No peace where the ways of men ring loud,
Save in a secret place that I know
Hidden as in a cloud.

All the high hills stand clustering round,
Arched to protect it from trouble and noise,
The great strong hills that sing without sound,
And speak with no voice.

There lies Caorog, the mute low lake,
And Bun-na-freamha lying aloft,
Peacefully sleeping, or even if they wake,
Lapping low and soft.

Upon the high hill-tops the heather may be crying,
And over the hill-tops the voices of men are heard,
But here only water lapping and sighing,
Or the wail of a bird.

Peace, peace and peace, from the inner heart of dream,
More full of wisdom than speech can tell,
Dropt like a veil round the show of things that seem
With an invisible spell.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

THE FAIRIES' LULLABY.

[From the Gaelic.]

*My mirth and merriment, soft and sweet art thou,
Child of the race of Conn art thou ;
My mirth and merriment, soft and sweet art thou,
Of the race of Coll and Conn art thou.*

*My smooth green rush, my laughter sweet,
My little plant in the rocky cleft,
Were it not for the spell on thy tiny feet,
Thou wouldst not here be left,
Not thou.*

*Of the race of Coll and Conn art thou,
My laughter, sweet and low art thou ;
As you crou on my knee,
I would lift you with me,
Were it not for the mark that is on your feet,
I would lift you away,
and away,
with me.*

ELEANOR HULL.

IRISH WONDER POETRY.

THE FAIRY HOST.

[*From the Irish tale, "Laegaire mac Crimthainn's Visit to the Fairy Realm of Mag Mell."*]

Pure white the shields their arms upbear,
With silver emblems rare o'er cast ;
Amid blue glittering blades they go,
The horns they blow are loud of blast.

In well-instructed ranks of war
Before their Chief they proudly pace ;
Coerulean spears o'er every crest—
A curly-tressed, pale-visaged race.

Beneath the flame of their attack,
Bare and black turns every coast ;
With such a terror to the fight
Flashes that mighty vengeful host.

Small wonder that their strength is great,
Since royal in estate are all,
Each hero's head a lion's fell—
A golden yellow mane lets fall.

Comely and smooth their bodies are,
Their eyes the starry blue eclipse,
The pure white crystal of their teeth
Laughs out beneath their thin red lips.

Good are they at man-slaying feats,
 Melodious over meats and ale ;
 Of woven verse they wield the spell,
 At chess-craft they excel the Gael.

THE SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

*(When they made the road across the bog of Lamrach for their
 King Midir.)*

[From the Irish.]

Pile on the soil ; thrust on the soil :
 Red are the oxen around who toil :
 Heavy the troops that my words obey ;
 Heavy they seem, and yet men are they.
 Strongly, as piles, are the tree-trunks placed :
 Red are the wattles above them laced :
 Tired are your hands, and your glances slant ;
 One woman's winning this toil may grant !

Oxen are ye, but revenge shall see ;
 Men who are white shall your servants be ;
 Rushes from Teffa are cleared away ;
 Grief is the price that the man shall pay :
 Stones have been cleared from the rough Meath ground ;
 Where shall the gain or the harm be found ?
 Thrust it in hand ! Force it in hand !
 Nobles this night as an ox-troop, stand ;
 Hard is the task that is asked, and who
 From the bridging of Lamrach shall gain, or rue ?

A. H. LEAHY.

THE SEA-MAIDEN'S VENGEANCE.

[From the Irish. Author Unknown.]

A great gallant king of yore
 Ruled shore and sea of Erin ;
 Noble then all sections shone
 'Neath Rigdon's son of daring.

O'er the main of slow gray seas,
With the breeze, lay his hoar way ;
To behold his foreign friend
He would wend north to Norway.

Sped his splendid vessels three,
When the sea calmed its motion ;
Till they, sailing, sudden stop
On the ridgy top of ocean.

They refused to wend away—
Fixed they lay, nowhere faring !
Then into the dark, dead deeps
Ruad leaps, greatly daring.

When he dived for their release,
Through the sea's surging waters ;
There he found the forms divine
Of its nine beauteous daughters.

These with clear soft accents said,
It was they stay'd his sailing :
That to leave nine maidens sweet
Were a feat few prevail in.

He with these nine nymphs remained,
Where there reigned shade nor sadness ;
'Neath the waters, where no wave
Ever gave gloom to gladness.

One of these his bride became,
Still his fame forced him forward ;
But he vow'd to greet her lips
When his ships came from norward.

Once on board he bade them sail
Past the pale billows breaking ;
And, with one bound, make their course
To the Norse of quick speaking.

O'er the salt sea then they rode,
And abode, sweet the story,
Till the seventh glad year ends
With their friends, great in glory

Ruad then ran out, once more,
On the hoar salt sea faring ;
Speeding forth his ships to reach
To the bright far beach of Erin.

Warped and wrong the royal will—
Solemn still is promise spoken :
He should have gone to the maid
As he said, nor pledge have broken.

When the prince of Tuired's name
Unto Muired's borders came,
Around the shore—foul his fame !
A sound arose of sad acclaim.

'Twas the sweet-voiced women's song
Borne along in music's motion,
Following Ruad's fleeing sail
O'er wail of wave-worn ocean.

Sailing, in bronze boat, they came—
No plank-frame, made by mortal—
Those nine maidens, fair and fierce,
Till they pierce Ollbin's portal.

Dire and dread the deed then done
There by one, 'mid the water ;
Ruad's son—her own—she slew,
Vengeance knew, sweet in slaughter !

Then upraising high her hand,
Forth she cast him on the strand ;
Shrank the shore and shudd'ring foam
From King Ruad's welcome home !

GEORGE SIGERSON.

SONG OF MAELDUIN.

There are veils that lift, there are bars that fall,
There are lights that beacon, and winds that call—
Good-bye !

There are hurrying feet, and we dare not wait,
For the hour is on us—the hour of Fate,
The circling hour of the flaming gate—
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye !

Fair, fair they shine through the burning zone—
The rainbow gleams of a world unknown ;
Good-bye !

And oh ! to follow, to seek, to dare,
When, step by step, in the evening air
Floats down to meet us the cloudy stair ;
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye !

The cloudy stair of the Brig o' Dread
Is the dizzy path that our feet must tread—
Good-bye !

O children of time—O Nights and Days,
That gather and wonder and stand and gaze,
And wheeling stars in your lonely ways,
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye !

The music calls and the gates unclose,
Onward and onward the wild way goes—
Good-bye !

We die in the bliss of a great new birth,
O fading phantoms of pain and mirth,
O fading loves of the old green earth—
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye !

THOMAS WILLIAM ROLLESTON

THE ISLAND OF SLEEP.

Fled foam underneath us and round us, a wandering
and milky smoke,
High as the saddle-girth, covering away from our glance
the tide ;
And those that fled, and that followed, from the foam-
pale distance broke ;
The immortal desire of immortals we saw in their faces,
and sighed.

I mused on the chase with the Fenians, and Bran, Sgeolan,
Lomair,
And never a song sang Niam, and over my finger-tips
Came now the sliding of tears and sweeping of mist-
cold hair,
And now the warmth of sighs, and after the quiver of
lips.

Were we days long or hours long in riding, when rolled
in a grisly peace,
An isle lay level before us, with dripping hazel and oak ?
And we stood on a sea's edge we saw not ; for whiter than
new-washed fleece
Fled foam underneath us and round us, a wandering
and milky smoke

And we rode on the plains of the sea's edge—the sea's
edge barren and grey,
Grey sand on the green of the grasses and over the
dripping trees,
Dripping and doubling landward, as though they would
hasten away
Like an army of old men longing for rest from the moan
of the seas.

But the trees grew taller and closer, immense in their
wrinkling bark ;

Dropping—a murmurous dropping—old silence and
that one sound ;

For no live creature lived there, no weasels moved in the
dark ;

Long sighs arose in our spirits, beneath us bubbled the
ground.

And the ears of the horse went sinking away in the hollow
night,

For, as drift from a sailor slow drowning, the gleams of
the world and the sun

Ceased on our hands and our faces, on hazel and oak leaf,
the light,

And the stars were blotted above us, and the whole of
the world was one.

Till the horse gave a whinny ; for, cumbrous with stems
of the hazel and oak,

A valley flowed down from his hoofs, and there in the
long grass lay,

Under the starlight and shadow, a monstrous slumbering
folk,

Their naked and gleaming bodies poured out and heaped
in the way.

And by them were arrow and war-axe, arrow and shield
and blade ;

And dew-blanchd horns, in whose hollow a child
of three years old

Could sleep on a couch of rushes, and all inwrought and
inlaid,

And more comely than man can make them with bronze
and silver and gold.

And each of the huge white creatures was huger than
four score men ;

The tops of their ears were feathered, their hands were
the claws of birds ;

And, shaking the plumes of the grasses and the leaves
of the mural glen,
The breathing came from those bodies, long-warless,
grown whiter than curds.

The wood was so spacious above them, that He who has
stars for His flocks,
Could fondle the leaves with His fingers, nor go from
His dew-cumbered skies ;
So long were they sleeping, the owls had builded their
nests in their locks,
Filling the fibrous dimness with long generations of
eyes.

And over the limbs and the valley the slow owls wandered
and came,
Now in a place of star-fire, and now in a shadow-place
wide ;
And the chief of the huge white creatures, his knees
in his soft star-flame,
Lay loose in a place of shadow ; we drew the reins by
his side.

Golden the nails of his bird-claws, flung loosely along the
dim ground ;
In one was a branch soft-shining, with bells more many
than sighs,
In midst of an old man's bosom ; owls ruffling and pacing
around
Sidled their bodies against him, filling the shade with
their eyes

And my gaze was thronged with the sleepers ; no, neither
in house of a cann
In a realm where the handsome are many, or in
glamours by demons flung,
Are faces alive with such beauty made known to the salt
eye of man,
Yet weary with passions that faded when the seven-
fold seas were young.

And I gazed on the bell-branch, sleep's forbear, far sung
by the Sennachies.

I saw how those slumbered, grown weary, there camping
in grasses deep,
Of wars with the wide world and pacing the shores of the
wandering seas,
Laid hands on the bell-branch and swayed it, and fed
of unhuman sleep.

Snatching the horn of Niam, I blew a lingering note ;
Came sound from those monstrous sleepers, a sound
like the stirring of flies.
He, shaking the fold of his lips, and heaving the pillar of
his throat,
Watched me with mournful wonder out of the wells of
his eyes.

I cried, " Come out of the shadow, cann of the fails of
gold !
And tell of your goodly household and the goodly works
of your hands,
That we may muse in the starlight and talk of the battles
of old.
Your questioner, Oisín, is worthy ; he comes from the
Fenian lands."

Half open his eyes were, and held me, dull with smoke of
their dreams ;
His lips moved slowly in answer, no answer out of them
came ;
Then he swayed in his fingers the bell-branch, slow
dropping a sound in faint streams
Softer than snow-flakes in April and piercing the marrow
like flame.

Wrapt in the wave of that music, with weariness more than
of earth,
The moil of my centuries filled me ; and gone like a
sea-covered stone

Were the memories of the whole of my sorrow and the
 memories of the whole of my mirth,
And a softness came from the starlight and filled me
 full to the bone.

In the roots of the grasses, the sorrels, I laid my body as
 low ;
And the pearl-pale Niam lay by me, her brow on the
 midst of my breast ;
And the horse was gone in the distance, and years after
 years 'gan flow ;
Square leaves of the ivy moved over us, binding us down
 to our rest.

And, man of the many white croziers, a century there
 I forgot
How the fetlocks drip blood in the battle, when the fallen
 on fallen lie rolled ;
How the falconer follows the falcon in the weeds of the
 heron's plot ;
And the names of the demons whose hammers made
 armour for Conhor of old.

And, man of the many white croziers, a century there I
 forgot,
That the spear-shaft is made out of ash-wood, the
 shield out of osier and hide ;
How the hammers spring on the anvil, on the spear-
 head's burning spot ;
How the slow blue-eyed oxen of Finn low sadly at
 evening tide.

But in dreams, mild man of the croziers, driving the dust
 with their throngs,
Moved round me, of seamen or landmen, all who are
 winter tales ;
Came by me the canns of the Red Branch, with roaring
 of laughter and songs,
Or moved as they moved once, love-making or piercing
 the tempest with sails.

Came Blaid, McNessa, tall Fergus, who feastward of
old time slunk,
Cook Barach, the traitor ; and warward, the spittle on
his beard never dry,
Dark Balor, as old as a forest, car-borne, his mighty head
sunk
Helpless, men lifting the lids of his weary and death-
making eye.

And by me, in soft red raiment, the Fenians moved in
loud streams,
And Grania, walking and smiling, sewed with her
needle of bone.
So lived I and lived not, so wrought I and wrought not,
with creatures of dreams,
In a long iron sleep, as a fish in the water goes dumb
as a stone.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

ON THE WATERS OF MOYLE.

[*Translated from the Irish.*]

Time passed pleasantly with the Swan-Children, on the
lake : in the day they conversed with their kindred and
friends who had encamped around : at night they sang
“ slow, sweet, fairy music,” that made sorrow sleep. This
term closed : they bade farewell to all, and went forth
to the Waters of Moyle, where they suffered from icy
storms. Fionnuala, covering her young brothers with
her wings, sang :

“ Life is weary here,
Great the snowing here,
Night is dreary here,
Bleak the blowing here.”

On a day, they saw a Fairy Cavalcade at the river Banna,
and were told that Lir and their friends were celebrating

the Feast of Age, happy but for their absence. Fionnuala made this lay :

Gay this night Lir's royal house,
Chiefs carouse, mead flows amain ;
Cold this night his children roam,
Their chill home the icy main.

For our mantles fair are found
Feathers curving round our breasts—
Often silken robes we had,
Purple-clad we sat at feasts.

For our viands here and wine—
Bitter brine and pallid sands :
Oft the hazel mead they served
In carved vessels to our hands.

Now our beds are the bare rock
Smit with shock of heavy seas ;
Often soft breast-down was spread
For the bed of grateful ease.

Though 'tis now, in frost, our toil
To swim Moyle, with drooping wings ;
Oft we rode as Royal Wards
And our guards were sons of Kings

THE RETURN OF THE CHILDREN OF LIR.

In the extremity of their suffering, frozen in Erris sea, the brothers were inconsolable. Fionnuala asked them to believe in the true God, and they were relieved, and suffered no more. At the end of their final term, they arose and went very lightly and airily towards the city of their father. "And thus they found the place : void, desolate, with naught but the bare green paths and forests of nettles, without house, without fire, without

tribes. Then the Four drew close together, and thrice they raised on high the cry of wailing; then Fionnuala spoke this lay " :

Strange is all this place to me,
No house, no home, no gladness ;
As 'tis thus, this place to see—
Alas, my heart, what sadness !

No bound, no sound, no ember,
No group where princes gather ;
Not thus do we remember
Its old days with our father.

No horn, no goblet dancing,
No halls of light, each morrow :
No youth, no proud steed prancing—
All signs portend us sorrow !

All the void that here I see—
Alas, my pain grows stronger !
Makes it, this night, clear to me
Its loved lord lives no longer.

City, where of old we knew
All arts of joy exerted,
What a fate of woe and rue—
Thou art, this night, deserted !

Dark our doom and tragical—
Condemned the waves to wander,
Ne'er such ill fate magical
Did mortal yet fall under.

Now, the city populous
Gives weeds and woods its favour :
No man lives who'd welcome us
To this, our homestead, ever.

GEORGE SIGERSON.

THE SEA GOD'S ADDRESS TO BRAN.

[*From the Early Irish.*]

To Bran, as in his coracle he glides,
A level of blue tides appears the deep ;
When o'er my shadowy steeds I loose the rein,
A flowery plain my chariot seems to sweep.

Yea, what to Bran uplifted on the prancing
Of his proud skiff is smooth blue-glancing sea,
Beneath this burning chariot of two wheels
A breadth of bloom delightful laughs for me !

Bran from his skiff-side views the joyous onset
Of waves red-crested in the sunset glow ;
I see, o'er all the Plain of Sports flower-bedded,
Of crimson-headed flowers the faultless flow

Sea-horses glisten in the ocean azure
Far as Bran's eyes can measure ; but, to mine,
Rivers a stream of honey bright are pouring
For storing in my land beyond the brine.

Brilliant the sea whereon thy skiff is guided,
Dazzling the surf divided by thine hand ;
Yellow and azure its white brightness vary ;
It is indeed a light and airy land.

The speckled salmon from the wave outleaping
Where Bran goes sweeping through the ocean's wiles
Are calves and lambs, not fishes of the water,
Whose slaughter ne'er our path of peace defiles.

And though thou see'st but one lone chariot rider
A glider o'er the full-bloomed pleasant plain,
From countless viewless steeds and chariots golden
Thine eyes are holden by the mocking main.

In their first grayness, they ; gray-dark their robes ;
Gray-dark their swords, enormous, of an edge
To slice the hair on water. He who sits
The midmost of the three grasps with both hands
The spear of fifty rivets ; and so sways
And swings the weapon, which would else give forth
Its shout of conflict, that he keeps it in ;
Though thrice, essaying to escape his hands,
It doubles, darting on him, heel to point.
A cauldron at his feet, big as the vat
Of a king's guest-house. In that vat, a pool
Hideous to look upon, of liquor black.
Therein he dips and cools the blade by times ;
Else all its shaft would blaze, as though a fire
Had wrapped the king-post of the house in flames.
Resolve me now and say what 'twas I saw.

Not hard to say. These champion warriors three
Are Sencha, beauteous son of Olioll ;
Dubthach, the fierce Ulidian addercop ;
And Goibnen, son of Luigneach ; and the spear
In hands of Dubthach is the famous Lon
Of Keltar, son of Uitechar, which erst
Some wizard of the Tuath-da-Danaan brought
To battle at Moy-Tura, and there lost,
Found after. And these motions of the spear,
And sudden sallies, hard to be restrained,
Affect it oft as blood of enemies
Is ripe for spilling. And a cauldron then,
Full of witch-bewage, needs must be at hand,
To quench it, when the homicidal act
Is by its blade expected. Quench it not,—
It blazes up, even in the holder's hand ;
And through the holder, and the door-planks through,
Flies forth to sate itself in massacre.

W. M. HENNESSY

THE LEGEND OF FERGUS LEIDEÑON.

[*From an unknown Bard of the Tenth Century.*]

One day King Fergus, Leide Luthmar's son,
 Drove by Loch Rury ; and, his journey done,
 Slept in his chariot, wearied. While he slept,
 A troop of fairies o'er his cushion crept.
 And, first, his sharp, dread sword they filched away ;
 Then bore himself, feet forward, to the bay.
 He, with the chill touch, woke ; and, at a snatch,
 It fortune'd him in either hand to catch
 A full grown sprite ; while, 'twixt his breast and arm,
 He pinned a youngling. They, in dire alarm,
 Writhed hard and squealed. He held the tighter. Then
 "Quarter !" and "Ransom !" cried the little men.
 "No quarter," he : "nor go ye hence alive,
 Unless ye gift me with the art to dive
 Long as I will—to walk at large, and breathe
 The seas, the lochs, the river floods beneath."
 "We will." He loosed them. Herbs of virtue they
 Placed in his ear-holes ; or, as others say,
 A hood of fairy texture o'er his head,
 Much like a cleric's cochal, drew, and said,
 "Wear this, and walk the deeps ; but well beware
 Thou enter nowise in Loch Rury there."
 Clad in his cowl, through many deeps he went,
 And saw their wonders ; but was not content
 Unless Loch Rury also to his eyes
 Revealed its inner under-mysteries.
 Thither he came, and plunged therein ; and there
 The Muirdris met him. Have you seen a pair
 Of blacksmith's bellows open out and close
 Alternate 'neath the hand of him that blows ?
 So swelled it, and so shrunk. The hideous sight
 Hung all his visage sideways with affright.
 He fled. He gained the bank. "How seems my
 cheer,
 O Mwena ?" "Ill !" replied the charioteer.

“ But rest thee. Sleep thy wildness will compose.”
He slept. Swift Mwena to Emania goes :
“ Whom now for king, since Fergus’ face awry
By law demeans him of the sovereignty ? ”
“ Hush ! ” and his sages and physicians wise
In earnest council sit, and this advise :
“ He knows not of his plight. To keep him so
As he suspect not that he ought to know,—
For so the mind be straight, and just awards
Wait on the judgment, right-read law regards
No mere distortion of the outward frame
As blemish barring from the kingly name—
And, knew he all the baleful fact you tell,
An inward wrench might warp the mind as well,—
Behooves it therefore all of idle tongue,
Jesters, and women, and the witless young,
Be from his presence kept. And when at morn
He takes his bath, behooves his bondmaid, Dorn,
Muddy the water, lest perchance, he trace
Lost kingship’s token on his imaged face.”
Three years they kept him so : till on a day,
Dorn with his face-bath ewer had made delay :
And fretted Fergus, petulant and rash,
A blow bestowed her of his horse-whip lash.
Forth burst the woman’s anger. “ Thou a king !
Thou sit in council ! Thou adjudge a thing
In court of law ! Thou, who no kingship can,
Since all may see thou art a blemished man !
Thou wry-mouth ! ” Fergus thereon slew the maid :
And, to Loch Rury’s brink in haste conveyed,
Went in at Fertais. For a day and night
Beneath the waves he rested out of sight.
But all the Ultonians on the bank who stood
Saw the loch boil and redden with the blood.
When next at sunrise skies grew also red,
He rose—and in his hand the Muirdris’ head—
Gone was the blemish. On his goodly face
Each trait symmetric had resumed its place :
And they who saw him marked in all his mien
A king’s composure, ample and serene.

He smiled : he cast his trophy to the bank,
Cried ; " I survivor, Ulstermen ! " and sank.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

DEIDRE DANCING.

Naois. " Wilt thou not dance, daughter of heaven, to-day
Free, at last free ? For here no moody raindrop
Can reach thee, nor betrayer overpeer ;
And none the self-delightful measure hear
That thy soul moves to, quit of mortal ear."

Full loth she pleads, yet cannot him resist
And on the enmossèd lights begins to dance.
Away, away, far-floating like a mist,
To fade into some leafy brilliance ;
Then, smiling to the inward melodist,
Over the printless turf with slow advance
Of showery footsteps, makes she infinite
That crowded glen. But quick, possess'd by strange
Rapture, wider than dreams her motions range
Till to a span the forests shrink and change.

And in her eyes and glimmering arms she brings
Hither all promise,—all the unlook'd-for boon
Of rainbow'd life—all rare and speechless things
That shine and swell under the brimming Moon.
Who shall pluck tympan ? For what need of strings
To waft her blood who is herself the tune—
Herself the warm and breathing melody ?
Art comes from the Land of Ever-Young ? O stay !
For his heart, after thee rising away,
Falls dark and spirit-faint back to the clay.

Griefs, like the yellow leaves by winter curl'd,
Rise after her—long buried pangs arouse—
About that bosom the grey forests whirl'd,
And tempests with her beauty might espouse,—

She rose with the green waters of the world
And the winds heaved with her their depth of boughs.
Then vague again as blows the beanfield's odour
On the dark lap of air she chose to sink,
As, winnowing with plumes, to the river-bank
The pigeons from the cliff came down to drink.

Sudden distraught, shading her eyes, she ceased,
Listening, like bride whom cunning faery strain
Forth from the trumpet-bruited spousal feast
Steals. But she beckon'd soon, and quick, with pain,
He ran, he craved at those white feet the least
Pardon ; nor, till he felt her hand again,
Descend flake-soft, durst spy that she was weeping
Or kneel with burning murmurs to atone.
For sleep she wept. Long fasting had they gone
And ridden from the breaking of the dawn.

HERBERT TRENCH.

THE NOBLE LAY OF AILLINN.

[*After an Irish tale from the " Book of Leinster."*]

Prince Bailè of Ulster rode out in the morn
To meet his love at the ford ;
And he loved her better than lands or life,
And dearer than his sword.

And she was Aillinn, fair as the sea,
The Prince of Leinster's daughter,
And she longed for him more than a wounded man,
Who sees death, longs for water.

They sent a message each to each :
" Oh, meet me near or far ;"
And the ford divided the kingdoms two,
And the kings were both at war.

And the Prince came first to the water's pass,
And oh, he thought no ill :
When he saw with pain a great grey man
Come striding o'er the hill.

His cloak was the ragged thunder-cloud,
And his cap the whirling snow,
And his eyes were the lightning in the storm,
And his horn he 'gan to blow.

" What news, what news, thou great grey man ?
I fear 'tis ill with me."
" Oh, Aillinn is dead, and her lips are cold,
And she died for loving thee."

And he looked and saw no more the man,
But a trail of driving rain.
" Woe ! woe ! " he cried, and took his sword
And drave his heart in twain.

And out of his blood burst forth a spring,
And a yew-tree out of his breast,
And it grew so deep, and it grew so high,
The doves came there to rest.

But Aillinn was coming to keep her tryst,
The hour her lover fell ;
And she rode as fast as the western wind
Across the heathery hill.

Behind her flew her loosened hair,
Her happy heart did beat ;
When she was 'ware of a cloud of storm
Came driving down the street.

And out of it stepped a great grey man,
And his cap was peaked with snow ;
The fire of death was in his eyes,
And he 'gan his horn to blow.

“ What news, what news, thou great grey man ?
And is it ill to me ? ”
“ Oh, Bailiè the Prince is dead at the ford,
And he died for loving thee.”

Pale, pale she grew, and two large tears
Dropped down like heavy rain,
And she fell to earth with a woeful cry,
For she broke her heart in twain.

And out of her tears two fountains rose
That watered all the ground,
And out of her heart an apple-tree grew
That heard the water's sound.

Oh, woe were the kings, and woe were the qucens,
And woe were the people all ;
And the poets sang their love and their death
In cottage and in hall.

And the men of Ulster a tablet made
From the wood of Bailè's tree,
And the men of Leinster did the like
Of Aillinn's apple-tree.

And on the one the poets wrote
The lover-tales of Leinster,
And on the other all the deeds
That lover wrought in Ulster.

Now when a hundred years had gone
The King of all the land
Kept feast at Tara, and he bade
His poets sing a strand.

They sang the sweet unhappy tale,
The noble Aillinn's lay.
“ Go, bring the tablets,” cried the King,
“ For I have wept to-day.”

But when he held in his right hand
The wood of Bailiè's tree
And in his left the tablet smooth
From Aillinn's apple-tree,

The lovers in the wood who kept
Love-longing ever true,
Knew one another, and at once
From the hands of the King they flew

As ivy to the oak they clung,
Their kiss no man could sever—
Oh, joy for lovers parted long
To meet, at last, for ever !

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

THE LOVE-TALKER.

I met the Love-Talker one eve in the glen,
He was handsomer than any of our handsome young men,
His eyes were blacker than the sloe, his voice sweeter far
Than the crooning of old Kevin's pipes beyond in Cool-
nagar.

I was bound for the milking with a heart fair and free—
My grief ! my grief ! that bitter hour drained the life
from me ;
I thought him human lover, though his lips on mine were
cold,
And the breath of death blew keen on me within his hold.

I know not what way he came, no shadow fell behind,
But all the sighing rushes swayed beneath a faery wind,
The thrush ceased its singing, a mist crept about,
We two clung together—with the world shut out.

Beyond the ghostly mist I could hear my cattle low,
 The little cow from Ballina, clean as driven snow,
 The dun cow from Kerry, the roan from Inisheer,
 Oh, pitiful their calling—and his whispers in my ear !

His eyes were a fire ; his words were a snare ;
 I cried my mother's name, but no help was there ;
 I made the blessed Sign ; then he gave a dreary moan,
 A wisp of cloud went floating by, and I stood alone.

Running ever through my head, is an old-time rune—
 “ Who meets the Love-Talker must weave her shroud
 soon.”

My mother's face is furrowed with the salt tears that fall,
 But the kind eyes of my father are the saddest sight of all

I have spun the fleecy lint, and now my wheel is still,
 The linen length is woven for my shroud fine and chill,
 I shall stretch me on the bed where a happy maid I lay—
 Pray for the soul of Mairé Og at dawning of the day !

ETHNA CARBERY.

TO THE LEANAN SIDHE.

Where is thy lovely perilous abode ?
 In what strange phantom-land
 Glimmer the fairy turrets whereto rode
 The ill-starred poet band ?

Say, in the Isle of Youth hast thou thy home,
 The sweetest singer there,
 Stealing on winged steed across the foam
 Athrough the moonlit air ?

And by the gloomy peaks of Erigal,
 Haunted by storm and cloud,
 Wing past, and to thy lover there let fall
 His singing robe and shroud ?

Or, where the mists of bluebell float beneath
The red stems of the pine,
And sunbeams strike thro' shadow, dost thou breathe
The word that makes him thine ?

Or, is thy palace entered thro' some cliff
When radiant tides are full,
And round thy lover's wandering, starlit skiff
Coil in luxurious lull ?

And would he, entering on the brimming flood,
See caverns vast in height,
And diamond columns, crowned with leaf and bud,
Glow in long lanes of light.

And there, the pearl of that great glittering shell,
Trembling, behold thee lone,
Now weaving in slow dance an awful spell,
Now still upon thy throne ?

Thy beauty ! ah, the eyes that pierce him thro'
Then melt as in a dream ;
The voice that sings the mysteries of the blue
And all that Be and Seem !

Thy lovely motions answering to the rhyme
That ancient Nature sings,
That keeps the stars in cadence for all time,
And echoes thro' all things !

Whether he sees thee thus, or in his dreams,
Thy light makes all lights dim ;
An aching solitude from henceforth seems
The world of men to him.

Thy luring song, above the sensuous roar,
He follows with delight,
Shutting behind him Life's last gloomy door,
And fares into the Night.

THOMAS BOYD.

THE KING'S SON.

Who rideth through the driving rain
At such a headlong speed ?
Naked and pale he rides amain
Upon a naked steed.

Nor hollow nor height his going bars,
His wet steed shines like silk,
His head is golden to the stars
And his limbs are white as milk.

But, lo, he dwindles as the light
That lifts from a black mere,
And, as the fair youth wanes from sight,
The steed grows mightier.

What wizard by yon holy tree
Mutters unto the sky
Where Macha's flame-tongued horses flee
On hoofs of thunder by ?

Ah, 'tis not holy so to ban
The youth of kingly seed :
Ah ! woe, the wasting of a man
Who changes to a steed !

Nightly upon the Plain of Kings,
When Macha's day is nigh,
He gallops ; and the dark wind brings
His lonely human cry.

THOMAS BOYD.

LITTLE SISTER

Little sister, whom the Fay
Hides away within his Doon,
Deep below yon tufted fern,
Oh, list and learn my magic tune !

Long ago, when snared like thee
By the Shee, my harp and I
O'er them wove the slumber spell,
Warbling well its lullaby.

Till with dreamy smiles they sank,
Rank on rank before the strain ;
Then I rose from out the rath
And found my path to earth again.

Little sister, to my woe,
Hid below among the Shee,
List, and learn my magic tune,
That it full soon may succour thee.

THE FAIRY THORN.

[*An Ulster Ballad.*]

"Get up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning wheel ;
For your father's on the hill, and your mother is asleep ;
Come up above the crags, and we'll dance a Highland-reel
Around the fairy thorn on the steep."

At Anna Grace's door 'twas thus the maidens cried,
Three merry maidens fair in kirtles of the green ;
And Anna laid the rock and the weary wheel aside,
The fairest of the four, I ween.

They're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare ;
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
And the crags in the ghostly air :

And linking hand in hand, and singing as they go,
The maids along the hill-side have ta'en their fearless
way,
Till they come to where the rowan trees in lonely beauty
grow
Beside the Fairy Hawthorn grey.

The Hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,
Like matron with her twin grand-daughters at her knee ;
The rowan berries cluster o'er her low head grey and dim
In ruddy kisses sweet to see.

The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,
Between each lovely couple a stately rowan stem,
And away in mazes wavy, like skimming birds they go,
Oh, never caroll'd bird like them !

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,
And dreamily the evening has still'd the haunted braes,
And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky
When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,
Are hush'd the maiden's voices, as cowering down they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy ground beneath,
And from the mountain-ashes and the old whitethorn
between,
A Power of faint enchantment doth through their beings
breathe,
And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together silent, and stealing side by side,
They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping necks
so fair,
Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,
For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasp'd and prostrate all, with their heads together
bow'd,
Soft o'er their bosom's beating—the only human sound,
They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
Like a river in the air, gliding round.

No scream can any raise, no prayer can any say,
But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless three—
For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of gold,
And the curls elastic falling as her head withdraws ;
They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms unfold,
But they may not look to see the cause :

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies
Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze ;
And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes,
Or their limbs from the cold ground raise,

Till out of night the earth has roll'd her dewy side,
With every haunted mountain and streamy vale below ;
When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning tide,
The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,
And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in vain—
They pined away and died within the year and day,
And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

ON ALL SOULS' NIGHT.

O mother, mother, I swept the hearth, I set his chair
and white board spread,
I prayed for his coming to our kind Lady when Death's
sad doors would let out the dead ;
A strange wind rattled the window-pane, and down the
lane a dog howled on,
I called his name and the candle flame burnt dim, pressed
a hand the door-latch upon.

Deelish ! Deelish ! my woe forever that I could not sever
coward flesh from fear.

I called his name and the pale Ghost came ; but I was
afraid to meet my dear.

O mother, mother, in tears I checked the sad hours past
of the year that's o'er,

Till by God's grace I might see his face and hear the
sound of his voice once more ;

The chair I set from the cold and wet, he took when he
came from unknown skies

Of the land of the dead, on my bent brown head I felt
the reproach of his saddened eyes ;

I closed my lids on my heart's desire, crouched by the
fire, my voice was dumb.

At my clean-swept hearth he had no mirth, and at my
table he broke no crumb.

Deelish ! Deelish ! my woe forever that I could not
sever coward flesh from fear.

His chair put aside when the young cock cried, and I
was afraid to meet my dear.

DORA SIGERSON.

THE SHIP FROM TIRNANOGE.

We two were alone by the sea :

I, and the man I loved with me.

Our eyes were glad, and our hearts beat high,
As we sat by the sea, my love and I ;

Till we looked afar, and saw a ship :
Then white, white grew his ruddy lip ;

And strange, strange grew his eyes that saw
Into the heart of some deep awe.

His hand that held this hand of mine
Never a token gave nor sign ;

But lay as a babe's that is just dead :
And I sat still and wondered.

Nearer and nearer the white ship drew :
Who was her captain, whence her crew ?

Her crew were men and women bright,
With fair eyes full of unknown light.

From far-off Tirnanoge they came,
Where they had heard my true-love's name :

The name the birds and waves had sung,
Of one who must bide for ever young.

Strong white arms let down the boat ;
Song rose up from many a throat.

Glad they were who soon had won
A lovely new companion.

They lowered the boat and they entered her ;
And rowed to meet their passenger :

Rowed to the tune of a music strange,
That told of joy at the heart of change.

I heard her keel on the pebbles gride,
And she waited there till the turn o' the tide ;

While they kept singing, singing clear,
A song that was passing sweet to hear :

A song that bound me in a chain
Away from any thought of pain.

They paused at last in their sweet singing,
And I saw their hands were beckoning,

In a rhythm as sweet as the stillèd songs,
That passed to the air from their silent tongues.

He rose and kissed me on the face,
And left me sitting in my place,

Quiet, quiet, life and limb,
I, who was not called like him.

Into the boat he entered grave,
And the tide turned, and she rode the wave ;

And I saw him sitting at the prow,
With a rose-light about his brow.

The boat drew nigh the ship again,
With all its lovely women and men.

I saw him enter the ship and stand,
His hand held in the captain's hand.

The captain wonderful to see,
With eyes a-change in depth and blee ;

A-change, a-change for ever and aye,
Blue, and purple, and black, and gray ;

And hair like the weed that finds a home
In the heart of a trail of white sea-foam.

I wist he was no mortal man,
But he whose name is Manannan.

They sailed away, they sailed away,
Out of the day, into the day.

EMILY HICKEY.

THE FAIRIES' PASSAGE.

Tap, tap, tap, rap! "Get up, gaffer Ferryman,"
 "Eh! Who is there?" The clock strikes three.
 "Get up, do, gaffer! You are the very man
 We have been long, long, longing to see."
 The ferryman rises, growling and grumbling,
 And goes fum-fumblng, and stumbling, and tumbling
 Over the wares on his way to the door.
 But he sees no more
 Than he saw before;
 Till a voice is heard; "O Ferryman dear!
 Here we are waiting, all of us, here.
 We are a wee, wee colony, we;
 Some two hundred in all, or three.
 Ferry us over the river Lee,
 Ere dawn of day,
 And we will pay
 The most we may
 In our own wee way!"

"Who are you? Whence came you?
 What place are you going to?"
 "Oh, we have dwelt over-long in this land;
 The people get cross, and are growing so knowing, too!
 Nothing at all but they now understand.
 We are daily vanishing under the thunder
 Of some huge engine or iron wonder;
 That iron, ah! it has entered our souls."
 "Your souls? O gholes,
 You queer little drolls,
 Do you mean . . .?" "Good gaffer, do aid us with
 speed,
 For our time, like our stature, is short indeed!
 And a very long way we have to go;
 Eight or ten thousand miles or so,
 Hither and thither, and to and fro,
 With our pots and pans
 And little gold cans;

But our light caravans
Run swifter than man's."

" Well, well, you may come," said the ferryman affably ;
" Patrick, turn out, and get ready the barge."
Then again to the little folk ; " Tho' you seem laughably
Small, I don't mind, if your coppers be large."
Oh, dear, what a rushing, what pushing, what crushing,
(The watermen making vain efforts at hushing
The hubbub the while), there followed these words.
What clapping of boards,
What strapping of cords,
What stowing away of children and wives,
And platters, and mugs, and spoons, and knives,
Till all had safely got into the boat,
And the ferryman, clad in his tip-top coat,
And his wee little fairies were safely afloat !
Then ding, ding, ding,
And kling, kling, kling,
How the coppers did ring
In the tin pitcherling.

Off, then, went the boat, at first very pleasantly,
Smoothly, and so forth ; but after a while
It swayed and it swagged this and that way, and presently
Chest after chest, and pile after pile,
Of the little folk's goods began tossing and rolling,
And pitching like fun, beyond fairy controlling.
O Mab ! if the hubbub were great before,
It was now some two or three million times more.
Crash ! went the wee crocks and the clocks ; and the
locks
Of each little wee box were stove in by hard knocks ;
And then there were oaths, and prayers, and cries :
" Take care ! "—" See there ! "—" O, dear, my eyes ! "
" I am killed ! "—" I am drowned ! "—with groans and
sighs,
Till to land they drew.
" Yeo-ho ! Pull to !

Tiller-rope thro' and thro ! "
 And all's right anew.
 " Now jump upon shore, ye queer little oddities.
 (Eh, what is this ? . . . where are they, at all ?
 Where are they, and where are their tiny commodities ?
 Well, as I live " . . .) He looks blank as a wall,
 Poor ferryman ! Round him and round him he gazes,
 But only gets deeplier lost in the mazes
 Of utter bewilderment. All, all are gone,
 And he stands alone,
 Like a statue of stone,
 In a doldrum of wonder. He turns to steer,
 And a tinkling laugh salutes his ear,
 With other odd sounds : " Ha, ha, ha, ha !
 Fol lol ! zidzizzle ! quee quee ! bah ! bah !
 Fizzigig-giggidy ! pshee ! sha sha ! "
 " O ye thieves, ye thieves, ye rascally thieves ! "
 The good man cries. He turns to his pitcher,
 And there, alas, to his horror perceives
 That the little folk's mode of making him richer
 Has been to pay him with withered leaves !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

THE FAIRY FIDDLER.

'Tis I go fiddling, fiddling,
 By weedy ways forlorn :
 I make the blackbird's music
 Ere in his breast 'tis born :
 The sleeping larks I waken
 'Twixt the midnight and the morn.

No man alive has seen me,
 But women hear me play
 Sometimes at the door or window,
 Fiddling the souls away,—
 The child's soul and the colleen's
 Out of the covering clay.

None of my fairy kinsmen
Make music with me now ;
Alone the raths I wander
Or ride the whitethorn bough ;
But the wild swans they know me,
And the horse that draws the plough

NORA HOPPER.

THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap, *
And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam ;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits ;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses ;

Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long ;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

HY-BRASAIL.

On the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell ;
Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
And they called it Hy-Brasail, the isle of the blest.
From year unto year on the ocean's blue rim,
The beautiful spectre showed lovely and dim :
The golden clouds curtained the deep where it lay,
And it looked like an Eden, away, far away !

A peasant, who heard of the wonderful tale,
In the breeze of the Orient loosened his sail ;
From Ara, the holy, he turned to the West,
For though Ara was holy, Hy-Brasail was blest.
He heard not the voices that called from the shore—
He heard not the rising wind's menacing roar ;
Home, kindred, and safety, he left on that day,
And he sped to Hy-Brasail, away, far away.

Morn rose on the deep, and that shadowy isle,
O'er the faint rim of distance, reflected its smile ;
Noon burned on the wave, and that shadowy shore
Seemed lovelily distant, and faint as before ;
Lone evening came down on the wan'derer's track,
And to Ara again he looked timidly back :
O ! far on the verge of the ocean it lay,
Yet the isle of the blest was away, far away !

Rash dreamer, return ! O ye winds of the main,
Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again.
Rash fool ! for a vision of fanciful bliss
To barter thy calm life of labour and peace.
The warning of reason was spoken in vain,
He never revisited Ara again !
Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and spray,
And he died on the waters, away far away.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE HEATHER GLEN.

There blooms a bonnie flower,
Upon the heather glen ;
Tho' bright in sun, in shower
'Tis just as bright again.
I never can pass by it,
I never dar' go nigh it,
My heart it won't be quiet,
Up the heather glen.

Sing, O, the blooming heather !
O, the heather glen !
Where fairest fairies gather
To lure in mortal men.
I never can pass by it,
I never dar' go nigh it.
My heart it won't be quiet,
Up the heather glen.

There sings a bonnie linnet,
Up the heather glen,
The voice has magic in it
Too sweet for mortal men !
It brings joy doon before us,
Wi' winsome, mellow chorus,
But flies far, too far, o'er us,
Up the heather glen,
Sing, O ! the blooming heather, etc.

O, might I pull the flower
That's blooming in that glen,
Nae sorrows that could lower
Would make me sad again !
And might I catch that linnet,
My heart—my hope are in it !
O, heaven itself I'd win it,
Up the heather glen !
Sing, O ! the blooming heather, &c.

GEORGE SIGERSON.

THE WIND AMONG THE REEDS.

Mavrone, Mavrone, the wind among the reeds.

It calls and cries, and will not let me be ;
And all its cry is of forgotten deeds.

When men were loved of all the Daoine-Sidhe.

O Shee that have forgotten how to love,

And Shee that have forgotten how to hate.
Asleep 'neath quicken boughs that no winds move,
Come back to us ere yet it be too late.

Pipe to us once again, lest we forget

What piping means, till all the Silver Spears
Be wild with gusty music, such as met
Carolan once, amid the dusty years.

Dance in your rings again : the yellow weeds

You used to ride so far, mount as of old—
Play hide-and-seek with wind among the reeds,
And pay your scores again with fairy gold.

NORA HOPPER

THE CHANGELING.

He stood alone outside the fairy hill,

Beneath the horned moon,
And heard below the grasses, gay and shrill,
An elfin tune.

There came to him a memory faint and far

Of things he once had known—
A square of window and a twinkling star,
A warm hearth-stone.

He set soft feet upon the turfy path,

Crushing the scented thyme ;
He turned his back upon the fairy rath,
The hidden chime.

He passed the swaying foxgloves by the wall,
And left the stream behind ;
A startled rabbit through the brackens tall
Fled like the wind.

Drawn by a baby thought of mother-eyes,
He pattered down the lane
To the low house, and standing tip-toe-wise,
Peeped through the pane.

A woman hushed a wakeful child to sleep
Beside a dying fire.
“ Husho, husho,” she crooned, “ and do not weep,
O heart’s desire.”

“ Lie still and sleep, nor fear the fairies’ wile ;
No harm shall come to thee.”
Outside, her baby saw the changeling smile
Upon her knee.

With dimpled hand he beat upon the glass.
The woman drew the blind ;
“ Husho, my child, dost hear the fairies pass
Upon the wind ? ”

RUTH DUFFIN

THE FAERY LOVER.

It was by yonder thorn I saw the faery host ;
(O low night wind, O wind of the west !)
My love rode by, there was gold upon his brow,
And since that hour I can neither eat nor rest.

I dare not pray lest I should forget his face
(O black north wind blowing cold beneath the sky !)
His face and his eyes shine between me and the sun :
If I may not be with him I would rather die.

They tell me I am cursed and I will lose my soul,
(O red wind shrieking o'er the thorn-grown dun !)
But he is my love and I go to him to-night,
He will ride when the thorn glistens white beneath
the moon.

He will call my name and lift me to his breast,
(Blow soft O wind 'neath the stars of the south !)
I care not for heaven and I fear not hell
If I have but the kisses of his proud red mouth.

MOIREEN FOX.

THE LEPRACAUN OR FAIRY SHOEMAKER.

Little Cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's green mound ?
Only the plaintive yellow bird
Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee !—
Only the grasshopper and the bee ?—
“ Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too !
Scarlet leather, sewn together,
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight ;
Summer days are warm ;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm ! ”
Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamour,
Busy click of an elfin hammer.
Voice of the Lepracaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade ?
He's a span
And a quarter in height,
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
And you're a made
Man !

You watch your cattle the summerday,
 Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay ;
 How would you like to roll in your carriage,
 Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage ?
 Seize the shoemaker—then you may !

“ Big boots a-hunting,
 Sandals in the hall,
 White for a wedding-feast,
 Pink for a ball.
 This way, that way,
 So we make a shoe ;
 Getting rich every stitch,
 Tick-tack-too ! ”

Nine-and-ninety treasure-crocks
 This keen miser-fairy hath,
 Hid in mountains, woods and rocks,
 Ruin and round-tow'r, cave and rath,
 And where the cormorants build ;
 From times of old
 Guarded by him ;
 Each of them fill'd
 Full to the brim
 With gold !

I caught him at work one day, myself,
 In the castle-ditch where fox-glove grows,—
 A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded Elf,
 Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
 Silver buckles to his hose,
 Leather apron—shoe in his lap—
 ‘ Rip-rap, tip-tap,
 Tick-tack-too !
 (A grasshopper on my cap !
 Away the moth flew !)
 Buskins for a fairy prince,
 Brogues for his son—
 Pay me well, pay me well,
 When the job is done ! ”

The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt.
 I stared at him ; he stared at me ;

“ Servant, Sir ! ” “ Humph ! ” says he,
 And pull’d a snuff-box out.
 He took a long pinch, look’d better pleased,
 The queer little Lepracaun ;
 Offer’d the box with a whimsical grace,—
 Pouf ! he flung the dust in my face,
 And while I sneezed,
 Was gone !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

FAIRY SONG.

When daisies close and poppies nod,
 And meadow grass to earth is laid,
 And fairies dance on moonlit sod,
 Or quaff of dew-drops in the shade,
 Come, gentle dreams, in velvet shod,
 And foot it round each sleeping maid.

Come softly, hither, dove-winged flock,
 And on their pillows make your nest,
 And, light as down from puff-ball clock,
 Let kisses on their eyes be prest ;
 Then sit upon the couch and rock
 Each tender little heart to rest.

ELINOR SWEETMAN

THE OTHERS.

From our hidden places
 By a secret path,
 We come in the moonlight
 To the side of the green rath.

There the night through
We take our pleasure,
Dancing to such a measure
As earth never knew.

To song and dance
And lilt without a name,
So sweetly breathed
'Twould put a bird to shame.

And many a young maiden
Is there, of mortal birth,
Her young eyes laden
With dreams of earth.

And many a youth entranced
Moves slowly in the wildered round,
His brave lost feet enchanted,
With the rhythm of faery sound.

Music so forest wild
And piercing sweet would bring
Silence on blackbirds singing
Their best in the ear of spring.

And now they pause in their dancing,
And look with troubled eyes,
Earth straying children
With sudden memory wise.

They pause, and their eyes in the moonlight
With fairy wisdom cold,
Grow dim and a thought goes fluttering
In the hearts no longer old.

And then the dream forsakes them,
And sighing, they turn anew,
As the whispering music takes them,
To the dance of the elfin crew.

O many a thrush and a blackbird
Would fall to the dewy ground,
And pine away in silence
For envy of such a sound.

So the night through
In our sad pleasure,
We dance to many a measure,
That earth never knew.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

IRISH LOVE POETRY.

WHAT IS LOVE?

[From the Early Irish.]

*A love all-commanding, all-withstanding
Through a year is my love ;
A grief darkly hiding, starkly biding
Without let or remove ;
Of strength a sharp straining, past sustaining
Wheresoever I rove,
A force still extending without ending
Before and around and above.*

*Of Heaven 'tis the brightest amazement,
The blackest abasement of Hell,
A struggle for breath with a spectre,
In nectar a choking to death ;
'Tis a race with Heaven's lightning and thunder,
Then Champion Feats under Moyle's water ;
'Tis pursuing the cuckoo, the wooing
Of Echo, the Rock's airy daughter.*

*Till my red lips turn ashen,
My light limbs grow leaden,
My heart loses motion,
In Death my eyes deaden,
So is my love and my passion,
So is my ceaseless devotion
To her to whom I gave them,
To her who will not have them.*

IRISH LOVE POETRY.

THE SONG OF CREDE, DAUGHTER OF GUARE.

[*Translated from a Tenth Century Poem.*]

[In the battle of Aidne, Crede, the daughter of King Guare of Aidne, beheld Dinertach of the Hy Fidgenti, who had come to the help of Guare, with seventeen wounds upon his breast. Then she fell in love with him. He died and was buried in the cemetery of Colman's Church.]

These are the arrows that murder sleep
At every hour in the night's black deep ;
Pangs of Love through the long day ache,
All for the dead Dinertach's sake.

Great love of a hero from Roigny's plain
Has pierced me through with immortal pain,
Blasted my beauty and left me to blanch,
A riven bloom on a restless branch.

Never was song like Dinertach's speech
But holy strains that to Heaven's gate reach ;
A front of flame without boast or pride,
Yet a firm, fond mate for a fair maid's side.

A growing girl—I was timid of tongue,
And never trysted with gallants young,
But since I have won into passionate age,
Fierce love-longings my heart engage.

I have every bounty that life could hold,
 With Guare, arch-monarch of Aidne cold,
 But, fallen away from my haughty folk,
 In Irluachair's field my heart lies broke.

There is chanting in glorious Aidne's meadow,
 Under St. Colman's Church's shadow ;
 A hero flame sinks into the tomb—
 Dinertach, alas, my love and my doom !

Chaste Christ ! that now at my life's last breath
 I should tryst with Sorrow and mate with Death !
 At every hour of the night's black deep,
 These are the arrows that murder sleep.

SHE.

[*From the Irish.*]

The white bloom of the blackthorn, she,
 The small sweet raspberry-blossom, she ;
 More fair the shy, rare glance of her eye,
 Than the wealth of the world to me.

My heart's pulse, my secret, she,
 The flower of the fragrant apple, she ;
 A summer glow o'er the winter's snow,
 'Twixt Christmas and Easter, she.

ELEANOR HULL

CREDHE'S LAMENT FOR CAIL.

[*From " The Colloquy of The Ancients."*]

O'er thy chief, thy rushing chief, Loch da Conn,
 Loud the haven is roaring ;
 All too late, her deadly hate for Crimtha's son
 Yonder deep is deploring.

Small comfort, I trow, to Credhe is her wail,
 Slender solace now, oh, my Cail !
 Ochone ! och, wirrasthrue ! can she who slew
 Bid thee back, Spirit soaring !

Hark, the thrush from out Drumqueen lifts his keen
 Through the choir of the thrushes,
 With his mate, his screaming mate o'er the green
 See ! the red weasel rushes.
 Crushed on the crag lies Glensilen's doe,
 O'er her yon stag tells his woe,
 Thus, Cail, och, ochonee ! for thee, for thee
 My soul's sorrow gushes.

O, the thrush, the mourning thrush, mating shall sing,
 When the furze bloom is yellow ;
 O, the stag, the grieving stag in the spring
 With a fresh doe shall fellow !
 But love for me 'neath the ever moving mound
 Of the scowling sea lieth drowned ;
 While, och, och, ollagone ! the sea fowl moan
 And the sea beasts bellow.

THE LAMENT OF FAND AT PARTING FROM CUCHULAIN.

[*From "The Sick Bed of Cuchulain."*]

'Tis I who must renounce my love and go,
 Lest conflict grow between thyself and me ;
 Yet had I shared with thee Cuchulain's love,
 My joy had been above all jealousy.

Nay, happier were it here for me to dwell,
 Submitting well to thy supremacy,
 Than thus depart unto my Royal Seat
 Of Ard Abrat, strange though the thought to thee.

The man is thine, Emer, in this love strife,
 O noble wife, from me he breaks away ;
 Yet none the less I hunger for the bliss
 I now shall miss and miss and miss away.

Proud prince on prince has supplicated me
 In secrecy his passion's joy to share,
 With none of these have I a love tryst kept,
 But still have stepped stern-minded past the snare.

Joyless is she who gives a heart's whole meed
 To him who no full heed thereto returns,
 Better for her indeed in death to pass,
 Than not be yearned for, as for him she yearns.

With fifty women dost thou hither fare,
 Thou of the lustrous hair and lofty will,
 For Fand's o'erthrow ? With all their tongues of scorn
 Is't well thy rival love-forlorn to kill ?

Three times a fifty women such as these
 Attend my ease, wise, marriageable, fair ;
 They wait me now within my Royal Brugh,
 With pity's dew to calm my cruel care.

WERE YOU ON THE MOUNTAIN ?

[*From the Irish.*]

Oh, were you on the mountain, or saw you my love ?
 Or saw you my own one, my queen and my dove ?
 Or saw you the maiden with the step firm and free ?
 And say, is she pining in sorrow like me ?

I was upon the mountain, and saw there your love ;
 I saw there your own one, your queen and your dove ;
 I saw there the maiden with the step firm and free ;
 And she was not pining in sorrow like thee.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

PULSE OF MY HEART.

[*From the Irish.*]

As the sweet blackberry's modest bloom,
Fair flowering, greets the sight,
Or strawberries, in their rich perfume,
Fragrance and bloom unite :
So this fair plant of tender youth
In outward charms can vie,
And from within the soul of truth,
Soft beaming fills her eye.

Pulse of my heart ! dear source of care,
Stolen sighs, and love-breathed vows !
Sweeter than when through scented air
Gay bloom the apple boughs !
With thee no day can winter seem,
Nor frost nor blast can chill ;
Thou the soft breeze, the cheering beam,
That keeps it summer still.

CHARLOTTE BROOKE

TWO SONGS FROM THE IRISH.

I.

The stars stand up in the air,
The sun and the moon are gone,
The strand of its waters is bare,
And her sway is swept from the swan.

The cuckoo was calling all day,
Hid in the branches above,
How my *stoirin* is fled far away—
'Tis my grief that I gave her my love !

Three things through love I see—
 Sorrow and sin and death—
 And my mind reminding me
 That this doom I breathe with my breath.

But sweeter than violin or lute
 Is my love—and she left me behind !
 I wish that all music were mute,
 And I to all beauty were blind.

She's more shapely than swan by the strand,
 She's more radiant than grass after dew,
 She's more fair than the stars where they stand—
 'Tis my grief that her ever I knew !

II.

'Tis a pity I'm not in England
 Or with one from Erin thither bound,
 Or out in the midst of the ocean
 Where the thousands of ships are drowned ;

From wave to wave of the ocean
 To be guided on with the wind and the rain—
 And O King ! that Thou mightst guide me
 Back to my love again !

THOMAS MAC DONAGH

PEARL OF THE WHITE BREAST.

[*From the Irish.*]

There's a colleen fair as May,
 For a year and for a day,
 I've sought by every way her heart to gain.
 There's no art of tongue or eye
 Fond youths with maidens try,
 But I've tried with ceaseless sigh, yet tried in vain.

If to France or far-off Spain
 She'd cross the watery main,
 To see her face again the sea I'd brave.
 And if 'tis Heaven's decree
 That mine she may not be,
 May the Son of Mary me in mercy save !

O thou blooming milk-white dove,
 To whom I've given true love,
 Do not ever thus reprove my constancy.
 There are maidens would be mine,
 With wealth in hand and kine,
 If my heart would but incline to turn from thee.

But a kiss with welcome bland,
 And a touch of thy dear hand
 Are all that I demand, wouldst thou not spurn ;
 For if not mine, dear girl,
 O Snowy-Breasted Pearl !
 May I never from the fair with life return !

GEORGE PETRIE.

THE OUTLAW OF LOCH LENE.

[*From the Irish.*]

Oh, many a day have I made good ale in the glen,
 That came not of stream or malt—like the brewing of men.
 My bed was the ground ; my roof, the greenwood above,
 And the wealth that I sought, one far kind glance from my
 love.

Alas ! on that night when the horses I drove from the
 field,
 That I was not near from terror my angel to shield.
 She stretched forth her arms—her mantle she flung to
 the wind,
 And swam o'er Loch Lene her outlawed lover to find.

Oh ! would that a freezing, sleet-wing'd tempest did sweep
 And I and my love were alone, far off on the deep !
 I'd ask not a ship, or a bark, or pinnace, to save—
 With her hand round my waist I'd fear not the wind or
 the wave.

'Tis down by the lake, where the wild tree fringes its
 sides,
 The maid of my heart, my fair one of Heaven resides ;
 I think as at eve she wanders its mazes along,
 The birds go to sleep by the sweet, wild twist of her song.

JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN.

CEAN DUBH DEELISH.

[*From the Irish.*]

Put your head, darling, darling, darling,
 Your darling black head my heart above ;
 Oh, mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,
 Who with heart in breast could deny you love ?

Oh, many and many a young girl for me is pining,
 Letting her locks of gold to the cold wind free,
 For me, the foremost of our gay young fellows ;
 But I'd leave a hundred, pure love, for thee !

Then put your head, darling, darling, darling,
 Your darling black head my heart above ;
 Oh, mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,
 Who, with heart in breast, could deny you love ?

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

THE FLOWER OF NUT-BROWN MAIDS.

[From the seventeenth century Irish.]

If thou wilt come with me to the County of Leitrim,
 Flower of Nut-brown Maids—
 Honey of bees and mead to the beaker's brim
 I'll offer thee, Nut-brown Maid.
 Where the pure air floats o'er the swinging boats of the
 strand,
 Under the white-topped wave that laves the edge of the
 sand,
 There without fear we will wander together, hand clasped
 in hand,
 Flower of Nut-brown Maids.

* * * * *

My heart never gave you liking or love,
 Said the Flower of Nut-brown Maids ;
 Though sweet are your words, there's black famine above,
 Said the Flower of Nut-brown Maids ;
 Will gentle words feed me when need and grim hunger
 come by ?
 Better be free, than with thee to the woodlands to fly ;
 What gain to us both if together we famish and die ?
 Wept the Flower of Nut-brown Maids.

* * * * *

I saw her coming towards me o'er the face of the mountain
 Like a star glimmering through the mist ;
 In the field of furze where the slow cows were browsing,
 In pledge of our love we kissed ;
 In the bend of the hedge where the tall trees play with
 the sun,
 I wrote her the lines that should bind us for ever in one ;
 Had you a right to deny me the dues I had won,
 O Flower of Nut-brown Maids ?

My grief and my torment that thou art not here with me
 now,
 Flower of Nut-brown Maids ?

Alone, all alone, it matters not where or how,
O Flower of Nut-brown Maids ;
On a slender bed, O little black head, strained close to
thee,
Or a heap of hay, until break of day, it were one to me,
Laughing in gladness and glee together, with none to see,
My Flower of Nut-brown Maids.

ELEANOR HULL.

PASTHEEN FINN.

[*From the Irish.*]

Oh, my fair Pastheen is my heart's delight,
Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright ;
Like the apple-blossom her bosom white,
And her neck like the swan's on a March morn bright.

CHORUS.

Then, Oro, come with me ! come with me ! come with
me !

Oro, come with me ! brown girl, sweet !
And oh ! I would go through snow and sleet,
If you would come with me, brown girl sweet !

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen !
Her cheeks are red as the rose's sheen,
But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
Then the glass I drink to the health of my queen !

Were I in the town where's mirth and glee,
Or 'twixt two barrels of barley bree,
With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
'Tis I would drink to her pleasantly !

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,
Thinking to see you, love, again ;
But whistle and call were all in vain !

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe ;
From all the girls in the world I'll go ;
But from you, sweetheart, oh, never ! oh, no !
Till I lie in the coffin stretched cold and low !

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

SHE IS MY LOVE.

[*From the Irish.*]

She is my love beyond all thought,
Though she has wrought my deepest dole ;
Yet dearer for the cruel pain
Than one who fain would make me whole.

She is my glittering gem of gems,
Who yet contemns my fortune bright ;
Whose cheek but glows with redder scorn,
Since mine has worn a stricken white.

She is my sun and moon and star,
Who yet so far and cold doth keep,
She would not even o'er my bier
One tender tear of pity weep.

Into my heart unsought she came,
A wasting flame, a haunting care ;
Into my heart of hearts, ah ! Why ?
And left a sigh for ever there.

HAPPY 'TIS, THOU BLIND, FOR THEE.

[*From the Irish.*]

Happy 'tis, thou blind, for thee,
That thou seest not our star ;
Couldst thou see but as we see her,
Thou wouldst be but as we are.

Once I pitied sightless men,
I was then unscathed by sight ;
Now I envy those who see not,
They can be not hurt by light.

Woe who once has seen her please,
And then sees her not each hour ;
Woe for him her love-mesh binding
Whose unwinding passes power.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

THE COOLUN.

[*From the Irish.*]

Oh, had you seen the Coolun
Walking down by the cuckoo's street,
With the dew of the meadow shining
On her milk-white twinkling feet.
O my love she is and my colleen oge,
And she dwells in Balnagar ;
And she bears the palm of beauty bright
From the fairest that in Erin are.

In Balnagar is the Coolun,
Like the berry on the bough her cheek ;
Bright beauty dwells for ever
On her neck and ringlets sleek.
O sweeter is her mouth's soft music
Than the lark or thrush at dawn,
Or the blackbird in the greenwood singing
Farewell to the setting sun.

Rise up, my boy, make ready
To horse, for I forth would ride,
To follow the modest damsel
Where she walks on the green hill-side ;

For ever since our youth were we plighted
In faith, truth, and wedlock true.
O sweeter her voice is nine times over
Than organ or cuckoo ?

And ever since my childhood
I've loved the fair and darling child ;
But our people came between us,
And with lucre our pure love defiled.
Oh, my woe it is and my bitter pain,
And I weep it night and day
That the colleen bawn of my early love
Is torn from my heart away

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

IRISH LOVE-SONG.

[From the Irish.]

Would God I were that tender apple-blossom,
Floating and falling from the twisted bough,
To lie and faint within your silken bosom,
As that does now !

Or would I were a little burnished apple
For you to pluck me, gliding by so cold,
While sun and shade your robe of lawn will dapple,
Your hair's spun gold.

Yea, would to God I were among the roses
That lean to kiss you as you float between !
While on the lowest branch a bud uncloses
To touch you, Queen !

Nay, since you will not love, would I were growing
A happy daisy in the garden path :
That so your silver foot might press me going,
Even unto death !

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

CASHEL OF MUNSTER.

[From the Irish.]

I would wed you, dear, without gold or gear, or counted
kine,
My wealth you'll be, would fair friends agree, and you
be mine.
My grief, my gloom ! that you do not come, my heart's
dear hoard !
To Cashel fair, though our couch were there, but a hard
deal board.

O come, my bride, o'er the wild hill-side to the valley low !
A downy bed for my love I'll spread, where waters flow,
And we shall stray where streamlets play, the groves
among,
Where echo tells to the listening dells the blackbird's song.

Love tender, true, I gave to you, and secret sighs,
In hope to see upon you and me one hour arise,
When the priest's blest voice would bind my choice and
the ring's strict tie,
If wife you be, love, to one but me, love, in grief I'll die.

A neck of white has my heart's delight, and breast like
snow,
And flowing hair whose ringlets fair to the green grass flow,
Alas ! that I did not early die, before the day
That saw me here, from my bosom's dear, far, far away !

EDWARD WALSH.

MOLLY ASTHORE.

As down by Banna's banks I strayed, one evening in May,
The little birds with blithest notes made vocal every
spray ;

They sung their little notes of love, they sung them o'er
and o'er :

Ah, gramachree, ma colleen oge, ma Molly Asthore !

The daisies pied and all the sweets the dawn of Nature
yields,

The primrose pale, the violet blue, lay scattered o'er the
fields :

Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore,
Ah, gramachree, ma colleen oge, ma Molly Asthore !

I laid me down upon the bank bewailing my sad fate,
That doomed me thus the slave of Love and cruel Molly's
hate.

How can she break the honest heart that wears her in its
core ?

Ah, gramachree, ma colleen oge, ma Molly Asthore !

You said you loved me, Molly dear ; ah, why did I believe ?
Yet who could think such tender words were meant but
to deceive.

That love was all I asked on earth—nay, heaven could
give no more.

Ah, gramachree, ma colleen oge, ma Molly Asthore !

Oh, had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
Or lowed for me the numerous herds that yon green
pastures fill ;

With her I'd gladly share my kine, with her my fleecy
store,

Ah, gramachree, ma colleen oge, ma Molly Asthore !

Two turtle doves above my head sat courting on a bough,
 I envied them their happiness to see them bill and coo :
 Such fondness once for me she showed, but now, alas,
 'tis o'er !

Ah, gramachree, ma colleen oge, ma Molly Asthore !

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear ! thy loss I e'er shall
 moan,

While life remains in Strephon's heart it beats for thee
 alone ;

Though thou art false may heaven on thee its choicest
 blessings pour,

Ah, gramachree, ma colleen oge, me Molly Asthore !

GEORGE OGLE.

REMEMBRANCE.

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow above thee,
 Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave !
 Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
 Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave ?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
 Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
 Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
 Thy noble heart for ever, ever more ?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
 From these brown hills, have melted into spring,
 Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
 After such years of change and suffering !

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
 While the world's tide is bearing me along ;
 Other desires and other hopes beset me,
 Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong.

No later light has lighted up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me ;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy ;
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine ;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten,
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain ;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish
How could I seek the empty world again ?

EMILY BRONTE.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH MAIDEN.

On Carrigdhoun the heath is brown,
The clouds are dark o'er Ardnalee,
And many a stream comes rushing down
To swell the angry Ownabwee ;
The moaning blast is sweeping fast
Through many a leafless tree,
And I'm alone, for he is gone,
My hawk has flown, ochone, machree !

The heath was green on Carrigdhoun,
Bright shone the sun on Ardnalee,
The dark green trees bent trembling down
To kiss the slumbering Ownabwee ;

That happy day, 'twas but last May,
 'Tis like a dream to me,
 When Donnell swore, ay, o'er and o'er,
 We'd part no more, astor machree !

Soft April showers and bright May flowers
 Will bring the summer back again,
 But will they bring me back the hours
 I spent with my brave Donnell then ?
 'Tis but a chance, for he's gone to France,
 To wear the fleur-de-lys ;
 But I'll follow you, my Donnell Dhu,
 For still I'm true to you, machree !

DENNY LANE.

THE DESMOND.

By the Feal's wave benighted,
 No star in the skies,
 To thy door by Love lighted
 I first saw those eyes,
 Some voice whispered unto me
 As the threshold I crossed,
 There was ruin before me,
 If I loved I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
 Too soon in his train ;
 Yet so sweet that to-morrow
 'Twere welcome again.
 Though misery's full measure
 My portion should be,
 I would drain it with pleasure
 If poured out by thee.

You who call it dishonour
 To bow to this flame,
 If you've eyes, look upon her,
 And blush while you blame.

Hath the pearl less whiteness,
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

No! man for his glory
To ancestry flies,
But woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of The Graces,
Ranks next to Divine!

THOMAS MOORE.

LOVE SONG.

Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through her hair;
Sleeps she and hears not the melancholy numbers
Breathed to my sad lute 'mid the lonely air.

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming
To wind round the willow banks that lure him from
above;
O that in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,
I too could glide to the bower of my love!

Ah where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound
her,
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round
her,
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away.

Come then, my bird! For the peace thou ever bearest,
Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me,
Come, this fond bosom, O faithfulest and fairest,
Bleeds with its death-wound its wound of love for thee.

GEORGE DARLEY.

IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDEST HAVE
DIED.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be ;
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 't will smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain ;
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
If I might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been.
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I perhaps may soothe this heart,
By thinking, too, of thee,
Yet there was round thee such a dawn,
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

CHARLES WOLFE.

A WHITE ROSE

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love ;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips ;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

KITTY NEIL.

Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel—
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning ;
Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree,
Half the parish is there and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool in the dew-whitened valley ;
While all the air rings with the soft loving things,
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley.

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eyes in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing ;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues—
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green, the glad groups are seen—
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing,
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
Somehow when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion ;
With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the ground—
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.

Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's,
 Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing—
 Search the world all round, from the sky to the ground,
 No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing !

Sweet Kate ! who could view your bright eyes of deep
 blue

Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
 Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
 Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly ?
 Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
 Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love ;
 The sight leaves his eye, as he says with a sigh,
 "Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love."

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

KATHLEEN O'MORE.

My love, still I think that I see her once more,
 But, alas ! she has left me her loss to deplore—
 My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
 Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new—
 So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

She milked the dun cow, that ne'er offered to stir ;
 Though wicked to all, it was gentle to her—
 So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
 To hear the wind blow, and to gaze on the moon,
 So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

Cold was the night-breeze that sighed round her bower,
It chilled my poor Kathleen, she drooped from that hour,
And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More !

The bird of all birds that I love the best
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds his nest ;
For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er
Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More.

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.

THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE.

His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,
His love is rich to me ;
I could not in a palace find
A truer love than he.
The eagle shelters not his nest
From hurricane and hail,
More bravely than he guards my breast,
The boatman of Kinsale.

The wind that round the Fastnet sweeps
Is not a whit more pure,
The goat that down Knock Sheehy leaps
Has not a foot more sure.
No firmer hand, no freer eye
E'er faced an autumn gale.
De Courcy's heart is not so high,
The Boatman of Kinsale.

The brawling squires may heed him not,
The dainty stranger sneer,
But who will dare to hurt our cot
When Myles O'Hea is here ?

The scarlet soldiers pass along,
They'd like but fear to rail—
His blood is hot, his blow is strong,
The Boatman of Kinsale.

His hooker's in the Scilly van
When seines are in the foam ;
But money never made the man,
Nor wealth a happy home.
So blest with love and liberty,
While he can trim a sail,
He'll trust in God, and cling to me,
The boatman of Kinsale.

THOMAS DAVIS.

MINNIE.

O crystal well,
Play daintily on golden sands,
When she comes at morning lonely,
Followed by her shadow only,
To bathe those little slender hands,
All aweary gathering
Seeds to make her blue bird sing,
O crystal well !

O forest brown,
Breathe thy richest twilight balm,
As she wanders, pulling willow
Leaflets for her fragrant pillow,
Which with snowy cheek and calm
She shall press with half-closed eyes,
While the great stars o'er thee rise,
O forest brown !

O Lady Moon,
Light her, as she mounts the stair
To her little sacred chamber,
Like a mother ; and remember

While she slumbers full of prayer
Sweetly then to fill her heart
With dreams of heaven, where thou art,
O Lady Moon !

THOMAS CAULFIELD IRWIN.

SONG.

Slanting both hands against her forehead,
On me she levelled her bright eyes ;
My whole heart brightened as the sea
When midnight clouds part suddenly ;
Through all my spirit went the lustre
Like starlight poured through purple skies.

And then she sang aloud, sweet music,
Yet louder as aloft it clomb ;
Soft when her curving lips it left ;
Then rising till the heavens were cleft,
As though each strain, on high expanding,
Were echoes in a silver dome.

But ah ! she sings she does not love me ;
She loves to say she ne'er can love ;
To me her beauty she denies,
Bending the while on me those eyes
Whose beams might charm the mountain leopard,
Or lure Jove's herald from above !

AUBREY DE VERE.

SONG.

She says : " Poor friend, you waste a treasure
Which you can ne'er regain—
Time, health, and glory, for the pleasure
Of toying with a chain."

But then her voice so tender grows,
So kind and so caressing ;
Each murmur from her lips that flows
Comes to me like a blessing.

Sometimes she says : “ Sweet friend, I grieve you—
Alas, it gives me pain !
What can I ? Ah, might I relieve you,
You ne’er had mourned in vain ! ”
And then her little hand she presses
Upon her heart, and sighs ;
While tears whose source not yet she guesses,
Grow larger in her eyes.

AUBREY DE VERE.

AN ANCIENT TALE.

He leaned upon the garden gate ;
He looked, and scarce he breathed ;
Within the little porch she sate,
With woodbine overwreathed ;
Her eyes upon her work were bent,
Unconscious who was nigh ;
But oft the needle slowly went,
And oft did idle lie ;
And ever to her lips arose
Sweet fragments sweetly sung,
But ever, ere the notes could close,
She hushed them on her tongue.

Long, long the sun had sunken down,
And all his golden trail
Had died away to lines of brown,
In duskier hues that fail.
The grasshopper was chirping still—
No other living sound
Accompanied the tiny rill
That gurgled under ground—

No other living sound, unless
Some spirit bent to hear
Low words of human tenderness
And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,
Deep in the liquid sky,
Now forth upon the darkness burst,
Sole kings and lights on high ;
For splendour, myriadfold, supreme,
No rival moonlight strove ;
Nor lovelier e'er was Hesper's beam,
Nor more majestic Jove.
But what if hearts there beat that night
That recked not of the skies,
Or only felt their imaged light
In one another's eyes.

And if two worlds of hidden thought
And fostered passion met,
Which, passing human language, sought
And found an utterance yet,
And if they trembled as the flowers
That droop across the stream,
The while the silent starry hours
Wait o'er them like a dream ;
And if, when came the parting time,
They faltered still and clung ;
What is it all ?—an ancient rhyme
Ten thousand times re-sung—
That part of Paradise which man
Without the portal knows—
Which hath been since the world began,
And shall be till its close.

JOHN O'HAGAN.

DONAL KENNY.

"Come, piper, play the 'Shaskan Reel,'
Or else the 'Lasses on the Heather,'
And, Mary, lay aside your wheel
Until we dance once more together.
At fair and pattern oft before
Of reels and jigs we've tripped full many;
But ne'er again this loved old floor,
Will feel the foot of Donal Kenny."

Softly she rose and took his hand,
And softly glided through the measure,
While, clustering round, the village band
Looked half in sorrow, half in pleasure.
Warm blessings flowed from every lip
As ceased the dancers' airy motion:
O Blessed Virgin! guide the ship
Which bears bold Donal o'er the ocean!

"Now God be with you all," he sighed,
Adown his face the bright tears flowing—
"God guard you well, avick," they cried,
"Upon the strange path you are going."
So full his breast he scarce could speak,
With burning grasp the stretched hands taking,
He pressed a kiss on every cheek,
And sobbed as if his heart was breaking.

"Boys, don't forget me when I'm gone,
For sake of all the days passed over—
The days you spent on heath and bawn,
With Donal Ruadh. the rattlin' rover.
Mary, agra, your soft brown eye
Has willed my fate," he whispered lowly;
"Another holds thy heart: good-bye!
Heaven grant you both its blessings holy!"

A kiss upon her brow of snow,
A rush across the moonlit meadow,
Whose broom-clad hazels, trembling slow,
The mossy breen wrapped in shadow ;
Away o'er Tully's bounding rill,
And far beyond the Inny river ;
One cheer on Carrick's rocky hill,
And Donal Kenny's gone for ever."

JOHN KEBGAN CASEY.

THE DRYNAN DHUN.¹

By road and by river the wild birds sing,
O'er mountain and valley the dewy leaves spring ;
The gay flowers are shining, gilt o'er by the sun,
And fairest of all shines the Drynan Dhun.

The rath of the fairy, the ruin hoar,
With white silver splendour it decks them all o'er ;
And down in the valleys where merry streams run,
How sweet smell the blossoms of the Drynan Dhun.

Ah ! well I remember the soft spring day,
I sat by my love 'neath its sweet-scented spray ;
The day that she told me her heart I had won,
Beneath the white blossoms of the Drynan Dhun.

The streams they were singing their gladsome song,
The soft winds were blowing the wild woods among,
The mountains shone bright in the red setting sun,
As we sat 'neath the blossoms of the Drynan Dhun.

'Tis my prayer in the morning, my dream at night,
To sit thus again by my heart's dear delight,
With her blue eyes of gladness, her hair like the sun,
And her bright pleasant smile 'neath the Drynan Dhun.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

¹ The Blackthorn.

THE WILD GEESE.

I had to sail across the sea,
A brave white bird went forth from me.
My heart was hid beneath his wing ;
O strong white bird, come back in spring !

I watched the Wild Geese rise and cry
Across the flaming western sky ;
Their winnowing pinions clove the light,
Then vanished, and came down the night.

I laid me low, my day was done ;
I longed not for the morrow's sun
But, closely swathed in swoon of sleep,
Forgot to hope, forgot to weep.

The moon, through veils of gloomy red,
A warm yet dusky radiance shed
All down our valley's golden stream
And flushed my slumber with a dream.

Her mystic torch lit up my brain ;
My spirit rose and lived amain,
And followed through the windy spray
That bird upon its watery way.

" O wild white bird, O wail for me
My soul hath wings to fly with thee :
On foam waves, lengthening out afar,
We'll ride toward the western star.

" O'er glimmering plains, through forest gloom,
To track a wanderer's feet I come ;
'Mid lonely swamp, by haunted brake,
I'll pass unfrightened for his sake.

" Alone, afar, his footsteps roam,
The stars his roof, the tent his home.
Saw'st thou what way the Wild Geese flew
To sunward through the thick night dew ?

" Carry my soul where he abides,
And pierce the mystery that hides
His presence, and through time and space
Look with mine eyes upon his face.

" Beside his prairie fire he rests,
All feathered things are in their nests ;"
" ' What strange wild bird is this ' " he saith,
" Still fragrant with the ocean's breath ? "

" ' Perch on my hand, thou briny thing
And let me stroke thy shy wet wing ;
What message in thy soft eye thrills ?
I see again my native hills,

" ' And vale, and river's silver streak,
The mist upon the blue, blue peak,
The shadows grey, the golden sheaves,
The mossy walls, the russet eaves.

" ' I greet the friends I've loved and lost,
Do all forget ? No, tempest-toast,
That braved for me the ocean's foam,
Some heart remembers me at home.

" ' Ere spring's return I will be there,
Thou strange sea-fragrant messenger, ' "
I wake and weep : the moon shines sweet,
O dream too short ! O bird too fleet.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

OUTSIDE.

A shining pathway of light slopes down from the half-
closed door,
Through the darkness on either hand it glimmers golden
and wide,
A fair bridge spanning the night, and the dread deso-
lation o'er,
Stretching to me, where I stand forgotten, forlorn,
outside.

If I dared to turn my feet away from the chill and the
gloom,
If I followed yon radiant track with eager and noiseless
tread,
Should I find her, my only sweet, in some fragrant firelit
room,
Her soft dress shadowy black, and the glow on her
bent bright head ?

Perhaps, if I only dared, she would not bid me begone ;
Perhaps she would smile as of yore, and be kind and
forget to chide ;
Perhaps if she knew how I cared ; I will go ; I will seek
her anon ;
Alas ! they have shut the door and I am alone outside.

FRANCES WYNNE.

TO AN ISLE IN THE WATER.

Shy one, shy one,
Shy one of my heart,
She moves in the firelight,
Pensively apart.

She carries in the dishes
And lays them in a row.
To an isle in the water
With her I would go.

She carries in the candles,
And lights the curtained room ;
Shy in the doorway
And shy in the gloom;

And shy as a rabbit,
Helpful and shy,
To an isle in the water
With her would I fly.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

AN OLD SONG RESUNG.

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet ;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow on the tree ;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs ;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

KILLARY.

When all her brothers in the house
Were lying asleep, my love
Ran before me under the bend of boughs,
Till we looked down from above
On the long loch,
On the brown loch,
On the lone loch of Killary.

Together we ran down the copse
And stood in the rain as close
As the birds that sleep in the soft tops
Of the tree that comes and goes,
When the morn moon,
When the young moon,
When the morn moon is on Killary !

In tremblings of the water chill
Swans we saw preen their coat,
Biting their plumes, with stoop'd bill
And quivering neck, afloat
On the brown shade,
On the deep shade,
The shade of hills on Killary.

“ Why pale, my beloved, now
When the first light 'gins to beat ?
No sun of autumn is rich as thou,
And honey after thy feet
Shall rise from the grass,
From the wet of the grass,
The brow of the grass over Killary ! ”

“ My grief it is only that thou and I
Must part, like swans of the flood
That rise up sorrowful into the sky ;
For one goes over the wood,
And one oversea,
And one oversea,
And one oversea from Killary ! . .

“ Ah, the little raindrops that hang on the bough,
Together they may run,
But never again shall I and thou
Meet here in the morning sun . . .
We shall meet no more,
We must kiss no more,
We shall meet no more by Killary ! ”

HERBERT TRENCH.

THE WOOD PIGEON.

The skies they were leaden, the snow-flakes were falling ;
No blackbird or linnet was courting or calling ;
But the wood-dove's sweet moaning was heard in the
distance,
And her song all of love came in dulcet persistence.

Oh, what though the nests were all flooded with water,
And the cold eggs would give them no sweet son or
daughter,
She was dreamy with pleasure for her true Love beside
her,
And her day was as gold as though young leaves did hide
her !

O Love, sang the wood-dove, the sweet bird of summer,
It were death, it were madness, were my Love a roamer ;
But Love true and faithful, what power has cold weather
To still our wild songs, Love, since we are together ?

Then I said to my true Love, true love is enough, Love,
And how wise is the wood-dove who learns that lore off,
Love !
'Tis our charm for the winter, and when the winds cry,
Love,
And when, in the grave, on your heart I shall lie, Love.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

FORGIVENESS.

At dusk the window panes grew grey ;
The wet world vanished in the gloom ;
The dim and silver end of day
Scarce glimmered through the little room.

And all my sins were told ; I said
Such things to her who knew not sin—
The sharp ache throbbing in my head,
The fever running high within—

I touched with pain her purity ;
Sin's darker sense I could not bring ;
My soul was black as night to me ;
To her I was a wounded thing.

I needed love no words could say ;
She drew me softly nigh her chair,
My head upon her knees to lay,
With cool hands that caressed my hair.

She sat with hands as if to bless,
And looked with grave, ethereal eyes ;
Ensouled with ancient Quietness,
A gentle priestess of the Wise.

A.E.

SONG.

I made another garden, yea,
For my new love ;
I left the dead rose where it lay,
And set the new above.
Why did the summer not begin ?
Why did my heart not haste ?
My old love came and walked therein,
And laid the garden waste.

She entered with her weary smile,
Just as of old ;
She looked around a little while,
And shivered at the cold.
Her passing touch was death to all,
Her passing look a blight :
She made the white rose-petals fall,
And turned the red rose white.

Her pale robe, clinging to the grass,
Seemed like a snake,
That bit the grass and ground, alas !
And a sad trail did make.
She went up slowly to the gate ;
And there, just as of yore,
She turned back at the last to wait,
And say farewell once more.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

NATURE AND LOVE.

When first I gave him all my love
I took the beauty of the world ;
Wild winds, and sunlight, stars above,
And clouds upon the mountains furled.

The life of waters and of woods,
The sweetness of the flowers and grass,
Dreams of the sunset, joyous moods
The spirit of the Summer has ;

I filled him with their soft romance,
I set my heart within its shrine ;
He saw the lovely countenance
Of Nature, and then turned to mine.

All, all I loved was given to him,
All, all I loved was shown to me ;
And then, that evening grey and dim,
The low moon burning o'er the sea,

He kissed me, I gave back his kiss,
My arms were round him, warm and fast—
“ Is Nature more,” I cried, “ than this ?
Have I not conquered her at last ? ”

Since then, he has loved, and loves, so much,
That in the grave men say is sleep,
He shall not lose my sweet wild touch
Through all the silence of the deep,

But, when the immortal passions move,
Shall quick arise, and with a cry,
Run to mine arms, and say, "O Love,
Thou hast not forgotten!—no, nor I."

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

THE LITTLE FLUTES.

The world has slipt away and gone
Like rain into the sea.
What would be callin' me?
For songs and silver flutes are gone,
The little flutes he fluted on,
That will not leave me be.

These northern mountains in their pride,
Are steppin' from the sea
(I mind he loved the sea),
Blue lovely towers, walled in pride,
I wonder now is peace inside?
Would sorrow leave me be?

For in his speech you knew the South,
And in his eyes the sea,
The grey green changin' sea.
O Ireland's sweeter in the South,
And sweet the speakin' of his mouth
That will not leave me be.

I mind his whistles through the dark,
The tunes he piped for me,
The flutes he fluted free,

Faint-soundin' as the soarin' lark,
 Soft-soundin' silver flutes at dark,
 That will not leave me be.

He's surely walkin' in the West,
 And pipin' to the sea,
 Of Ireland, Ireland free !
 In Cork or Kerry, south or west ;
 O grief of Ireland that he rest,
 And leave the pipin' be !

He's put the small flute to his mouth . . .
 The flutin' calls to me,
 Past Wicklow hills I see
 His laughin' eyes that loved the South,
 His silver pipes that call me south
 And will not leave me be !

MRS. DENIS O'SULLIVAN.

THE PENALTY OF LOVE.

If love should count you worthy, and should deign
 One day to seek your door and be your guest,
 Pause ! ere you draw the bolt and bid him rest,
 If in your old content you would remain.
 For not alone he enters : in his train
 Are angels of the mists, the lonely quest,
 Dreams of the unfulfilled and unpossessed.
 And sorrow, and life's immemorial pain.

He wakes desires you never may forget,
 He shows you stars you never saw before,
 He makes you share with him for evermore,
 The burden of the world's divine regret.
 How wise were you to open not !—and yet,
 How poor if you should turn him from the door

SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT.

TO MORFYDD.

A voice on the winds,
A voice on the waters,
Wanders and cries :

O, what are the winds ?
And what are the waters ?
Mine are your eyes.

Western the winds are,
And western the waters,
Where the light lies :

O ! what are the winds ?
And what are the waters ?
Mine are your eyes.

Cold, cold, grow the winds,
And dark grow the waters,
Where the sun dies.

O ! what are the winds ?
And what are the waters ?
Mine are your eyes.

And down the night winds,
And down the night waters
The music flies :

O ! what are the winds ?
And what are the waters ?
Cold be the winds,
And wild be the waters,
So mine be your eyes.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

THE SEDGES.

I whispered my great sorrow
To every listening sedge ;
And they bent, bowed with my sorrow,
Down to the water's edge.

But she stands and laughs lightly
To see me sorrow so,
Like the light winds that laughing
Across the water go.

If I could tell the bright ones
That quiet-hearted move,
They would bend down like the sedges
With the sorrow of love.

But she stands laughing lightly,
Who all my sorrow knows,
Like the little wind that laughing
Across the water blows.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

CAN DOOV DEELISH.

Can doov deelish, beside the sea
I stand and stretch my hands to thee
Across the world.
The riderless horses race to shore
With thundering hoofs and shuddering, hoar,
Blown manes uncurled.

Can doov deelish, I cry to thee
Beyond the world, beneath the sea,
Thou being dead.
Where hast thou hidden, from the beat
Of crushing hoofs and tearing feet,
Thy dear black head ?

God bless the woman, whoever she be,
 From the tossing waves will recover thee
 And lashing wind.
 Who will take thee out of the wind and storm,
 Dry thy wet face on her bosom warm
 And lips so kind ?

I not to know. It is hard to pray,
 But I shall for this woman from day to day,
 " Comfort my dead,
 The sports of the winds and the play of the sea."
 I loved thee too well for this thing to be,
 O dear black head !

DORA SIGERSON.

THE BETRAYAL.

When you were weary, roaming the wide world over,
 I gave my fickle heart to a new lover.
 Now they tell me that you are lying dead :
 O mountains fall on me and hide my head !

When you lay burning in the throes of fever,
 He vowed me love by the willow-margined river :
 Death smote you there—here was your trust betrayed,
 O darkness, cover me, I am afraid !

Yea, in the hour of your supremest trial,
 I laughed with him ! The shadow on the dial
 Stayed not, aghast at my dread ignorance :
 Nor man nor angel looked at me askance.

.

Under the mountains there is peace abiding,
 Darkness shall be pavilion for my hiding,
 Tears shall blot out the sin of broken faith,
 The lips that falsely kissed, shall kiss but Death.

ALICE FURLONG.

SONG.

He climbs his lady's tower, where sail
Cold clouds about the moon,
And at his feet the nightingale
Sings—Sir, too soon, too soon !

He steals across his lady's park,
He tries her secret gate,
And overhead the saucy lark
Sings—Sir, too late, too late !

ELEANOR ALEXANDER.

A SILENT MOUTH.

O, little green leaf on the bough, you hear the lark in the
morn,
You hear the grey feet of the wind stir in the shimmering
corn,
You hear, low down in the grass,
The Singing Sidhe as they pass,
Do you ever hear, O little green flame,
My loved one calling, whispering my name ?

O little green leaf on the bough, like my lips you must
ever be dumb,
For a maiden may never speak until love to her heart says
"Come."

A mouth in its silence is sweet
But my heart cries loud when we meet,
And I turn my head with a bitter sigh
When the boy who has stolen my love, unheeding, goes by.

I have made my heart as the stones in the street for his
tread,
I have made my love as the shadow that falls from his
dear gold head,

But the stones with his footsteps ring,
 And the shadow keeps following,
 And just as the quiet shadow goes ever beside or before,
 So must I go silent and lonely and loveless for evermore.

CATHAL O'BYRNE.

HIS HOME AND HIS OWN COUNTRY.

I know not whether to laugh or cry,
 So greatly, utterly glad am I :
 For one, whose beautiful love-lit face
 The distance hid for a weary space,
 Has come this day of all days to me,
 Who am his home and his own country

What shall I say who am here at rest,
 Led from the good things up to the best ?
 Little my knowledge, but this I know,
 It was God said ; " Love each other so."
 O love, my love, who hast come to me,
 Thy love, thy home, and thy own country.

EMILY HICKEY.

BITTER SERENADE.

Fate damned you young. Death young would now
 frustrate you.

I have but lived—as alchemists for gold—
 In my mad pity's flame to re-create you,
 Heavenly one, waning, cold !

Dark planet, to your sleepless desolations
 Whereto no ray serene hath ever gone
 Life might have come with my poor invocations ;
 You might have loved, and shone !

The lanterns and the gondolas have vanished,
Gone the uproar and merry masquerade,
From the lagoons the burning loves are banished,
All your canal is shade.

Magnolia-bloom is here my only candle,
White petals wash and break along the wall,
While this poor lute, the lute with the scorched handle,
Is here to tell you all.

Do you remember—but what soul remembers?—
I carved it from a log of quaintest tone,
Snatched half-consumed out of a great hearth's embers ;
The great hearth was your own.

By God ! to the chords wherewith you then endowed us—
Something in you gave frame and strings a voice—
Now you must listen in the hours allowed us ;
Listen, you have no choice ! . . .

The very stars grow dread with tense fore-feeling
Of dawn ; the bell-towers darken in the sky
As they would groan before they strike, revealing—
New day to such as I !

There comes a day too merciless in clearness,
Worn to the bone the stubborn must give o'er,
There comes a day when to endure in nearness
Can be endured no more !

A man can take the buffets of the tourney,
But there's a hurt, lady, beyond belief :
A grief the sun finds not upon his journey
Marked on the map of grief . . .

Was I not bred of the same clay and vapour
And lightning of the universe as you ?
Had I the self-same God to be my shaper
Or cracks the world in two ?

It cannot be, though I have nought of merit,
That man may hold so dear, and with such pain
Enfold with all the tendrils of the spirit,
Yet not be loved again.

It cannot be that such intensest yearning,
Such fierce and incommensurable care
Starred on your face, as through a crystal burning,
Is wasted on the air

It cannot be I gave my soul, unfolding
To you its very inmost, like a child
Utterly giving faith (no jot withholding),
By you to be beguiled.

No. In rich Venice riotous and human,
That shrinks for me to sandbanks and a sky,
Love such as that I bear you must be common.
Enough ; you let it die.

HERBERT TRENCH.

THE WINGS OF LOVE.

. . . I will row my boat on Muckcross Lake when the
grey of the dove
Comes down at the end of the day ; and a quiet like prayer
Grows soft in your eyes, and among your fluttering hair
The red of the sun is mixed with the red of your cheek.
I will row you, O boat of my heart ! till our mouths have
forgotten to speak
In the silence of love, broken only by trout that spring
And are gone, like a fairy's finger that casts a ring
With the luck of the world for the hand that can hold it
fast.
I will rest on my oars, my eyes on your eyes, till our
thoughts have passed

From the lake and the sky and the rings of the jumping
fish ;

Till our ears are filled from the reeds with a sudden swish,
And a sound like the beating of flails in the time of corn.
We shall hold our breath while a wonderful thing is born
From the songs that were chanted by bards in the days
gone by ;

For a wild white swan shall be leaving the lake for the sky,
With the curve of her neck stretched out in a silver spear.
Oh ! then when the creak of her wings shall have brought
her near,

We shall hear again a swish, and a beating of flails,
And a creaking of oars, and a sound like the wind in sails,
As the mate of her heart shall follow her into the air.
O wings of my soul ! we shall think of Angus and Caer,
And Etain and Midir, that were changed into wild white
swans

To fly round the ring of the heavens, through the dusks
and the dawns,

Unseen by all but true lovers, till judgment day,
Because they had loved for love only. O love ! I will say,
For a woman and man with eternity ringing them round,
And the heavens above and below them, a poor thing
it is to be bound

To four low walls that will spill like a pedlar's pack,
And a quilt that will run into holes, and a churn that will
dry and crack.

Oh ! better than these, a dream in the night, or our heart's
mute prayer

That O'Donoghue, the enchanted man, should pass be-
tween water and air,

And say, I will change them each to a wild white swan,
Like the lovers Angus and Midir, and their loved ones,
Caer and Etain,

Because they have loved for love only, and have searched
through the shadows of things

For the Heart of all hearts, through the fire of love, and the
wine of love, and the wings.

JAMES H. COUSINS.

LITTLE MARY CASSIDY.

Oh, 'tis little Mary Cassidy's the cause of all my misery,
And the reason that I am not now the boy I used to be ;
Oh, she bates the beauties all that we read about in history,
And sure half the country-side is as hot for her as me.
Travel Ireland up and down, hill, village, vale and town—
Fairer than the Cailin Donn, you're looking for in vain ;
Oh, I'd rather live in poverty with little Mary Cassidy
Than emperor, without her, be of Germany or Spain.

"Twas at the dance at Darmody's that first I caught a
sight of her,
And heard her sing the " Droighnean Donn," till tears
came in my eyes,
And ever since that blessed hour I'm dreaming day and
night of her ;
The devil a wink of sleep at all I get from bed to rise.
Cheeks like the rose in June, song like the lark in tune,
Working, resting, night or noon, she never leaves my
mind ;
Oh, till singing by my cabin fire sits little Mary Cassidy,
"Tis little aise or happiness I'm sure I'll ever find.

What is wealth, what is fame, what is all that people
fight about
To a kind word from her lips or a love-glance from her
eye ?
Oh, though troubles throng my breast, sure they'd soon
go to the right-about
If I thought the curly head of her would rest there by
and by.
Take all I own to-day, kith, kin, and care away,
Ship them all across the say, or to the frozen zone :
Lave me an orphan bare—but lave me Mary Cassidy,
I never would feel lonesome with the two of us alone.

FRANCIS A. FAHY

MOLLEEN OGE.

Molleen oge, my Molleen oge !
Go put on your natest brogue,
And slip into your smartest gown,
You rosy little rogue ;
For a message kind I bear
To yourself from ould Adair,
That Pat the Piper's come aroun'
And there'll be dancin' there.

Molleen dear, I'll not presume
To encroach into your room,
But I'd forget a fairin'
I'd brought you from Macroom ;
So open ! and I'll swear
Not one peep upon you ; there !
'Tis a silver net to gather
At the glass your golden hair.

Molleen pet, my Molleen pet,
Faix I'm fairly in a fret
At the time you're titivatin' !
Molleen, aren't you ready yet ?
Now—net and gown and brogue—
Are you sure you're quite the vogue ?
But, bedad, you look so lovely,
I'll forgive you, Molleen oge !

THE YIN WEE LUIK.

As at the boord apart she sat,
An' noo tae this yin noo tae that
She talk'd wi' careless kin'ness,
Fu'weel A kenn'd her inmaist heart
In a' she said had little pert,
Uv hai'f the words she heerd wuz min'less.

An' though she seem'd tae shun my sight,
A trusted mair her luv'e that night
Than a' Airth's luv'es thegither ;
Then yin wee gentle luik she gave.
A'd waited lang that luik tae haive,
An' lang A'd wait fur sich anither.

G. F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG.

THE SHAWLIE.

Drive, bitter blast, frae lough tae sea
A little min' yer smertin' ;
Her ain wee shawlie's roon' my heart
Her wee han's pinn'd at partin'.
A'm proof the-night 'gen' win' an' snaw,
A'll walk frae here tae Derry—
Though Noe's flood yince mair cam' doon
A'd face it bowld an' merry.

"Noo, Charlie, dearie, ben' ye doon ;
Ye jist maun tak' my shawlie ;
A'll wrap it tight aroon' yer kist,
For och, the night's sae squally,
Puir lad, ye'll fin' it unco' cau'd
By Gransha shore," says Kitty ;
An' then her een luik'd up in mine
Wi' ah, sich luv'e an' pity.

Wee shawlie, pressin' saft an' werm
Aroon' my breast aglowin',
A kiss yer fringe, A hug ye fast,
A mock the squalls a-blowin' ;
Let thun'ers roar, let lightnin's glame,
A'll face the tempest brawly,
Whilst close agen' my thrabbin' heart
A feel my Luv's wee shawlie !

G. F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG.

THE WEE LASSIE'S FIRST LUVE.

A cannae hear his name an' hide
 My thought wi' ony art ;
 A cannae see him come, an' calm
 The flitterin' uv my heart ;
 It's pain tae meet him when A walk,
 Or meet him nae ava ;
 A wish him aye to come tae me,
 A wish him aye awa'.

A dinnae ken what's wrang wi' me ;
 A'm vixed, A kennae why ;
 A cannae talk, A cannae wark ;
 My min's a' ganged agley ;
 A say sich foolish thin's at whiles
 My face is scorch'd wi' pain . . .
 O, let them lave me tae mysel' !
 A jist wud be alane.

A'm nae sae tall as Elsie Barnes,
 A hae nae een like May's,
 Yit aft he turns frae May tae me,
 An' ne'er wi' Elsie strays.
 A cannae thole tae see him laugh
 Wi' Grace or Rose or Jean,
 An' yit he's standin' nigh my side
 Mair aft than ony ane.

He's aye sae coorteous, kin' an' free
 Wi' mon an' lass an' chiel',
 Mayhap he cares nae mair fur me
 Than jist tae wish me weel . . .
 But ah, the kin'ness uv his voice
 An' ah, his dark blue ee'
 An' ah, his face an' coortly grace . . .
 A think A jist cud dee.

G. F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG

CUTTIN' RUSHES.

Oh, maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago !
Meself was risin' early on a day for cuttin' rushes,
Walkin' up the Brabla' burn, till the sun was low,
Now I'd hear the burn run an' then I'd hear the thrushes.
Young, still young !—an' drenchin' wet the grass,
Wet the golden honeysuckle hangin' sweetly down ;
Here, lad, here ! will ye follow where I pass,
An' find me cuttin' rushes on the mountain.

Then was it only yesterday, or fifty years or so ?
Rippin' round the bog pools high among the heather,
The hook it made me hand sore, I had to leave it go,
'Twas he that cut the rushes then for me to bind together.
Come, dear, come !—an' back along the burn
See the darlin' honeysuckle hangin' like a crown.
Quick, one kiss—sure, there's some one at the turn !
“ Oh, we're after cuttin' rushes on the mountain.”

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago . . .
I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summer thrushes,
Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing an' flow,
For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o' green rushes.
Run, burn, run ! can ye mind when we were young ?
The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark an' brown :
Sing, burn, sing ! can ye mind the song ye sung
The day we cut the rushes on the mountain ?

MOIRA O'NEILL.

LITTLE CHILD, I CALL THEE.

[From the Irish.]

Little child, I call thee fair,
Clad in hair of golden hue,
Every lock in ringlets falling
Down, to almost kiss the dew.

Slow grey eye and languid mien,
Brows as thin as stroke of quill,
Cheeks of white with scarlet through them,
Och ! it's through them I am ill.

Luscious mouth, delicious breath,
Chalk-white teeth, and very small,
Lovely nose and little chin,
White neck thin, she is swan-like all.

Pure white hand and shapely finger,
Limbs that linger like a song ;
Music speaks in every motion
Of my sea-mew warm and young

Rounded breasts and lime-white bosom,
Like a blossom, touched of none,
Stately form and slender waist,
Far more graceful than the swan.

Alas for me ! I would I were
With her of the soft-fingered palm,
In Waterford to steal a kiss,
Or by the Liss whose airs are balm.

DOUGLAS HYDE.



EILEEN AROON.

[After the Irish.]

When, like the early rose,
 Eileen aroon !
Beauty in childhood blows,
 Eileen aroon !
When, like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem ?
 Eileen aroon !

Is it the laughing eye,
 Eileen aroon !
Is it the timid sigh,
 Eileen aroon !
Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the stringed harp's moan ?
Oh ! it is Truth alone.
 Eileen aroon !

When, like the rising day,
 Eileen aroon !
Love sends his early ray,
 Eileen aroon !
What makes his dawning glow
Changeless through joy or woe ?
Only the constant know—
 Eileen aroon !

I know a valley fair,
 Eileen aroon !
I knew a cottage there,
 Eileen aroon !
Far in that valley shade
I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of a hazel glade,
 Eileen aroon !

Who in the song so sweet ?

Eileen aroon !

Who in the dance so fleet ?

Eileen aroon !

Dear were her charms to me,

Dearer her laughter free,

Dearest her constancy,

Eileen aroon !

Were she no longer true,

Eileen aroon !

What should her lover do ?

Eileen aroon !

Fly with his broken chain

Far o'er the sounding main,

Never to love again,

Eileen aroon !

Youth must with time decay,

Eileen aroon !

Beauty must fade away,

Eileen aroon !

Castles are sacked in war,

Chieftains are scattered far,

Truth is a fixed star,

Eileen aroon !

GERALD GRIFFIN.

SONG.

Love is cruel, love is sweet,

Cruel, sweet ;

Lovers sigh till lovers meet,

Sigh and meet—

Sigh and meet, and sigh again—

Cruel sweet ! O sweetest pain !

Love is blind, but love is sly,
 Blind and sly ;
 Thoughts are bold, but words are shy,
 Bold and shy—
 Bold and shy, and bold again—
 Sweet is boldness, shyness pain.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

NOW.

For me, my friend, no grave-side vigil keep
 With tears that memory and remorse might fill ;
 Give me your tenderest laughter earth-bound still,
 And when I die you shall not want to weep.
 No epitaph for me with virtues deep
 Punctured in marble pitiless and chill :
 But when play time is over, if you will,
 The songs that soothe beloved babes to sleep.
 No lenten lilies on my breast and brow
 Be laid when I am silent ; roses red,
 And golden roses bring me here instead,
 That if you love or bear me I may know ;
 I may not know, nor care, when I am dead :
 Give me your songs, and flowers, and laughter now.

ELEANOR ALEXANDER.

AMOR FONS AMORIS.

I love all men the better, O love ! for loving thee ;
 The dear ones whom I cherish are dearer still to me ;
 Each stranger is my kinsman ; and ever for thy sake,
 Beloved ! at Love's bidding, new springs of love awake.

I love all things the better for loving thee the best ;
 My thoughts of thee make deeper the glories of the West ;
 My hopes of thee make fresher the fragrance of the spring ;
 And when thy accents haunt me the birds more sweetly
 sing

I love the whole world better for loving thee so well ;
Love tells my soul the secret which tongue may never tell ;
I learn, when thou art near me, that loss is more than gain,
That not a pang is wasted, that not a hope is vain.

Even Love—the dream, the vision, that floods the world
with light—
Lit by the flame thou kindlest, grows more divinely
bright ;
His beauty wins new beauty from shining through thine
eyes ;
And when he claims my homage he comes in thy sweet
guise.

EDMOND G. A. HOLMES.

*Heroes polishing their glowing weapons,
Blowing trumpets, loudly martial,
A frost-foggy wind with whistling darts flying :
These are the sounds of music that delight at early morn*

ANCIENT IRISH RANN.

IRISH WAR POETRY.

HEROIC WAR POETRY.

CUCHULAIN'S WOOING.

Great-limbed and swift and beautiful
Past any dream, he came to her,
From Emain Macha through a land
For gladness of the Spring astir.

And on the flutes of Morning blown,
Strong Joy that took for breath no pause,
The song of Breeze and Stream and Bird,
The herald of his coming was.

Yea, and through all her April ways,
To Erin's utmost sea-girt rim,
Through waking seed, and blade and leaf,
Green Nature laughed for joy of him.

And where he held his sun-bright course,
Straight-spiced as arrow on its flight,
Men thronged as to a pageant wrought
By the high gods for their delight.

And seeing, with a fairer faith
The Deathless Mighty Ones adored,
Who thus unto their Ulster's need
Had shaped at once a shield and sword.

So through the singing land he passed,
 The peerless warden of her fame,
 So, Lord himself of Love and War,
 Unto his fair-faced love he came.

ELEANOR R. COX.

LEAGH'S SUMMONS TO CUCHULAIN.

[*From "The Sick-bed of Cuchulain."*]

Rise, champion of Ultonia's need,
 From sickness freed to strength awake !
 All miss thee from King Conor's levy ;
 For him thy heavy slumber break !

Behold ! his steel-clad shoulders glare,
 His trumpets blare for battle press ;
 Behold his chariots sweep the glen,
 He marshals men as though for chess.

His Red Branch Knights, with spear on loop,
 His maiden troop, tall and serene,
 His vassal kings—a battle storm—
 By each the form of his fair queen !

Look forth ! the winter hath begun ;
 Now one by one its marvels mark,
 Behold, for it beseems thee well,
 Its long, cold spell, its hueless dark.

This rest inglorious is not good—
 Weak lassitude from wanton strife—
 Such long repose is drunkenness,
 Such sleep no less than death in life.

This trance, as of a toping churl,
 With mighty ardour hurl away !
 Forth, from thy bed of impotence,
 Leap, Champion Prince, to front the fray.

WHERE IS THE SWEETEST MUSIC ?

[*From "The Dean of Lismore's Book."*]

Noble news of Song and Valour
Bear I Balor's fort within,
Little need I who may hearken,
If my song be heard of Finn.

Men were gay in golden Allin
Hill and hall in, far and wide ;
Feast was spread and music flowing
And we saw our Finn preside.

Ossian staunch, and Diarmid stately
Sate by Luay, greatly strong,
And their friends, at feast and foray :
Ancient Conan, Oscar young.

"Speak, ye champion chiefs, rejoicing,"
Rang the voice of Finn around,
"Tell me each, in answer meetest,
Where is sweetest music found ?"

"There's one music fit for faming ;
Give me gaming," Conan cried—
Strong his hand for crash of combat,
But his head was sense denied.

"Song of Swords, for war unsheathing,"
With quick breathing came the word,
"Throng of blows when falling fleetest,"—
Seemed the sweetest Oscar heard.

"There is music more endearing,"
Dark-eyed Diarmid did declare ;
"Naught comes nigh the voice's cadence—
When the maiden's soft and fair."

"Sweeter song at dawning dewy,"
 Said Mac Luay, sharp of spear,
 "When the bounding dogs are crying,
 And we race the flying deer."

"This is Song, and this is Music,"
 Spoke our lofty leader old,
 "Blowing breeze 'mid moving banners
 And an Army 'neath their gold."

"Then I fear no bardic passion,
 Ossian!" said our Captain strong,
 "With my faithful Fiana round me—
 This to me is Harp and Song."

GEORGE SIGERSON.

THE GIANT WALKER.

[This and the succeeding poem, "The Washer of the Ford," are not literal versions, although they are the substance of original legends, and are given as specimens of the supernatural figures in Celtic romance. They are from Sir Samuel Ferguson's epic poem of Congal. The Giant Walker, or the Bodach an chota lachtna, the churl with the gray cloak, is a familiar figure in both Highland and Irish legend, and has also been made the subject of a poem by James Clarence Mangan, under the title of "The Churl with the Gray Coat." "The Washer of the Ford" is paraphrased with considerable literalness from a passage in McCraith's "Wars of Turlough," the apparition appearing to the Clan Brian Roe.]

Around the Mound of Sighs
 They filled the woody-sided vale; but no sweet sleep
 their eyes
 Refreshed that night, for all the night, around their
 echoing camp,
 Was heard continuous from the hills a sound as of the
 tramp

Of giant footsteps ; but so thick the white mist lay around
None saw the Walker save the king. He, starting at the
 sound,
Called to his foot his fierce red hound ; athwart his
 shoulders cast
A shaggy mantle, grasped his spear, and through the
 moonlight passed,
Alone up dark Ben-Boli's heights, toward which, above
 the woods,
With sound as when at close of eve the noise of falling
 floods
Is borne to shepherd's ear remote on stilly upland lawn,
The steps along the mountain side with hollow fall came on.
Fast beat the hero's heart and close down-crouching by
 his knee
Trembled the hound, while through the haze, huge as
 through mists at sea,
The week-long sleepless mariner descries some mountain
 cape,
Wreck-infamous, rise on his lee, appeared a monstrous
 Shape,
Striding impatient, like a man much grieved, who walks
 alone,
Considering of a cruel wrong. Down from his shoulders
 thrown,
A mantle, skirted stiff with soil splashed from the miry
 ground,
At every stride against his calves struck with as loud
 rebound,
As makes the mainsail of a ship brought up along the blast,
When with the coil of all its ropes it beats the sounding
 mast.
So striding vast, the giant passed ; the king held fast
 his breath,
Motionless, save his throbbing heart, and still and chill
 as death
Stood listening while, a second time, the giant took the
 round
Of all the camp ; but when at length, for the third time,
 the sound

Came up, and through the parting haze a third time huge
and dim,
Rose out the Shape, the valiant hound sprang forth and
challenged him.
And forth, disdaining that a dog should put him so to
shame,
Sprang Congal, and essayed to speak.
“Dread shadow, stand! Proclaim
What wouldst thou, that thou thus all night around my
camp shouldst keep
Thy troublous vigil, banishing the wholesome gift of
sleep
From all our eyes who, though inured to dreadful sounds
and sights
By land and sea, have never yet in all our perilous nights
Lain in the ward of such a guard.”
The Shape made answer none ;
But with stern wafture of his hand, went angrier striding
on,
Shaking the earth with heavier steps. Then Congal on
his track
Sprang fearless.
“Answer me, thou Churl,” he cried. “I bid thee
back !”
But while he spoke, the giant’s cloak around his shoulders
grew
Like to a black bulged thunder-cloud ; and sudden out
there flew
From all its angry swelling folds, with uproar unconfined,
Direct against the king’s pursuit, a mighty blast of wind
Loud flapped the mantle tempest-lined, while fluttering
down the gale,
As leaves in autumn, man and hound were swept into the
vale,
And, heard o’er all the huge uproar, through startled
Dalaray
The giant went, with stamp and clash, departing south
away.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE WASHER OF THE FORD.

And now, at dawn, to cross the fords, hard by the royal
town,
The fresh, well-ordered, vigorous bands in gallant ranks
drew down ;
When lo ! a spectre horrible, of more than human size,
Full in the middle of the ford took all their wondering eyes.
A ghastly woman it appeared, with gray dishevelled hair
Blood-draggled, and with sharp-boned arms, and fingers
crooked and spare,
Dabbing and washing in the ford, where mid-leg deep
she stood
Beside a heap of heads and limbs that swam in oozing
blood,
Where on and on a glittering heap of raiment rich and
brave
With swift, pernicious hands she scooped and poured
the crimson wave.
And though the stream approaching her ran tranquil,
clear, and bright,
Sand-gleaming between verdant banks, a fair and peaceful
sight,
Downward the blood-polluted flood rode turbid, strong
and proud,
With heady-eddying dangerous whirls and surges dashing
loud.
All stood aghast. But Kelloch cried, " Advance me to the
bank !
I'll speak the hag."
But back, instead, his trembling bearers shrank.
Then Congal from the foremost rank a spear-cast for-
ward strode,
And said, " Who art thou, hideous one ? and from what
curst abode
Comest thou thus in open day the hearts of men to
freeze ?
And whose lopped heads and severed limbs and bloody
vests are these ? "

" I am The Washer of the Ford," she answered, " and
 my race
 Is of the Tuath de Danaan line of Magi ; and my place
 For toil is in the running streams of Erin ; and my cave
 For sleep is in the middle of the shell-heaped Cairn of
 Maev,
 High up on haunted Knocknarea ; and this fine carnage-
 heap
 Before me, and these silken vests and mantles which I
 steep
 Thus in the running water, are the severed heads and
 hands
 And spear-torn scarfs and tunics of these gay-dressed,
 gallant bands,
 Whom thou, O Congal, ledest to death. And this," the
 Fury said,
 Uplifting by the clotted locks what seemed a dead man's
 head,
 " Is thine own head, O Congal ! "

 Therewith she rose in air,
 And vanished from the warriors, leaving the river bare
 Of all but running water.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

A DIRGE FOR KING NIALL OF THE NINE HOSTAGES (A.D. 405).

TUIRN, SON OF TORNA.

When we hosted forth afar
 With Echu's son of valour,
 Yellow as the primrose star
 I saw his tresses shine.

TORNA.

For the fancy that compares
 The crown of golden pallor,
 The primrose wears, with Niall's hairs
 A bond-maid should be thine

TUIRN, SON OF TORNA.

Brows and lashes dusky soft
Of equal arch and cluster ;
Eyes as woad flowers in a croft
Or hyacinthine blue ;
Then the carmine of his cheeks
Unchanging in their lustre :
Not the fairy fox-glove streaks
May woods with such a hue.

TORNA.

Laughter rare, red lips that ne'er
Reproved with scornful blaming,
Hero front in battle brunt
Eclipsing all beside ;
A harvest moon, a fiery noon,
A beacon fiercely flaming,
A dragon ship—he glowed and rode
On war's tumultuous tide.

TUIRN, SON OF TORNA.

Keene on keene has Kerry poured,
Above his tresses flaxen ;
Till my grief heart-high is stored
For Muredach's grandson great.
Erin, Alba now shall dread
The onset of the Saxon—
Now that Echu's son lies dead—
Oh, black reproachful fate.

TORNA.

Saxon hordes shall shouting come
And swarms of Lombard strangers ;
From the hour that Niall lay dumb
Are Gael and Pict dismayed.

TUIRN, SON OF TORNA.

Ah, that still on Tara's tower,
Bright star in darkest dangers,

With tresses of the iris flower,
He stood, our stalwart aid !

TORNA.

Great delight, great peace it was,
Dear son of my affection,
After thee for some high cause
In company to go.

TUURN, SON OF TORNA.

Hero of the shoulder white,
Beneath whose strong protection
Host on host we faced the fight
But never fled the foe.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD OF CARROLL.

*[Addressed about A.D. 909 to Dallan mac Móire, Chief
Bard to King Carroll mac Muiregan, by an
unknown poet.]*

Bright battle-joy of the Gael, War's great woof sharply
unthreading,
Chieftain on chieftain beheading, Sword of Carroll, all
hail !
Oft on a foeman's soil with Kings of Counsel forth raiding,
Ever a Worthy One aiding, hast thou divided the
spoil.

Still in a strong white hand pursuing thy dread, red reap-
ing ;
Till night's shadows were sweeping o'er the Lagenian
Land.
Many a man of might thy ravening radiance wielded ;
Where was the shield but yielded pierced by its veno-
mous bite.

Enna of noble bands for forty years without sorrow
Brandished thee, morrow by morrow, safe in his strenu-
ous hands.

Enna, no mean heir-loom, to Dunling his son did bequeath
thee ;

Still his foemen beneath thee fell till thou broughtest
him doom.

Many a Prince, proud-mounted, possessed thee ere
Dermot the Fierce,

With thee to hew and to pierce, sixteen summers had
counted.

Then when his powers decreased, and a mightier master
was owed thee,

On Muiregan Dermot bestowed thee, even at Allen's
Feast.

Forty the years of thy sway with Muiregan, High King
of Allen,

"Never a one," sang Dallan, "passed without warfare
away."

Muiregan, Viking-girth, at Wexford gave thee to Carroll.
Thou wert his partner in peril, long as he paced yellow
earth.

Red was thy rallying point, at Odba, the Field of the
Strangers,

Scorner of valorous dangers, breaker of body and joint !

Crimson thy edge in its stain—at Belach Moon wast
thou proven ;

Fierce that fight as an oven angered all Alvy's plain.

Round thee a goodly host at Dunochter melted asunder ;
Through thee Aed, War's wonder, at Leafin yielded the
ghost.

Through thee an army grew thin when thy lightning
struck into slumber

Flannagan's Son and his number, high-walled Tara
within.

From thee southward they fled out of Boyne of the rough
feats of valour ;
When, at thy stroke catching pallor, Cnogva the Noble
dropped dead.
Furious too was thy force, as the bolt from a black cloud's
rattle,
When, in the front of the battle, Ailill of Fal fell a
corse.

Never an hour of defeat hadst thou with the fair-meadowed
Carroll ;
Just was he ever in quarrel, faithful in every feat.
Gladly danced by each day, thy gleesome nights were
unreckoned ;
Monarchs at sun-dawn beckoned thee into combat away.

Whom henceforth shalt thou curse or to Victory's goal
be starting ?
With whom, since Carroll's departing he bedded for
better or worse ?
Weapon of Hero on Hero, fear not thou shalt ever lie
rusted,
Still for a champion trusted forth on his foes thou shalt
spring.

" Proudest Prize of the Gael ! " shall glorious Naas repute
thee,
Finn of the Feasts shall salute thee ; " Sword of Carroll,
all hail ! "

KING AILILL'S DEATH.

[*From the Book of Leinster.*]

I know who won the peace of God—
The old King Ailill of the Bann,
Who fought beyond the Irish sea
All day against a Connaught clan

The King was routed. In the flight
He muttered to his charioteer,
"Look back : the slaughter, is it red ?
The slayers, are they drawing near ?"

The man looked back. The west-wind blew
Dead clansmen's hair against his face.
He heard the war-shout of his foes,
The death-cry of his ruined race.

The foes came darting from the height,
Like pine-trees down a swollen fall,
Like heaps of hay in flood, his clan
Swept on or sank—he saw it all.

And spake, "The slaughter is full red,
And we may still be saved by flight."
Then groaned the King, "No sin of theirs
Falls on my people here to-night.

"No sin of theirs, but sin of mine,
For I was worst of evil kings,
Unrighteous, wrathful, hurling down
To death or shame all weaker things.

"Draw rein, and turn the chariot round,
My face against the foemen bend,
When I am seen and slain, mayhap
The slaughter of my tribe will end."

They drew and turned. Down came the foe.
The King fell cloven on the sod.
The slaughter then was stayed, and so
King Ailill won the peace of God.

WHITLEY STOKES.

REBEL MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Ah, rest to the morrow, for many the sorrow
That waking will brew ;
Gone is thy brother,
Long must I rue ;
Hark not thy mother
Rocking thee to,
Rocking thee fro, Lennavan mo,
Ireland's own woe
Never must keep children from sleep,
Lennavan mo !

The clouds are fast creeping, and Mary is weeping
Her tears down the sky ;
Grey is the evening
When Irishmen die ;
Hark not the keening,
Rest thee and lie,
Lennavan mo, Lennavan mo,
Far be the foe,
Ours is the strife, yours is dear life,
Lennavan mo !

Earl Garratt is hiding, Lord Edward is riding,
And fast is his rein ;
The horses are stamping
Over the plain ;
Hark not the tramping,
Turn thee again,
Lennavan mo, Lennavan mo,
Nestle down low,
Others may ride, you must abide,
Lennavan mo !

SHANE LESLIE.

LATER BARDIC WAR POETRY.

O'HUSSEY'S ODE TO THE MAGUIRE.

[From the Irish.]

Where is my Chief, my Master, this bleak night,
 mavrone !
O, cold, cold, miserably cold is this bleak night for Hugh ;
Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet pierceth one through
 and through,
Pierceth one to the very bone !

Rolls real thunder ? Or was that red, livid light
Only a meteor ? I scarce know ; but through that
 midnight dim,
The pitiless ice-wind streams. Except the hate that
 persecutes him
Nothing hath crueller venomy might.

An awful, a tremendous night is this, meseems !
The flood-gates of the rivers of heaven, I think, have
 been burst wide ;
Down from the overcharged clouds, like unto headlong
 ocean's tide,
Descends grey rain in roaring streams.

Though he were even a wolf ranging the round green
 woods,
Though he were even a pleasant salmon in the unchain-
 able sea,
Though he were a wild mountain eagle, he could scarce
 bear, he,
This sharp, sore sleet, these howling floods.

O, mournful is my soul this night for Hugh Maguire !
Darkly, as in a dream he strays ! Before him and behind
Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding wind—
The wounding wind, that burns as fire !

It is my bitter grief—it cuts me to the heart—
That in the country of Clan Darry this should be his fate !
O, woe to me, where is he ? Wandering, houseless,
desolate,
Alone, without or guide or chart !

Medreams I see just now his face, the strawberry-
bright,
Uplifted to the blackened heavens, while the tempestuous
winds
Blow fiercely over and round him, and the smiting sleet-
shower blinds
The hero of Galang to-night !

Large, large affliction unto me and mine it is,
That one of his majestic bearing, his fair, stately form,
Should thus be tortured and o'erborne—that this un-
sparing storm
Should wreak its wrath on head like his !

That his great hand, so oft the avenger of the
oppressed,
Should this chill churlish night, perchance, be paralysed
by frost—
While through some icicle-hung thicket—as one lorn
and lost—
He walks and wanders without rest.

The tempest-driven torrent deluges the mead ;
It overflows the low banks of the rivulets and ponds—
The lawns and pasture-grounds lie locked in icy bonds,
So that the cattle cannot feed.

The pale bright margins of the streams are seen by
none ;
Rushes and sweeps along the untamable flood on every
side—
It penetrates and fills the cottagers' dwellings far and
wide—
Water and land are blent in one.

Through some dark wood, 'mid bones of monsters,
Hugh now strays,
As he confronts the storm with anguished heart, but
manly brow—
O, what a sword-wound to that tender heart of his were
now
A backward glance at peaceful days !

But other thoughts are his—thoughts that can still
inspire
With joy and onward-bounding hope the bosom of
MacNee—
Thoughts of his warriors charging like bright billows of
the sea,
Borne on the wind's wings, flashing fire !

And though frost glaze to-night the clear dew of his
eyes,
And white ice-gauntlets glove his noble, fine, fair fingers
o'er,
A warm dress is to him that lightning-garb he ever wore,
The lightning of the soul, not skies.

AVRAN.

Hugh marched forth to the fight—I grieved to see him
so depart ;
And lo ! to-night he wanders frozen, rain-drenched, sad,
betrayed—
But the memory of the lime-white mansions his right hand
hath laid
In ashes, warms the hero's heart !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

A LAMENT FOR THE RED EARL.

His grave is lone by Guadalquiver,
And low is his young heart laid,
Where the quiet waves of The Yellow River
Sleep in the linden shade ;
 But hard and cold
 Lies foreign mould
Beneath that royal head.

Oh, had he fallen in the ringing battle
Out by Dungannon's side,
Where the Norman rout, like driven cattle,
Choked Avon's swirling tide :
 Then should my grief
 Find proud relief
When I sang how the Red Earl died.

But I am come to this pale river,
Weeping, from far away,
Where my dear Avon rolls for ever,
Pure as the dewy ray,
 When soft and bright
 The summer night
Kisses the lingering day.

Oh, lovingly that light is lying
On grey Dunluce's hold,
Where the breath of night comes shoreward sighing,
Low sighing as of old ;
 And, soft as sleep,
 The shadows creep
Far up the Spears of Gold.

But I must watch by this pale river,
Weary and lone and grey :

●

And my grief's tide must roll for ever
Wearing this heart away—
Deep as the wave,
Dark as his grave,
Cold as my hero's clay.

RICHARD MAHONY

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF EOGHAN RUADH O'NEILL.

" Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Eoghan Ruadh
O'Neill ? "

" Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet
with steel."

" May God wither up their hearts ! May their blood
cease to flow,
May they walk in living death, who poisoned Eoghan
Ruadh."

" Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter
words.

From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure
swords :

But the weapon of the Sassanach met him on his way.
And he died at Cloch Uachtar, upon St. Leonard's day.

" Wail, wail ye for the Mighty One. Wail, wail ye for
the Dead,

Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes
strew the head.

How tenderly we loved him. How deeply we deplore !
Holy Saviour ! but to think we shall never see him more !

" Sagest in the council was he, kindest in the hall,
Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them
all.

Had he lived—had he lived—our dear country had been
free :

But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

" O'Farrell and Clanricarde, Preston and Red Hugh,
Audley and MacMahon—ye valiant, wise and true :
But—what are ye all to our darling who is gone ?
The Rudder of our Ship was he, our Castle's corner
stone.

" Wail, wail him through the Island ! Weep, weep for
our pride !
Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had
died !
Weep the Victor of Beinn Burb—weep him, young and
old :
Weep for him, ye women—your beautiful lies cold !

" We thought you would not die—we were sure you would
not go,
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel
blow—
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the
sky—
O ! why did you leave us, Eoghan ? Why did you die ?

" Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill ! bright was
your eye,
O ! why did you leave us, Eoghan ? Why did you die ?
Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on
high,
But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Eoghan !—why did
you die ? "

THOMAS DAVIS.

JACOBITE AND ANTI-JACOBITE LAYS.

THE MAIDEN CITY.

[In 1686 Richard Talbot was sent to Ireland by James II. to command the army with the title of Earl of Tyrconnell, and a year later he was made Viceroy. He was a Catholic, it being the policy of James to restore to the Catholics many of their rights. Tyrconnell wished to introduce some Catholics into the corporations of the large cities. Derry absolutely refused to admit them, and when Lord Antrim was sent with 1,200 men to enforce the order, the 'prentices of Derry closed the gates in their faces. When the deposed King James, after landing in Ireland in 1689, marched to Derry, he was treated in the same way by the sturdy sons of the city.]

Where Foyle his swelling waters rolls northward to the
main.

Here, Queen of Erin's daughters, fair Derry fixed her
reign.

A holy temple crowned her, and commerce graced her
street,

A rampart wall was round her, the river at her feet ;
And here she sat alone, boys, and looking from the hill
Vow'd The Maiden on her throne, boys, would be a
maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over in famous eighty-eight
A plumed and belted lover came to the Ferry gate :
She summon'd to defend her our sires—a beardless race—
Who shouted NO SURRENDER ! and slamm'd it in
his face.

Then in a quiet tone, boys, they told him 'twas their will
That The Maiden on her throne, boys, should be a
maiden still.

Next, crushing all before him, a kingly wooer came
(The royal banner o'er him, blushed crimson deep for
shame) ;
He showed the Pope's commission, nor dream'd to be
refused.
She pitied his condition, but begg'd to stand excused.
In short, the fact is known, boys, she chased him from the
hill,
For The Maiden on her throne, boys, would be a maiden
still.

On our brave sires descending, 'twas then the tempest
broke,
Their peaceful dwellings rending, 'mid blood and flame
and smoke.
That hallow'd graveyard yonder swells with the slaugh-
ter'd dead—
Oh ! brothers ! pause and ponder, it was for us they
bled ;
And while their gift we own, boys—the fane that tops our
hill,
Oh, The Maiden on her throne, boys, shall be a maiden
still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us, nor tyrant arm affright,
We'll look to One above us Who ne'er forsook the right ;
Who will, may crouch and tender the birthright of the
free,
But, brothers, NO SURRENDER, no compromise for
me !
We want no barrier stone, boys, no gates to guard the hill,
Yet The Maiden on her throne, boys, shall be a maiden
still.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

[Collated from two old versions of the ballad.]

July the first of a morning fair
In sixteen ninety famous,
King William did his men prepare
To fight with false King Shamus.
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire ;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in
And set them all on fire.

Thereat revenge the Irish vowed
Upon King William's forces,
And vehemently with cries did crowd
To check their forward courses.
A ball from out their batteries flew
As our King he faced their fire ;
His shoulder knot away it shot,
Quoth he, " Pray come no nigher ! "

Then straight his officers he did call,
Saying, " Gentlemen, mind your station,
And prove your valour one and all
Before this Irish nation.
My brazen walls let no man break
And your subtle foes you'll scatter ;
Let us show them to-day good English play,
As we go over the water."

Then horses and foot we marched amain,
Resolved their ranks to batter ;
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was slain,
As he went over the water.
Then King William cried, " Feel no dismay
At the losing of one commander,
For God shall be our King to-day
And I'll be general under."

Then stoutly we Boyne river crossed
 To give the Irish battle ;
 Our cannon to his dreadful cost
 Like thunder-claps did rattle
 In majestic mien our Prince rode o'er,
 The stream ran red with slaughter
 As with blow and shout we put to rout
 Our enemies over the water.

ANON.

A BALLAD OF SARSFIELD ;
 OR, THE BURSTING OF THE GUNS.

[This intercepting of De Ginkle's siege train on its way to Limerick is one of the most famous episodes in the career of the gallant Patrick Sarsfield.]

Sarsfield rode out, the Dutch to rout,
 And to take and break their cannon ;
 To Mass went he at half-past three,
 And at four he crossed the Shannon.

Tyrconnel slept. In dream his thoughts
 Old fields of victory ran on ;
 And the chieftains of Thomond in Limerick's towers
 Slept well by the banks of the Shannon.

He rode ten miles and he crossed the ford
 And couch'd in the wood and waited ;
 Till, left and right on march'd in sight
 That host which the true men hated.

" Charge ! " Sarsfield cried ; and the green hillside
 As they charged replied in thunder ;
 They rode o'er the plain, and they rode o'er the
 slan,
 And the rebel rout lay under !

He burn'd the gear the knaves held dear—
 For his King he fought, not plunder ;
 With powder they cramm'd the guns, and ramm'd
 Their mouths the red soil under

The spark flash'd out—like a nation's shout
 The sound into heaven ascended ;
 The hosts of the sky made to earth reply,
 And the thunders twain were blended !

Sarsfield rode out the Dutch to rout,
 And to take and break their cannon ;
 A century after, Sarsfield's laughter
 Was echoed from Dungannon.

AUBREY DE VERE

A BALLAD OF ATHLONE (2ND SIEGE) ;
 OR, HOW THEY BROKE DOWN THE BRIDGE.

[When the Jacobite war was renewed De Ginkle besieged Athlone, which was held by St. Ruth. The gallant action described in the poem only delayed the taking of the town a short while.]

Does any man dream that a Gael can fear ?
 Of a thousand deeds let him learn but one !
 The Shannon swept onward broad and clear,
 Between the leaguers and broad Athlone.

“ Break down the bridge ! ”—Six warriors rushed
 Through the storm of shot and the storm of shell :
 With late but certain victory flushed,
 The grim Dutch gunners eyed them well.

They wrench'd at the planks 'mid a hail of fire :
 They fell in death, their work half done :
 The bridge stood fast ; and nigh and nigher
 The foe swarmed darkly, densely on.

" O, who for Erin will strike a stroke ?
 Who hurl yon planks where the waters roar ? "
 Six warriors forth from their comrades broke,
 And flung them upon that bridge once more.

Again at the rocking planks they dashed ;
 And four dropped dead ; and two remained :
 The huge beams groaned and the arch down-crashed ;
 Two stalwart swimmers the margin gained.

St. Ruth in his stirrups stood up, and cried,
 " I have seen no deed like that in France ! "
 With a toss of his head, Sarsfield replied,
 " They had luck, the dogs ! 'Twas a merry chance ! "

O many a year upon Shannon's side
 They sang upon moor and they sang upon heath
 Of the twain that breasted that raging tide,
 And the ten that shook bloody hands with Death !

AUBREY DE VERE.

AFTER THE BATTLE (OF AUGHRIM).

[Athlone fell. St. Ruth retreated to Aughrim (in Galway), where on July 12, a decisive battle was fought. St. Ruth was slain and the Irish utterly defeated. No quarter was given by the English, so that the battle ended in wholesale and horrible slaughter.]

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings showed the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood few and faint but fearless still !
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimmed, for ever crossed—
 Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honour's lost.

The last sad hour of Freedom's dream
 And valour's task moved slowly by,
 While mute they watched till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.
 There's yet a world where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;
 If death that world's bright opening be :
 Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

THOMAS MOORE.

IRISH BRIGADE BALLADS.

A FAREWELL TO PATRICK SARSFIELD.

[*From the Irish.*]

Farewell, O Patrick Sarsfield ! May luck be on your path !
 Your camp is broken up, your work is marred for years ;
 But you go to kindle into flame the king of France's
 wrath,
 Though you leave sick Eire in tears.
 Och ! ochone !

May the white sun and moon rain glory on your head,
 All hero as you are, and holy man of God !
 To you the Saxons owe a many an hour of dread,
 In the land you have often trod,
 Och ! ochone !

The Son of Mary guard you and bless you to the end !
 'Tis altered is the time since your legions were astir,
 When, at Cullen, you were hailed as the Conqueror and
 Friend,
 And you crossed Narrow-water, near Birr.
 Och ! ochone !

I'll journey to the North, over mount, moor, and wave ;
 'Twas there I first beheld, drawn up in file and line,
The brilliant Irish hosts—they were bravest of the brave !
 But, alas ! they scorned to combine !
 Och ! ochone !

On the bridge of the Boyne was our first overthrow ;
 By Slaney, the next, for we battled without rest ;
The third was at Aughrim. O Eire ! thy woe
 Is a sword in my bleeding breast !
 Och ! ochone !

Oh, the roof above our heads it was barbarously fired,
 While the black Orange guns blazed and bellowed
 around !
And as volley followed volley, Colonel Mitchel inquired
 Whether Lucan still stood his ground.
 Och ! ochone !

But O'Kelly still remains to defy and to toil ;
 He has memories that Hell won't permit him to forget,
And the sword that will make the blue blood flow like oil
 Upon many an Aughrim yet !
 Och ! ochone !

And I never shall believe that my fatherland can fall,
 With the Burkes, and the Dukes, and the son of Royal
 James ;
And Talbot the Captain, and Sarsfield above all,
 The beloved of damsels and dames.
 Och ! ochone !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

FONTENOY 1745.

I.—Before the Battle ; night.

Oh, bad the march, the weary march, beneath these alien
 skies,
 But good the night, the friendly night, that soothes our
 tired eyes.
 And bad the war, the tedious war, that keeps us sweltering
 here,
 But good the hour, the friendly hour, that brings the
 battle near.
 That brings us on the battle, that summons to their share
 The homeless troops, the banished men, the exiled sons
 of Clare.

Oh, little Corca Bascinn, the wild, the bleak, the fair !
 Oh, little stony pastures, whose flowers are sweet, if rare !
 Oh, rough the rude Atlantic, the thunderous, the wide,
 Whose kiss is like a soldier's kiss which will not be denied !
 The whole night long we dream of you, and waking
 think we're there,—
 Vain dream, and foolish waking, we never shall see Clare.

The wind is wild to-night, there's battle in the air ;
 The wind is from the west, and it seems to blow from
 Clare.
 Have you nothing, nothing for us, loud brawler of the
 night ?
 No news to warm our heart-strings, to speed us through
 the fight ?
 In this hollow, star-pricked darkness, as in the sun's
 hot glare,
 In sun-tide, in star-tide, we thirst, we starve for Clare !

Hark ! yonder through the darkness one distant rat-
 tat-tat !
 The old foe stirs out there, God bless his soul for that !

The old foe musters strongly, he's coming on at last,
And Clare's Brigade may claim its own wherever blows
fall fast.

Send us, ye western breezes, our full, our rightful share,
For Faith, and Fame, and Honour, and the ruined hearths
of Clare.

EMILY LAWLESS.

FONTENOY. 1745.

II.—After the Battle ; early dawn, Clare coast.

“ Mary Mother, shield us ! Say, what men are ye,
Sweeping past so swiftly on this morning sea ? ”

“ Without sails or rowlocks merrily we glide
Home to Corca Bascinn on the brimming tide.”

“ Jesus save you, gentry ! why are you so white,
Sitting all so straight and still in this misty light ? ”

“ Nothing ails us, brother ; joyous souls are we,
Sailing home together, on the morning sea.”

“ Cousins, friends, and kinsfolk, children of the land,
Here we come together, a merry, rousing band ;
Sailing home together from the last great fight,
Home to Clare from Fontenoy, in the morning light.

“ Men of Corca Bascinn, men of Clare's Brigade,
Harken stony hills of Clare, hear the charge we made ;
See us come together, singing from the fight,
Home to Corca Bascinn, in the morning light.”

EMILY LAWLESS

CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

Vive la ! for Ireland's wrong,
And vive la ! for Ireland's right ;
Vive la ! in the battle throng,
For a Spanish steed and sabre bright !

The brave old lord died near the fight,
But, for each drop he lost that night,
A Saxon cavalier shall bite
The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons.
For never, when our spurs were set,
And never, when our sabres met,
Could we the Saxon soldiers get
To stand the shock of Clare's Dragoons.
Vive la ! for the New Brigade
Vive la ! the old one too !
Vive la ! the rose shall fade,
And the shamrock shine for ever new !

Another Clare is here to lead,
The worthy son of such a breed ;
The French expect some famous deed,
When Clare leads on his bold Dragoons.
Our colonel comes from Brian's race,
His wounds are in his breast and face,
The gap of danger is still his place,
The foremost of his bold Dragoons.
Vive la ! the New Brigade !
Vive la ! the old one too ;
Vive la ! the rose shall fade,
And the shamrock shine for ever new !

There's not a man in the squadron here
Was ever known to flinch or fear ;
Though first in charge, the last in rere
Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons.

But, see ! we'll soon have work to do,
To shame our boasts or prove them true,
For hither comes the English crew
To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.
Vive la ! for Ireland's wrong !
Vive la ! for Ireland's right !
Vive la ! in battled throng,
For a Spanish steed and sabre bright !

Oh, comrades, think how Ireland pines
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines—
Her dearest hope the ordered lines
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons !
Then fling your green flag to the sky,
Be Limerick your battle-cry,
And charge, till blood floats fetlock-high
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons !
Vive la ! the New Brigade !
Vive la ! the old one too !
Vive la ! the rose shall fade,
And the shamrock shine for ever new !

THOMAS DAVIS.

CREMONA.

[The French army, including a part of the Irish Brigade, under Marshal Villeroy, held the fortified town of Cremona during the winter of 1702. Prince Eugène, with the Imperial Army, surprised it one morning, and, owing to the treachery of a priest, occupied the whole city before the alarm was given. Villeroy was captured, together with many of the French garrison. The Irish, however, consisting of the regiments of Dillon and Burke, held a fort commanding the river gate, and defended themselves all day, in spite of Prince Eugène's efforts to win them over to his cause. Eventually Eugène, being unable to take the post, was compelled to withdraw from the city.]

The Grenadiers of Austria are proper men and tall ;
The Grenadiers of Austria have scaled the city wall ;
They have marched from far away
Ere the dawning of the day,
And the morning saw them masters of Cremona.

There's not a man to whisper, there's not a horse to neigh ;
Of the footmen of Lorraine and the riders of Duprés,
They have crept up every street,
In the market-place they meet,
They are holding every vantage in Cremona.

The Marshal Villeroy he has started from his bed ;
The Marshal Villeroy has no wig upon his head ;
" I have lost my men ! " quoth he,
" And my men they have lost me,
And I sorely fear we both have lost Cremona."

Prince Eugène of Austria is in the market-place ,
Prince Eugène of Austria has smiles upon his face ;
Says he, " Our work is done,
For the Citadel is won,
And the black and yellow flag flies o'er Cremona."

Major Dan O'Mahony is in the barrack square,
And just six hundred Irish lads are waiting for him there
Says he, " Come in your shirt,
And you won't take any hurt,
For the morning air is pleasant in Cremona."

Major Dan O'Mahony is at the barrack gate,
And just six hundred Irish lads will neither stay nor wait ;
There's Dillon and there's Burke,
And there'll be some bloody work,
Ere the Kaiserlics shall boast they hold Cremona.

Major Dan O'Mahony has reached the river fort,
And just six hundred Irish lads are joining in the sport ;
" Come take a hand ! " says he,
" And if you will stand by me,
Then it's glory to the man who takes Cremona ! "

Prince Eugène of Austria has frowns upon his face,
And loud he calls his Galloper of Irish blood and race :

“ MacDonnell, ride, I pray,
To your countrymen, and say
That only they are left in all Cremona ! ”

MacDonnell he has reined his mare beside the river
dyke,
And he has tied the parley flag upon a sergeant's pike ;
Six companies were there
From Limerick and Clare,
The last of all the guardians of Cremona.

“ Now, Major Dan O'Mahony, give up the river gate,
Or, Major Dan O'Mahony, you'll find it is too late ;
For when I gallop back
'Tis the signal for attack,
And no quarter for the Irish in Cremona ! ”

And Major Dan he laughed : “ Faith, if what you say
be true,
And if they will not come until they hear again from
you,
Then there will be no attack,
For you're never going back,
And we'll keep you snug and safely in Cremona.”

All the weary day the German stormers came,
All the weary day they were faced by fire and flame,
They have filled the ditch with dead,
And the river's running red ;
But they cannot win the gateway of Cremona.

All the weary day, again, again, again,
The horsemen of Duprés and the footmen of Lorraine,
Taafe and Herberstein,
And the riders of the Rhine ;
It's a mighty price they're paying for Cremona.

Time and time they came with deep-mouthed German
 roar,

Time and time they broke like the wave upon the shore ;
 For better men were there
 From Limerick and Clare,
And who will take the gateway of Cremona ?

Prince Eugène has watched, and he gnaws his nether lip ;
Prince Eugène has cursed as he saw his chances slip :
 " Call off ! Call off ! " he cried,
 " It is nearing eventide,
And I fear our work is finished in Cremona."

Says Wauchope to McAuliffe, " Their fire is growing slack."
Says Major Dan O'Mahony, " It is their last attack ;
 But who will stop the game
 While there's light to play the same,
And to walk a short way with them from Cremona ?

And so they snarl behind them, and beg them turn and
 come,
They have taken Neuberg's standard, they have taken
 Diak's drum ;
 And along the winding Po,
 Beard on shoulder, stern and slow,
The Kaiserlics are riding from Cremona.

Just two hundred Irish lads are shouting on the wall ;
Four hundred more are lying who can hear no slogan call ;
 But what's the odds of that,
 For it's all the same to Pat
If he pays his debt in Dublin or Cremona.

Says General de Vaudray, " You've done a soldier's work !
And every tongue in France shall talk of Dillon and of
 Burke !
 Ask what you will this day,
 And be it what it may,
It is granted to the heroes of Cremona."

“ Why, then,” says Dan O’Mahony, “ one favour we
entreat,
We were called a little early, and our toilet’s not complete.
We’ve no quarrel with the shirt,
But the breeches wouldn’t hurt,
For the evening air is chilly in Cremona.”

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE IRISH COLONEL .

Said the King to the Colonel :
“ The complaints are eternal,
That you Irish give more trouble
Than any other corps.”

Said the Colonel to the King :
“ This complaint is no new thing,
For your foemen, Sire, have made it
A hundred times before.”

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LATER IRISH WAR POETRY.

OH ! THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

Oh ! the sight entrancing,
When morning’s beam is glancing
O’er files array’d
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing ;
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet’s voice repeating
That song whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating !

Then, if a cloud comes over
The brow of sire or lover,
 Think 'tis the shade
 By victory made,
Whose wings right o'er us hover.
Oh! the sight entrancing,
When the morning beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
And plumes in the wind dancing!

Yet, 'tis not helm nor feather—
For ask yon despot, whether
 His pluméd bands
 Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Give man but heart and freedom;
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.

The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
 'Tis mind alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever.
Oh! that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade
And in freedom's cause advancing!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone in his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

WAYS OF WAR.

A terrible and splendid trust,
Heartens the host of Innisfail ;
Their dream is of the swift sword-thrust ;
A lightning glory of the Gael.

Croagh Patrick is the place of prayers,
And Tara the assembling place :
But each sweet wind of Ireland bears
The trump of battle on its race.

From Dursey Isle to Donegal,
From Howth to Achill, the glad noise
Rings : and the airs of glory fall,
Or victory crowns their fighting joys.

A dream ! a dream ! an ancient dream !
Yet, ere peace come to Innisfail,
Some weapons on some field must gleam,
Some burning glory fire the Gael.

That field may lie beneath the sun,
Fair for the treading of an host :
That field in realms of thought be won
And armed minds do their uttermost.

Some way, to faithful Innisfail,
Shall come the majesty and awe
Of martial truth, that must prevail,
To lay on all the eternal law.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

THE SWORD.

What rights the brave ?
The sword !
What frees the slave ?
The sword !
What cleaves in twain
The despot's chain,
And makes his gyves and dungeon vain ?
The sword !

CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never,
While rests a link to sever !
Guard of the free,
We'll cherish thee,
And keep thee bright for ever !

What checks the knave ?
The sword !
What smites to save ?
The sword !
What wreaks the wrong
Unpunished long,
At last, upon the guilty strong ?
The sword !

CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never, etc.

What shelters right ?
The sword !
What makes it might ?
The sword !
What strikes the crown
Of tyrants down,
And answers with its flash their frown ?
The sword !

CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never, etc.

Still be thou true,
 Good sword !
We'll die or do,
 Good sword !
Leap forth to light,
If tyrants smite,
And trust our arms to wield thee right,
 Good sword !

CHORUS.

Yes ! cease thy proud task never,
While rests a link to sever !
 Guard of the free,
 We'll cherish thee,
And keep thee bright for ever !

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.

A SOLDIER'S WAKE

And this is all she has to lay
 To-night upon the snowy sheets,
Before the friends who come the way,
 And sighing take their humble seats—
This medal, bravely, dearly won,
Poor token of her gallant son.

But over this, as nought beside
 Of him she loved to her remains,
The lights are lit, the keen is cried,
 And women croon their saddest strains,
While men who knew his boyhood well,
Say, foes went down before he fell.

These clasps and medal ; only these !
 For this she nursed and loved him long,
She rocked him softly on her knees,
 And filled his ears with pleasant song.
And saw him with a mother's pride,
Grow up and strengthen by her side.

Till bright with manhood's glowing charms
He in his turn her nurse became,
He clasped her in his manly arms,
And fondly propped her drooping frame.
Her step grew weak, her eye grew dim,
But then she lived and moved in him.

He went ; he joined the deadly fight,
His true heart loved her not the less ;
But these are all she has to-night
To light and cheer her loneliness—
These silver honours, dearly won,
Poor tokens of her gallant son.

But even these, to-morrow morn
When lights burn out and friends depart,
Shall round her withered neck be worn,
Shall lie upon her weary heart
Till death, for his dear memory's sake,
And then—shall deck another wake.

TIMOTHY DANIEL SULLIVAN.

A SONG OF DEFEAT.

Not for the lucky warriors,
—The winner at Waterloo,
Or him of a newer name
Whom loud-voiced triumphs acclaim
Victor against the few—
Not for these, O Eire,
I build in my heart to-day
The lay of your sons and you

I call to your mind to-day,
Out of the mists of the past,
Many a hull and many a mast,
Black in the bight of the bay

Over against Ben Edair ;
And the lip of the ebbing tideway all
Red with the life of the Gael and Gall,
And the Danes in a headlong slaughter sent :
—And the women of Eire keening
For Brian, slain at his tent.

Mother, O grey, sad mother,
Love, with the troubled eyes,
For whom I marshal to-day
The sad and splendid array,
Calling the lost to arise,
—As some queen's courtier unbidden
Might fetch her gems to the sun,
Praising the glory and glow
Of all that was hers to show—
Eire, love Brian well,
For Brian fought, and he fell :
But Brian fought, and he won :
God ! that was long ago !
Nearer and dearer to you,
Eire, Eire mo bhron,
(List to a name of your own,
O sweet name, My Sorrow !)
Are the suns that flamed and faded
In a night that had no morrow.

I call to your mind Red Hugh,
And the castle's broken ward ;
I call to your mind O'Neill,
And the fight at the Yellow Ford :
—And the ships afloat on the main,
Bearing O'Donnell to Spain,
For the flame of his quick and leaping soul
To be quenched in a venomed bowl :
—And the shore by the Swilly's shadows,
And the Earls pushed out through the foam,
And O'Neill in his grave-clothes lying,
With the wish of his heart in Ireland,

And his body cold in Rome.
I call to your mind Benburb
And the stubborn Ulster steel,
And the triumph of Owen Roe ;
Clonmel, and the glorious stand
Of the younger Hugh O'Neill ;
—And Owen dead at Derry,
And Cromwell loosed on the land.

I call to your mind brave Sarsfield,
And the battle in Limerick street,
The mine and the shattered wall,
And the battered breach held good,
And William full in retreat :
—And, at the end of all,
Wild geese rising on clamorous wing
To follow the flight of an alien King.
And the hard-won treaty broke,
And the elder faith oppressed,
And the blood—but not for Ireland—
Red upon Sarsfield's breast.
Ended, the roll of the great
And famous leaders of armies,
The shining lamps of the Gael
Who wrestled a while with fate
And broke the battle of foeman
Ere the end left widowed Eire
Lone with her desolate wail.

Lone, yet forsaken :
Out of no far dim past
Call I the names of the last
Who strove and suffered for Eire.
Saddest and nearest of all,
See how they flock to the call,
The troop of famous felons :
Who won no joy of the sword,
Who tasted of no reward
But the faint, flushed dawn of a wan, sick hope,

And over whose lives there dangled
Ever the shame of the rope.
I call to your mind Lord Edward ;
Tone with his mangled throat ;
Emmet high on the gallows ;
O'Brien, Mitchel, and Meagher—
Aye, and of newer note
Names that Eire will not forget,
Though some have faded in far-off lands,
And some have passed by the hangman's hands,
And some—are breathing yet.

Not for these, O Eire,
Not for these, or thee,
Pipers, trumpeters, blaring loud,
The throbbing drums and the colours flying,
And the long-drawn muffled roar of the crowd,
The voice of a human sea :
Theirs it is to inherit
Fame of a finer grace,
In the self-renewing spirit
And the untameable heart
Ever defeated, yet undefeated,
Of thy remembering race :
For their names are treasured apart,
And their memories green and sweet,
On every hill-side and every mart,
In every cabin, in every street,
Of a land where to fail is more than to triumph,
And victory less than defeat.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

THERE IS A GREY EYE.

*There is a grey eye that tears are thronging
Fixed with longing on Eire's shore,
It shall never see o'er the waste of waters
The sons and daughters of Eire more.*

*Its glance goes forth, o'er the brine wave-broken,
Away from the firm-set oaken seat ;
Many the tears from that grey eye streaming
The faint far gleaming of Eire to meet.*

*For indeed my soul is set upon Erin
And all joys therein from Linnhe to Lene,
On each fair prospect of proud Ultonia,
Mild Momonia and Meath, the Green.*

SAINT COLUMKILLE.

IRISH NATIONAL POETRY.

GEOFFREY KEATING TO HIS LETTER.

[By Geoffrey Keating, the Historian, who died 1641.]

For the sake of the dear little isle where I send you,
For those who will welcome, and speed, and befriend you,
For the green hills of Erin that still hold my heart there,
Though stain'd with the blood of the patriot and martyr—

My blessing attend you !

My blessing attend you !

Adieu to her nobles, may honour ne'er fail them !
To her clergy adieu, may no false ones assail them !
Adieu to her people, adieu to her sages,
Her historians, and all that illumine their pages !

In distance I hail them,

More fondly I hail them !

Adieu to her plains, all enamell'd with flowers !
A thousand adieus to her hills and her bowers !
Adieu to the friendships and hearts long devoted !
Adieu to the lakes on whose bosom I've floated !

In youth's happy hours,

In youth's happy hours !

Adieu to her fish-rivers murmuring through rushes !
Adieu to her meadows, her fields, wells, and bushes !
Adieu to her lawns, her moors, and her harbours !
Adieu, from my heart, to her forests and arbours,

All vocal with thrushes,

All vocal with thrushes !

Adieu to her harvests, for ever increasing !
And her hills of assemblies, all wisdom possessing !
And her people—oh ! where is there braver or better ?
Then go to The Island of Saints, my dear letter !
And bring her my blessing,
And bring her my blessing !

DARK ROSALEEN.

O my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep !
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green ;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health and help, and hope,
My dark Rosaleen.

Over hills, and through dales,
Have I roamed for your sake ;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
Oh ! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen !

All day long in unrest,
To and fro do I move,
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love !
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
To hear, your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen !

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen ;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen !

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal :
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen !

I could scale the blue air,
 I could plough the high hills,
 Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
 To heal your many ills !
 And one beamy smile from you
 Would float like light between
 My toils and me, my own, my true,
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My fond Rosaleen !
 Would give me life and soul anew,
 A second life, a soul anew,
 My dark Rosaleen !

O ! the Erne shall run red
 With redundance of blood,
 The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
 And flames wrap hill and wood,
 And gun-peal, and slogan cry
 Wake many a glen serene,
 Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 The Judgment Hour must first be nigh
 Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
 My dark Rosaleen !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

DIRGE OF RORY O'MORE.

[A.D. 1642.]

Up the sea-saddened valley at evening's decline,
 A heifer walks lowing—"the Silk of the Kine"¹
 From the deep to the mountains she roams, and again
 From the mountain's green urn to the purple-rimmed
 main.

¹ One of the mystical names of Ireland.

What seek'st thou, sad mother ? Thine own is not thine !
 He dropped from the headland ; he sank in the brine !
 'Twas a dream ! but in dreams at thy foot did he follow
 Through the meadow-sweet on by the marish and mallow !

Was he thine ? Have they slain him ? Thou seek'st
 him, not knowing
 Thyself, too, art theirs, thy sweet breath and sad lowing !
 Thy gold horn is theirs ; thy dark eye and thy silk !
 And, that which torments thee, thy milk is their milk !

'Twas no dream Mother Land ! 'Tis no dream, Innisfail !
 Hope dreams, but grief dreams not—the grief of the
 Gael !

From Leix and Ikerrin to Donegal's shore,
 Rolls the dirge of thy last and thy bravest—O'More !

AUBREY DE VERE.

AFTER AUGHRIM.

Do you remember long ago,
 Kathaleen ?
 When your lover whispered low,
 " Shall I stay or shall I go,
 Kathaleen ? "
 And you answered proudly, " Go !
 And join King James and strike a blow
 For the Green."

Mavrone, your hair is white as snow,
 Kathaleen ;
 Your heart is sad and full of woe,
 Do you repent you bade him go,
 Kathaleen ?
 But quick you answered proudly, " No !
 For better die with Sarsfield so
 Than live a slave without a blow
 For the Green."

ARTHUR GERALD GEOGHEGAN.

A BARD'S LAMENT OVER HIS CHILDREN.

[From the early 18th Century Irish.]

O river of great kings and sons of kings !
O river of swift bark and silver fish !
O Boyne once famed for battle frays and sports,
And heroes of the regal race of Conn !
Art thou grey-grown for all thy comeliness ?
O agéd woman of the grey-green pools !
O sorrowed Boyne ! O stream of many tears !

Where gone the golden glory of thy sires ?
The fame of mighty Art, and wise Meltain—
Art of the Arrows, Meltain of the spears,
Sons of the hero-house of the O'Neill ?
To thee, of yore, belonged red victory,
When fires of Fenian wrath were kindled well,
And blood-smeared bridles clanked on foaming steeds,
As leaguéd legions swept to venging war.

O river of great kings and sons of kings !
O river of swift bark and silver fish !
I lay my blessings on thee with my tears—
For thou wilt watch forever o'er the grave
Wherein my treasures sleep, close by thy side ;
O agéd woman of the grey-green pools !
O sorrowed Boyne ! O stream of many tears !

There lie my sons in all their lusty strength,
There lies my girl in all her budding charms—
Rory and Brian with their sister, Rose.
These have I given sore against my will,
O deep, dark grave to thee ! They were myself,
My life, my love, my heart, my blood, my bone.
The blessing of all men were on the three,
The blessing of the folk that loved them well,
From Holy Kells to ancient Drogheda.
May Peace be on the grave wherein they lie

Beside the waters, royal stream of kings !
Here in the spreading lands of the O'Neill.

O river of great kings and sons of kings !
O river of swift bark and silver fish !
O agéd woman of the grey-green pools !
I lay my blessings on thee with my tears.

PADRIC GREGORY.

THE LITTLE BLACK ROSE.

The Little Black Rose shall be red at last ;
What made it black but the March-wind dry,
And the tear of the Widow that fell on it fast ?
It shall redden the hills when June is nigh.

The Silk of the Kine shall rest at last ;—
What drove her forth but the dragon-fly ?
In the Golden Vale she shall feed full fast,
With her mild gold horn, and her slow dark eye.

The wounded Wood-dove lies dead at last ;
The pine long bleeding it shall not die ;
Their song is secret. Mine ear it passed
In a wind o'er the plains of Athenry.

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY.

I sat within the valley green,
I sat me with my true love.
My sad heart strove the two between—
The old love and the new love.
The old for her, the new that made
Me think on Ireland dearly ;
While soft the wind blew down the glade
And shook the golden barley.

'Twas hard the woeful words to frame,
To break the ties that bound us ;
'Twas harder still to bear the shame
Of foreign chains around us.
And so I said, " The mountain glen
I'll seek at morning early,
And join the brave United men,"
While soft winds shook the barley.

While sad I kissed away her tears,
My fond arms around her flinging,
The foemen's shot burst on our ears,
From out the wild wood ringing ;
The bullet pierced my true love's side,
In life's young spring so early,
And on my breast in blood she died,
When soft winds shook the barley.

But blood for blood without remorse
I've ta'en at Oulart Hollow ;
I've placed my true love's clay-cold corse
Where I full soon shall follow ;
And round her grave I wander drear,
Noon, night, and morning early,
With breaking heart whene'er I hear
The wind that shakes the barley !

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air ;
Then well may Erin's sons adore
Their isle, which Nature formed so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon great, or pastoral Bann ?
Or who a friend or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman ?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But honesty is still his guide ;
None more repents a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride.
He may be duped, but won't be dared ;
More fit to practise than to plan ;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be ;
If you're his guest, while'er you stay,
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may your secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By Honour bound, in woe or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dares to do ;
Try him with bribes—they won't prevail ;
Prove him in fire—you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety, let his post
Be, where it ought, in danger's van ;
And if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

JAMES ORR.

A SPINNING SONG.

My love to fight the Saxon goes,
And bravely shines his sword of steel,
A heron's feather decks his brows,
And a spur on either heel ;
His steed is blacker than a sloe,
And fleeter than the falling star ;
Amid the surging ranks he'll go
And shout for joy of war.

Twinkle, twinkle, pretty spindle, let the white wool
drift and dwindle,
Oh ! we weave a damask doublet for my love's coat of
steel,
Hark ! the timid, turning treadle, crooning soft old-
fashioned ditties
To the low, slow murmur of the brown, round wheel.

My love is pledged to Ireland's fight ;
My love would die for Ireland's weal,
To win her back her ancient right,
And make her foemen reel.
Oh, close I'll clasp him to my breast,
When homeward from the war he comes ;
The fires shall light the mountain's crest,
The valley peal with drums.

Twinkle, twinkle, pretty spindle, let the white wool
drift and dwindle,
Oh ! we weave a damask doublet for my love's coat
of steel.
Hark ! the timid, turning treadle, crooning soft old-
fashioned ditties
To the low, slow murmur of the brown, round wheel.

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine ;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke nought to thine ;
For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I have heard bells tolling " old Adrian's mole " in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame ;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
Oh ! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and Kiosk, O !
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in the air calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom I freely grant 'em,
But there's an anthem more dear to me :
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY
(Father Prout.)

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight ?
Who blushes at the name ?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame ?

He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus ;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few ;
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too ;
All, all are gone ; but still lives on
The fame of those who died ;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made ;
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast ;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land ;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right—
They fell and passed away ;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite—
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate,
And true men be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight !

JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

SONG FOR JULY 12TH, 1843.

Come, pledge again thy heart and hand—
One grasp that ne'er shall sever ;
Our watchword be—" Our native land "—
Our motto—" Love for ever."
And let the Orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot brother—
The everlasting green for me ;
And we for one another.

Behold how green the gallant stem
On which the flower is blowing ;
How in one heavenly breeze and beam
Both flower and stem are glowing.
The same good soil, sustaining both,
Makes both united flourish,
But cannot give the Orange growth
And cease the Green to nourish.

Yea, more—the hand that plucks the flower
Will vainly strive to cherish ;
The stem blooms on—but in that hour
The flower begins to perish.
Regard them, then, of equal worth
While lasts their genial weather ;
The time's at hand when into earth
The two shall sink together.

Ev'n thus be, in our country's cause,
Our party feelings blended ;
Till lasting peace, from equal laws,
On both shall have descended.
Till then the Orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot brother—
The everlasting Green for me ;
And we for one another.

JOHN DE JEAN FRAZER.

MEMORIES.

I left two Loves on a distant strand,
One fair and young and white of hand,
One fair and old and sadly grand,
My wedded wife and my native land.

One tarrieth sad and seriously
Beneath the roof that mine should be ;
One sitteth sibyl-like by the sea,
Chanting a grave song mournfully.

A little life I have not seen
Lies by the heart that mine hath been ;
A cypress wreath darkles now, I ween,
Over the brow of my Love in green.

The mother and wife shall pass away ;
Her hands be dust, her lips be clay ;
But my other Love on earth shall stay
And live in the life of a better day.

Ere we were born my first Love was,
My sires were heirs to her holy cause ;
And she yet shall sit in the world's applause,
A mother of men and blessed laws.

I hope and strive the while I sigh,
For I know my first Love cannot die ;
From the chain of woes that loom so high
Her reign shall reach to Eternity.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

TO GOD AND IRELAND TRUE.

I sit beside my darling's grave
Who in the prison died,
And though my tears fall thick and fast
I think of him with pride ;
Ay, softly fall my tears like dew
For one to God and Ireland true.

" I love my God o'er all," he said,
" And then I love my land,
And next I love my Lily sweet
Who pledged me her white hand ;
To each, to all, I'm ever true,
To God, to Ireland, and to you."

No tender nurse his hard bed smoothed,
Or softly raised his head ;
He fell asleep and woke in heaven
Ere I knew he was dead ;
Yet why should I my darling rue ?
He was to God and Ireland true.

Oh, 'tis a glorious memory ;
I'm prouder than a queen
To sit beside my hero's grave
And think on what has been :
And oh, my darling, I am true
To God, to Ireland, and to you !

ELLEN O'LEARY.

I GIVE MY HEART TO THEE.

I give my heart to thee, O motherland,
I, if none else, recall the sacred womb.
I, if none else, behold the loving eyes
Bent ever on thy myriad progeny
Who care not nor regard thee as they go,
O tender, sorrowing, weeping, hoping land,
I give my heart to thee, O motherland !

I give my heart to thee, O fatherland,
Fast-anchored on thy own eternal soul,
Rising with cloudy mountains to the skies,
O proud, strong land, unstooping, stern of rule,
Me rule as ever ; let me feel thy might ;
Let me go forth with thee now and for aye.
I give my heart to thee, O fatherland !

I give my heart to thee, heroic land,
To thee or in thy morning when the sun
Flashed on thy giant limbs—thy lurid noon—
Or in thy depth of night, fierce-thoughted one—
Wrestling with phantoms of thy own wild soul,
Or, stone-still, silent, waiting for the dawn.
I give my heart to thee, heroic land !

I give my heart to thee, ideal land,
Far-soaring sister of the starry throng ;
O fleet of wing, what journeyings are thine,
What goal, what god attracts thee ? What unseen
Glory reflected makes thy face a flame ?
Leave me not ; where thou goest, let me go.
I give my heart to thee, ideal land !

STANDISH O'GRADY.

SONG FROM THE BACKWOODS.

Deep in Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright island flown ;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the Autumn day,
We'll toast Old Ireland !
Dear Old Ireland !
Ireland, boys, hurrah !

We've heard her faults a hundred times,
The new ones and the old,
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes,
Enlarged some fifty-fold,
But take them all, the great and small,
And this we've got to say :—
Here's dear Old Ireland !
Good Old Ireland !
Ireland, boys, hurrah !

We know that brave and good men tried
To snap her rusty chain,
That patriots suffered, martyrs died,
And all, 'tis said, in vain ;
But no, boys, no ! a glance will show
How far they've won their way—
Here's good Old Ireland !
Loved Old Ireland !
Ireland, boys, hurrah !

We've seen the wedding and the wake,
The patron and the fair ;
And lithe young frames at the dear old games
In the kindly Irish air ;

And the loud "hurroo!" we have heard it too,
And the thundering "Clear the way!"
Here's gay Old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

And well we know in the cool grey eves.
When the hard day's work is o'er,
How soft and sweet are the words that greet
The friends who meet once more;
With "Mary machree!" "My Pat! 'tis he!"
And "My own heart night and day!"
Ah, fond Old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

And happy and bright are the groups that pass
From their peaceful homes for miles
O'er fields, and roads, and hills, to Mass,
When Sunday morning smiles;
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel
When low they kneel and pray.
Oh, dear Old Ireland!
Blest Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,
And we never may see again
The Dear Old Isle where our hearts are set
And our first fond hopes remain.
But, come, fill up another cup,
And with every sup let's say—
"Here's dear Old Ireland!
Loved Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!"

T. D. SULLIVAN.

AFTER DEATH.

Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, oh, my country ?

Shall mine eyes behold thy glory ?

Or shall the darkness close around them ere the sun-
blaze

Break at last upon thy story ?

When the nations ope for thee their queenly circle,

As sweet new sister hail thee,

Shall these lips be sealed in callous death and silence,

That have known but to bewail thee ?

Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises,

When all men their tribute bring thee ?

Shall the mouth be clay that sang thee in thy squalor,

When all poets' mouths shall sing thee ?

Ah ! the harpings and the salvos and the shoutings

Of thy exiled sons returning,

I should hear, tho' dead and mouldered, and the grave-
damps

Should not chill my bosom's burning.

Ah ! the tramp of feet victorious ! I should hear them

'Mid the shamrocks and the mosses,

And my heart should toss within the shroud and quiver

As a captive dreamer tosses.

I should turn and rend the cere-cloths round me—

Giant sinews I should borrow—

Crying, " Oh, my brothers, I have also loved her

In her loneliness and sorrow !

" Let me join with you the jubilant procession,

Let me chant with you her story ;

Then, contented, I shall go back to the shamrocks,

Now mine eyes have seen her glory ! "

FANNY PARNELL

AN IRISH FACE.

Not her own sorrow only that hath place
Upon yon gentle face.
Too slight have been her childhood's years to gain
The imprint of such pain.
It hid behind her laughing hours, and wrought
Each curve in saddest thought
On brow and lips and eyes. With subtle art
It made the little heart
Through its young joyous beatings to prepare
A quiet shelter there,
Where the immortal sorrows might find a home.
And many there have come ;
Bowed in a mournful mist of golden hair
Deirdre hath entered there.
And shrouded in a fall of pitying dew,
Weeping the friend he slew,
The Hound of Ulla lies with those who shed
Tears of the Wild Geese fled.
And all the lovers on whom fate hath warred
Cutting the silver cord
Enter, and softly breath by breath they mould
The young heart to the old—
The old protest, the old pity, whose power
Are gathering to the hour
When their knit silence shall be mightier far
Than leagued empires are.
And dreaming of the sorrow on this face
We grow of lordlier race,
Could shake the rooted rampart of the hills
To shield her from all ills,
And through a deep adoring pity won
Grow what we dream upon.

A.E.

THE DARK MAN.

Rose o' the world, she came to my bed
And changed the dreams of my heart and head ;
For joy of mine she left grief of hers
And garlanded me with the prickly furze.

Rose o' the world, they go out and in,
And watch me dream and my mother spin ;
And they pity the tears on my sleeping face
While my soul's away in a fairy place.

Rose o' the world, they have words galore,
For wide's the swing of my mother's door ;
And soft they speak of my darkened brain,
But what do they know of my heart's dear pain ?

Rose o' the world, the grief you give
Is worth all days that a man may live ;
Is worth all prayers that the colleens say
On the night that darkens the wedding-day.

Rose o' the world, what man would wed
When he might remember your face instead ?
Might go to his grave with the blessed pain
Of hungering after your face again ?

Rose o' the world, they may talk their fill,
But dreams are good, and my life stands still,
While the neighbours talk by their fires astir ;
But my fiddle knows, and I talk to her.

NORA HOPPER.

IRISH MEMORIES.

Oh, green and fresh your English sod
With daisies sprinkled over ;
But greener far were the fields I trod,
And the honeyed Irish clover.

Oh, well your skylark cleaves the blue
To bid the sun good-morrow ;
He has not the bonny song I knew
High over an Irish furrow.

And often, often, I'm longing still,
This gay and golden weather,
For my father's face by an Irish hill,
And he and I together.

GEORGE A. GREENE.

CELTIC SPEECH.

Never forgetful silence fall on thee,
Nor younger voices overtake thee,
Nor echoes from thine ancient hills forsake thee,
Old music heard by Mona of the sea ;
And where with moving melodies there break thee,
Pastoral Conway, venerable Dee.

Like music lives, nor may that music die,
Still in the far, fair Gaelic places ; -
The speech, so wistful with its kindly graces,
Holy Croagh Patrick knows, and holy Hy ;
The speech, that wakes the soul in withered faces,
And wakes remembrance of great things gone by.

Like music by the desolate Land's End,
Mournful forgetfulness hath broken ;
No more words kindred to the winds are spoken,
Where upon iron cliffs whole seas expend
That strength, whereof the unalterable token
Remains wild music, even to the world's end.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

A SONG OF FREEDOM.

In Cavan of little lakes,
As I was walking with the wind,
And no one seen beside me there,
There came a song into my mind ;
It came as if the whispered voice
Of one, but none of human kind,
Who walked with me in Cavan then,
And he invisible as wind.

On Urris of Inish-Owen,
As I went up the mountain side,
The brook that came leaping down
Cried to me—for joy it cried ;
And when from off the summit far
I looked o'er land and water wide,
I was more joyous than the brook
That met me on the mountain side.

To Ara of Connacht's isles,
As I went sailing o'er the sea,
The wind's word, the brook's word,
The wave's word, was plain to me—
As we are, though she is not,
As we are, shall Banba be—
There is no king can rule the wind,
There is no fetter for the sea.

ALICE MILLIGAN.

IRELAND.

Ireland, Ireland ! centre of my longings,
Country of my fathers, home of my heart !
Overseas you call me ; Why an exile from me ?
Wherefore sea-severed, long leagues apart ?

As the shining salmon, homeless in the sea depths,
Hears the river call him, scents out the land,
Leaps and rejoices in the meeting of the waters,
Breasts weir and torrent, nests in the sand.

Lives there and loves ; yet with the year's returning,
Rusting in the river, pines for the sea,
Sweeps back again to the ripple of the tideway,
Roamer of the waters, vagabond and free.

Wanderer am I like the salmon of thy rivers ;
London is my ocean, murmurous and deep,
Tossing and vast ; yet through the roar of London
Comes to me thy summons, calls me in sleep.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart.
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart.

STEPHEN LUCIUS GWYNN.

AN APPEAL.

Days of unstinted splendour, days of unceasing rain,
Days all beringed with pleasure, days all bestreaked with
pain.

Hark ! for I hear them calling, from over the rocks and
the sand ;

Hark ! for I hear them calling, far off in that wild west
land ;

Up from the hearts of the mountains, cold, ascetic, severe ;
Up from the breasts of the streams, brown, bejewelled,
and clear ;

Up from thy oozy depths, loud-tongued friend of the blast,
They rise, they return, they throng ; ghosts of the days
that are past.

Past and dim, not dead, they live, as our lost ones live,
In our eyes, in our hearts, in our souls, with all that they
 had to give,
And the sound of Atlantic pervades them, and seems in
 our ears from afar,
Like the sound of *Thy* voice, O Eternal, whose runnels
 and ripples we are.
Thine were they ere we knew them, Giver of joy and pain ;
Thine those days, not ours ; to Thee they returned again.
For what are the drops and the streams to the infinite
 sweep of the sea ;
And what are our days or our years, Master of Aeons,
 to Thee ?
And the days yet unborn shall be good, and the children
 shall walk in *Thy* light ;
Say, shall it not be so, who bringest the day from the
 night ?
Look ! for I see them coming, far over the rocks and the
 sand ;
Look ! for I see them coming, away to that wild west land.
Our own west land, which knows us, whose sons and
 daughters are we,
Waste, untoward to others, dear as a mother to me.
Whose days shall yet be good, whose daughters and sons
 shall rejoice.
Standing erect and proud, in the old green home of their
 choice,
So let it be, O Lord ; let *Thy* people be glad in *Thy* light,
Though we, who plead, pass and perish, wind-blown
 waifs of a night.

EMILY LAWLESS.

IRISH MELODIES.

[Inscribed to the memory of Catherine Hayes.]

A voice beside the dim enchanted river,
Out of the twilight, where the brooding trees
Hear Shannon's Druid waters chant for ever
Tales of dead Kings and Bards and Shanachies ;

A girl's young voice out of the twilight, singing
 Old songs beside the legendary stream ;
 A girl's clear voice, o'er the wan waters ringing,
 Beats with its wild wings at the Gates of Dream.

The flagger-leaves whereon shy dew-drops glisten
 Are swaying, swaying gently to the sound,
 The meadow-sweet and spearmint, as they listen,
 Breathe wistfully their wizard balm around ;
 And there, alone with her lone heart and heaven,
 Thrushlike she sings, and lets her voice go free,
 Her soul of all its hidden longing shriven
 Soars on wild wings with her wild melody.

Sweet in its plaintive Irish modulations,
 Her fresh young voice, tuned to old sorrow, seems
 The passionate cry of countless generations,
 Keens in her breast as there she sings and dreams.
 No more sad voice, for now the dawn is breaking
 Through the long night, through Ireland's night of
 tears,
 New songs wake in the morn of her awaking
 From the enchantment of nine hundred years.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

LAMENT FOR THOMAS DAVIS.

I walked through Ballinderry in the spring-time,
 When the bud was on the tree ;
 And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
 The sowers striding free,
 Scattering broadside forth the corn in golden plenty
 On the quick seed-clasping soil,
 " Even such this day, among the fresh-stirred hearts of
 Erin,
 Thomas Davis, is thy toil. "

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,
And saw the salmon leap ;
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring glittering from the deep,
Through the spray, and through the prone heaps striving
onward
To the calm clear streams above,
“ So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom, Thomas
Davis,
In thy brightness of strength and love.”

I stood in Derrybawn in the autumn,
And I heard the eagle call,
With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation
That filled the wide mountain hall,
O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered eyrie ;
And I said, as he screamed and soared,
“ So callest thou, thou wrathful soaring Thomas Davis,
For a nation's rights restored ! ”

And, alas ! to think but now, and thou art lying,
Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee ;
And I, no mother near, on my own sick-bed,
That face on earth shall never see ;
I may lie and try to feel that I am dreaming,
I may lie and try to say, “ Thy will be done,”
But a hundred such as I will never comfort Erin
For the loss of the noble son !

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seed-time,
In the fresh track of danger's plough !
Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow,
Girt with freedom's seed-sheets, now ?
Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge
The daunting weed and the bitter thorn,
Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hopeful planting
Against the Resurrection morn ?

Young salmon of the flood-tide of freedom
That swells round Erin's shore !
Thou wilt leap against their loud oppressive torrent
Of bigotry and hate no more ;
Drawn downward by their prone material instinct,
Let them thunder on their rocks and foam—
Thou hast leapt, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their
raging,
Where troubled waters never come !

But I grieve not, Eagle of the empty eyrie,
That thy wrathful cry is still ;
And that the songs alone of peaceful mourners
Are heard to-day on Earth's hill ;
Better far, if brothers' war be destined for us
(God avert that horrid day I pray),
That ere our hands be stained with slaughter fratricidal,
Thy warm heart should be cold in clay.

But my trust is strong in God, Who made us brothers,
That He will not suffer their right hands,
Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock,
To draw opposing brands.
Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou madest vocal
Would lie cold and silent then ;
And songless long once more, should often-widowed Erin
Mourn the loss of her brave young men.

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, my promise,
'Tis on you my hopes are set,
In manliness, in kindliness, in justice,
To make Erin a nation yet ;
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing—
In union or in severance, free and strong—
And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis
Let the greater praise belong.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

IRISH COUNTRYSIDE POETRY.

BLESSINGS.

*It's what I thank God for each night—
A little cabin that's mine by right,
The strength of a man for work or fight,
And food and light.*

*It's what I thank God for each day—
A wife with never too much to say,
A wife, a dog, and a child for play;
For those I'd pray.*

*I thank God for the land I tread,
A pipe to smoke and an easy bed,
The thatch I made that's over my head,
And daily bread.*

*I thank God for an Irish name,
And a son of mine to bear the same,
My own to love me and none to blame
No more I'd claim.*

WINIFRED M. LETTS.

IRISH COUNTRYSIDE POETRY.

THE SLAYING OF CONBEG.

[A beloved hound of Fionn's which Goll Mac Morna drowned in despite of Fionn.]

Sore grief to me, Conbeg, that you are drowned ;
My little hound, for brightness without peer.
Never was one so swift or deft of foot
Seen in pursuit of rushing boar or deer

Sore grief to me, Conbeg, that you lie drowned ;
My little hound, whose bay was music clear.
Never was one so deft or swift of pace
Found in the chase of proud, high-stepping deer.

Sore grief to me, Conbeg, that you lie drowned
Upon the mighty mounded grey-green sea.
Your cruel loss let loose a flood of strife—
A fill of sorrow, alas ! through life to me.

Translated from " The Colloquy of The Ancients."

THE WEDDING OF THE CLANS.

I go to knit two clans together,
Our clan and this clan unseen of yore.
Our clan fears naught ; but I go, oh, whither ?
This day I go from my mother's door.

Thou, redbreast, singest the old song over,
Though many a time hast thou sung it before ;
They never sent thee to some strange new lover
To sing a new song by my mother's door.

I stepped from my little room down by the ladder—
The ladder that never so shook before ;
I was sad last night, to-day I am sadder,
Because I go from my mother's door.

The last snow melts upon bush and bramble,
The gold bars shine on the forest's floor ;
Shake not, thou leaf ; it is I must tremble,
Because I go from my mother's door.

From a Spanish sailor a dagger I bought me,
I trailed a rose-bush our grey bawn o'er ;
The creed and the letters our old bard taught me ;
My days were sweet by my mother's door.

My little white goat, that with raised feet hughest
The oak stock, thy horns in the ivy frore ;
Could I wrestle like thee—how the wreaths thou tuggest !
I never would move from my mother's door.

Oh, weep no longer, my nurse and mother ;
My foster-sister, weep not so sore ;
You cannot come with me, Ir, my brother—
Alone I go from my mother's door.

Farewell, my wolf-hound, that slew MacOwing,
As he caught me and far through the thickets bore,
My heifer Alb in the green vale lowing,
My cygnet's nest upon Loma's shore.

He has killed ten Chiefs, this Chief that plights me,
His hand is like that of the giant Balor ;
But I fear his kiss, and his beard affrights me,
And the great stone dragon above his door.

Had I daughters nine, with me they should tarry ;
They should sing old songs ; they should dance at
my door.
They should grind at the quern, no need to marry !
Oh, when shall this marriage day be o'er ?

Had I buried, like Moirin, three mates already,
I might say, three husbands, then why not four ?
But my hand is cold, and my foot unsteady,
Because I never was married before !

AUBREY DE VIRE.

EAMONN an CHNUIC

[*From the Irish.*]

“ Now who is without
With a heart-piercing shout
Beating my bolted door ? ”
“ I am Ned of the Hill,
Wet, weary and chill
From long walking the mountain-side o'er.”

“ Oh, bright love and dear,
What could I do here
But cover you up with my gown ?
While shots thick and true
They rained upon you,
Till together in death we went down ! ”

“ Not a comrade I know,
As I desolate go
Out under the snow and the frost ;
My team loose from the yoke,
My fallows unbroke,
My land to be evermore lost.”

“ Not a friend have I got—
I am heavy for that—
Late or early to take Eamonn in ;
And so I must flee
East over the sea,
Where strangers are kinder than kin ! ”

THE BLIND POET.

[From the Irish of Raftery.]

I am the Poet Rafterty
Full of hope and charity ;
With eyes that at the day but guess,
With gentleness in misery.

West I wander through the night
By the light of my own mind ;
Weak and wearied I contend,
Till my journey's end I find.

I, who once in Halls of State
Guerdon great received for song,
Harp, amid the rain and wind,
To a kind but coinless throng.

MY ULICK.

My Ulick is sturdy and strong
And light is his foot on the heather ;
And truth has been wed to his tongue
Since first we were talking together ;
And though he is lord of no lands,
Nor castle, nor cattle, nor dairy,
My boy has his health and his hands,
And a heart-load of love for his Mary.
And what should a maiden wish more ?

One day at the heel of the eve—
I mind it was snowing and blowing—
My mother was knitting, I b'lieve ;
For me,—I was singing and sewing ;
My father had read the news o'er,
And as he sat humming, " We'll wake 'em,"
My Ulick stepped in at the door,
As white as the weather could make him.
True love never cooled with a frost !

He shook the snow out of his frieze,
And drew up a chair by my father ;
My spirits leaped up in my eyes
To see the two sitting together.
They talked of our land and its wrongs,
Till both were as mad as starvation ;
Then Ulick sang three or four songs,
And closed with " Hurrah for the Nation ! "
Oh, Ulick's an Irishman still !

My father caught hold of his hand ;
Their hearts melted into each other ;
While tears that she couldn't command
Broke loose from the eyes of my mother.
" Our freedom," she sighed ; " Wírrasthrue !
A woman can say little in it ;
But had it to come by you two,
I've a guess at the way we would win it.
'Twould not be by weeping, I swear ! "

FRANCIS DAVIS.

DRAHERIN O MACHREE.¹

Air : " Draherin O Machree."

I grieve when I think on the dear happy days of my youth,
When all the bright dreams of this faithless world seem'd
truth ;

When I stray'd thro' the green wood, as gay as a mid-
summer bee,
In brotherly love with my Draherin O Machree !

Together we lay in the sweet-scented meadows to rest,
Together we watch'd the gay lark as he sung o'er his nest,
Together we plucked the red fruit of the fragrant hawtree,
And I loved, as a sweetheart, my Draherin O Machree !

His form was straight as a hazel that grows in the glen,
His manners were courteous, and social, and gay amongst
men ;

His bosom was white as the lily on summer's green lea—
His God's brightest image was Draherin O Machree !

Oh ! sweet were his words as the honey that falls in the
night,

And his young smiling face like the May-bloom was
fresh, and as bright ;

His eyes were like dew on the flower of the sweet apple
tree ;

My heart's spring and summer was Draherin O Machree !

He went to the wars when proud England united with
France ;

His regiment was first in the red-battle-charge to
advance ² ;

But when night drew its veil o'er the gory and life-wasting
fray,

Pale, bleeding, and cold lay my Draherin O Machree !

¹ Little brother of my heart.

² Referring to the Battle of Inkerman.

Now I'm left to weep, like the sorrowful bird of the night;
This earth and its pleasures no more shall afford me
delight ;

The dark narrow grave is the only sad refuge for me,
Since I lost my heart's darling—my Draherin O Machree !

MICHAEL HOGAN.

DUBLIN BAY.

Oh, Bay of Dublin, how my heart you're troublin',
Your beauty haunts me like a fever dream ;
Like frozen fountains that the sun sets bubblin',
My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name.
And never till this life's pulsation ceases,
My earliest, latest thought you'll fail to be.
Oh, none here knows how very fair that place is,
And no one cares how dear it is to me.

Sweet Wicklow mountains, the soft sunlight sleepin'
On your green uplands is a picture rare ;
You crowd around me, like young maidens peepin'
And puzzlin' me to say which is most fair,
As tho' you longed to see your own sweet faces
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea.
My fondest blessin' on those lovely places,
Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.

How often, when alone at work I'm sittin',
And musing sadly on the days of yore,
I think I see my pretty Katie knittin',
The childer playin' round the cabin door ;
I think I see the neighbours' kindly faces
All gathered round, their long-lost friend to see ;
Though none here knows how very fair that place is,
Heav'n knows how dear my poor home was to me.

LADY DUFFERIN.

THE KILRUDDERY HUNT.

In seventeen hundred and forty-four
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning by most of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox.
The Loughlinstown landlord, the brave Owen Bray,
And Johnny Adair,¹ too, were with us that day ;
Joe Debil, Hal Preston, those huntsmen so stout—
Dick Holmes, some few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton set up a most tuneable roar ;
“ Hark, Wanton ” cried Joe, and the rest were not slack,
For Wanton's no trifler esteemed by the pack ;
Old Bounty and Collier came readily in,
And every hound joined in the musical din ;
Had Diana been there, she'd been pleased to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way—
As strong from Killegar, as if he could fear none,
Away he brushed round by the house of Kilternan,
To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherrywood then,
Steep Shankhill he climbed, and to Ballyman glen,
Bray Common he crossed, leap'd Lord Anglesey's wall,
And seemed to say, “ Little I care for you all.”

He ran Bushes Grove up to Carbury Byrnes—
Joe Debil, Hal Preston, kept leading by turns ;
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, still he chose to keep out ;

¹ No doubt, son of Robin Adair, of Holly Park, near Bray, who was member of the Irish Parliament early in last century, and whom our Scotch friends annexed along with the air “Aileen Aroon.”

To Malpas high hills was the way that he flew,
At Dalkey's stone common we had him in view ;
He drove on to Bullock, he slunk Glenageary,
And so on to Monkstown, where Larry grew weary.

Thro' Rochestown wood like an arrow he passed,
And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last ;
There gallantly plunged himself into the sea,
And said in his heart, " None can now follow me."
But soon, to his cost, he perceived that no bounds
Could stop the pursuit of the staunch-mettled hounds ;
His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of Tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift ;
But ere he could reach to the top of the clift,
He found both of speed and of daring a lack,
Being waylaid and killed by the rest of the pack.
At his death there were present the lads I have sung,
Save Larry, who, riding a garron, was flung.
Thus ended at length a most delicate chase,
That held us five hours and ten minutes' space.

THOMAS MOZEEEN.

A DREAM.

I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night ;
I went to the window to see the sight ;
All the Dead that ever I knew
Going one by one and two by two.

On they pass'd, and on they pass'd ;
Townsfellows all, from first to last ;
Born in the moonlight of the lane,
Quench'd in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates, marching as when they play'd
At soldiers once—but now more staid ;
Those were the strangest sight to me
Who were drown'd, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk, bent and weak, too ;
Some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to ;
Some but a day in their churchyard bed ;
Some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd—where each seem'd lonely,
Yet of them all there was one, one only,
Raised a head or look'd my way ;
She linger'd a moment—she might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face !
Ah ! Mother dear ! might I only place
My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,
While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest !

On, on, a moving bridge they made
Across the moon-stream, from shade to shade,
Young and old, women and men ;
Many long-forgot, but remember'd then,

And first there came a bitter laughter ;
A sound of tears a moment after ;
And then a music so lofty and gay,
That every morning, day by day,
I strive to recall it if I may.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

A PEASANT WOMAN'S SONG.

It's lonely in the night, when Pat
Is sleeping by my side,
I lie awake, and no one knows
The big tears that I've cried ;

For a little voice still calls me back
 To my far, far counthrie,
 And nobody can hear it spake,
 Oh ! nobody but me.

There is a little spot of ground
 Behind the chapel wall,
 It's nothing but a tiny mound,
 Without a stone at all.

It rises like my heart just now,
 It makes a dawny hill ;
 It's from below the voice comes out,
 I cannot keep it still.

Oh ! little Voice ; ye call me back
 To my far, far counthrie,
 And nobody can hear ye spake,
 Oh ! nobody but me.

DION BOUCICAULT.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morn was tripping
 With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled,
 And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.
 Oh ! what shall I do now ? 'Twas looking at you, now ;
 Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again ;
 'Twas the pride of my dairy ! O Barney O'Cleary,
 You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine !

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain ;
 A kiss then I gave her, and ere I did leave her,
 She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again
 'Twas haymaking season—I can't tell the reason—
 Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain ;
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

ANON.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay ;
But when that hay was blooming grass
And decked with flowers of Spring,
No flow'r was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his ould poll
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes, demands his tithes
Of death—in warlike cars ;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market town,
As right and left they fly—
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far—
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these ;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming God of Love !

While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in the low-backed car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach-and-four and goold galore,
And a lady for my bride ;
For the lady would sit forninst me
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me
With my arm around her waist—
While we drove in the low-backed car,
To be married by Father Maher,
Oh, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh—
Though it beat in a low-backed car.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE "DARK GIRL" BY THE "HOLY WELL."

"Mother ! is that the passing bell,
Or yet the midnight chime ?
Or rush of angels' golden wings ?
Or is it near the time—
The time when God, they say, comes down
This weary world upon,
With Holy Mary at His right,
And at His left St. John ?

"I'm dumb ! my heart forgets to throb ;
My blood forgets to run ;
But vain my sighs—in vain I sob—
God's will must still be done.
I hear but tone of warning bell,
For holy priest or nun ;
On earth, God's face I'll never see !
Nor Mary, nor St. John !

“ Mother, my hopes are gone again ;
My heart is black as ever.
Mother ! I say, look forth once more,
And see can you discover
God’s glory in the crimson clouds—
See, does He ride upon
That perfumed breeze—or do you see
The Virgin, or St. John ?

“ Ah, no ! ah, no ! Well, God of Peace,
Grant me thy blessing still ;
Oh, make me patient with my doom
And happy at Thy will ;
And guide my footsteps so on earth
That, when I’m dead and gone,
My eyes may catch Thy shining light,
With Mary and St. John !

“ Yet, mother, could I see your smile,
Before we part below—
Or watch the silver moon or stars
Where Slaney’s ripples flow ;
Oh, could I see the sweet sunshine
My native hills upon,
I’d never love my God the less,
Nor Mary, nor St. John !

“ But no ! ah, no ! it cannot be ;
Yet, mother, do not mourn—
Come kneel again, and pray to God,
In peace, let us return ;
The Dark Girl’s doom must aye be mine—
But Heaven will light me on,
Until I find my way to God,
And Mary, and St. John ! ”

JOHN KEEGAN.

THE POTATO DIGGER'S SONG.

Come, Connal, acushla, turn the clay,
And show the lumpers the light, gossoon !
For we must toil this Autumn day,
With heaven's help, till rise of the moon.
Our corn is stacked, our hay secure,
Thank God ! and nothing, my boy, remains
But to pile the potatoes safe on the flure,
Before the coming November rains.
The Peasant's mine is his harvest still ;
So now, my lads, let's work with a will ;
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand,
Work spade and hand,
Through the crumbly mould,
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland.

Och, I wish that Maurice and Mary dear
Were singing beside us this soft day !
Of course they're far better off than here ;
But whether they're happier, who can say ?
I've heard when it's morn with us, 'tis night
With them on the far Australian shore ;
Well, Heaven be about them with visions bright,
And send them childer and money galore.
With us there's many a mouth to fill,
And so, my boy, let's work with a will ;
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand,
Work spade and hand
Through the brown, dry mould.
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland.

Ah, then, Paddy O'Reardon, you thundering Turk,
Is it coorting you are in the blessed noon ?
Come over here, Kitty, and mind your work,
Or I'll see if your mother can't change your tune.
Well youth will be youth, as you know, Mike,
Sixteen and twenty for each were meant ;
But, Pat, in the name of the fairies, avic,
Defer your proposals till after Lent ;
And as love in this country lives mostly still
On potatoes, dig boy, dig with a will ;
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand,
Work spade and hand
Through the harvest mould.
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland.

Down the bridle road the neighbours ride,
Through the light ash shade, by the wheaten
sheaves,
And the children sing on the mountain side,
In the sweet blue smoke of the burning leaves ;
As the great sun sets in glory furred,
Faith it's grand to think as I watch his face,
If he never sets on the English world,
He never, lad, sets on the Irish race.
In the West, in the South, new Irelands still
Grow up in his light ; come, work with a will ;
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand,
Work spade and hand
Through the native mould.
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland.

But look ! the round moon, yellow as corn,
 Comes up from the sea in the deep blue calm ;
 It scarcely seems a day since morn ;
 Well, the heel of the evening to you, ma'am !
 God bless the moon ! for many a night,
 As I restless lay on a troubled bed,
 When rent was due, her quieting light
 Has flattered with dreams my poor old head.
 But see—the basket remains to fill.
 Come, girls, be alive ; boys, dig with a will ;
 Work hand and foot,
 Work spade and hand,
 Work spade and hand,
 Through the moonlit mould
 The blessed fruit
 That grows at the root
 Is the real gold
 Of Ireland.

THOMAS CAULFIELD IRWIN.

A DRUNKARD'S ADDRESS TO A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

From what dripping cell, through what fairy glen,
 Where 'mid old rocks and ruins the fox makes his den ;
 Over what lonesome mountain,

Acushla machree !

Where gauger never has trod,
 Sweet as the flowery sod,
 Wild as the breath
 Of the breeze on the heath,

And sparklin' all o'er like the moon-lighted fountain,
 Are you come to me—
 Sorrowful me ?

Dancing—inspirin'—
 My wild blood firin' ;
 Oh ! terrible glory—
 Oh ! beautiful siren—
 Come, tell the old story—

Come light up my fancy, and open my heart.

Oh ! beautiful ruin—

My life—my undoin'—

Soft and fierce as a pantheress,

Dream of my longing and wreck of my soul,

I never knew love till I loved you, enchantheress !

At first, when I knew you, 'twas only flirtation,

The touch of a lip and the flash of an eye ;

But 'tis different now—'tis desperation !

I worship before you,

I curse and adore you,

And without you I'd die.

Wirrasthrue !

I wish 'twas again

The happy time when

I cared little about you,

Could do well without you,

But would just laugh and view you ;

'Tis little I knew you !

Oh ! terrible darlin',

How have you sought me,

Enchanted, and caught me ?

See, now, where you've brought me—

To sleep by the road-side, and dress out in rags,

Think how you found me ;

Dreams come around me—

The dew of my childhood, and life's morning beam ;

Now I sleep by the roadside, a wretch all in rags.

My heart that sang merrily when I was young,

Swells up like a billow and bursts in despair ;

And the wreck of my hopes on sweet memory flung,

And cries on the air,

Are all that is left of the dream.

Wirrasthrue !

My father and mother,

The priest, and my brother—

Not a one has a good word for you.

But I can't part you, darling, their preachin's all vain ;
You'll burn in my heart till these thin pulses stop,
And the wild cup of life in your fragrance I'll drain
To the last brilliant drop.

Then oblivion will cover
The shame that is over,
The brain that was mad, and the heart that was sore.
Then, beautiful witch,
I'll be found—in a ditch,
With your kiss on my cold lips, and never rise more.

JOSEPH SHERIDAN LEFANU.

SOGGARTH AROON.

Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon ?
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Old Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon.

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth aroon,
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of her own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon ?

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be not slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,

Nor, out of fear to you—
Stand up so near to you—
Och ! out of fear to you,
Soggarth aroon !

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin door,
And, on my earthen floor,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon ?

Who, on the marriage day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon,
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon ?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon,
And when my heart was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon ?

Och ! you, and only you,
Soggarth aroon !
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon ;
Our love they'd never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon.

JOHN BANIM.

FATHER O'FLYNN.

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
 Far renowned for larnin' and piety :
 Still, I'd advance you, widout impropriety,
 Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all,

CHORUS.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
 Slainte, and slainte, and slainte agin :
 Powerfulest preacher, and
 Tinderest teacher, and
 Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
 Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
 Dad and the divels and all at Divinity,
 Father O'Flynn 'd makes hares of them all.
 Come, I vinture to give you my word,
 Never the likes of his logic was heard
 Down from Mythology
 Into 'Thayology,
 Troth ! and Conchology, if he'd the call.

CHORUS—Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn, etc.

Och ! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way
 wid you,
 All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
 All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
 You've such a way wid you, Father avick !
 Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,
 Gad, you've your flock in the grandest con-
 throul :
 Checking the crazy ones,
 Coaxin' onaisy ones,
 Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

CHORUS—Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn, etc.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
 Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
 Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
 At comicality, Father, wid you ?

Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
 Till this remark set him off wid the rest :

“ Is it lave gaiety

All to the laity ?

Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too ? ”

CHORUS—Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn, etc.

THE RIVER.

Poor Mick was trotting on to the town.

The side car under him going ;

He looked on the water, swollen and brown,

He looked on the river flowing.

The day was drear and heavy and dank,

A sleety wind was blowing,

And the river, creeping up over the bank,

Was into the roadside going.

Now, all that day till the night drew near,

For the wind was bitterly blowing,

Poor Mick sat gossiping here and there,

While the river was steadily flowing.

“ And why would ye lave ? 'Tis a cruel night ;

Oh, why should ye be going ?

Bide ye here till the morning light,

For the blackest wind is blowing ! ”

“ The wife will be wanting her bread and tay

And oil for to light her sewing—

Myself never minded the roughest day

Or the blackest black wind blowing.

“ Gi’ along, ould mare ! get up out of that !
For sure ’tis home we’re going ” !
He buttoned his coat and settled his hat,
Nor thought of the river flowing.

But cold and drear and dark was the night,
The sleety wind was blowing,
And where the road that morning was right
The river’s edge was flowing.

Movrone ! for the childer ; movrone ! for the wife,
They listen the north winds blowing.
Movrone ! for the gasping, struggling life,
Movrone ! for the river flowing.

The morrow’s morn saw the trembling mare,
Saw the river muddily flowing,
Saw boys and men seeking here and there,
Though the soft south winds were blowing.

Oh ! the early sun is fair to see,
And the winter ’ll soon be going,
But deep and dank and dark lies he,
Though the sweet south winds are blowing.

CHARLOTTE GRACE O’BRIEN.

TOM MOODY.

You all know Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well ;
The bell just done tolling was honest Tom’s knell ;
A sportsman more able ne’er followed a hound,
Through a country well known to him fifty miles round,
No hound ever opened with Tom near the wood,
But he’d challenge the tone, and could tell if ’twere good ;
And all with attention would eagerly mark,
When he cheered up the pack, “ Hark ! to Rookwood,
hark ! hark !
High !—Wind him ! and cross him ;
Now, Rattler, boy ! Hark ! ”

Six crafty earth-stroppers, in hunter's green drest,
 Supported poor Tom to an "earth" made for rest;
 His horse, which he styled his Old Soul, next appeared,
 On whose forehead the brush of the last fox was reared;
 Whip, cap, boots and spurs, in a trophy were bound,
 And here and there followed an old straggling hound.
 Ah! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace,
 Nor the welkin resound to the burst in the chase!

With "High over! now press him!
 Tally-ho!—Tally-ho!"

Thus Tom spoke his friends ere he gave up his breath,
 "Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,
 One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave,
 Give a rattling view-holloa thrice over my grave;
 And unless at that warning I left up my head,
 My boys you may fairly conclude I am dead!"
 Honest Tom was obeyed, and the shout rent the sky,
 For every voice joined in the tally-ho cry,
 Tally-ho! Hark forward!
 Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

ANDREW CHERRY.

HERRING IS KING.

Let all the fish that swim in the sea—
 Salmon and turbot, cod and ling—
 Bow down the head and bend the knee
 To herring, their king!—to herring, their king
 Sing, 'Thugamar fein an samhradh linn,
 'Tis we have brought the summer in

The sun sank down, so round and red,
 Upon the bay, upon the bay;
 The sails shook idly overhead—
 Becalmed we lay, becalmed we lay.
 Sing, 'Thugamar fein an samhradh linn,
 'Tis we have brought the summer in.

Till Shaun, "The Eagle," dropped on deck,
The bright-eyed boy, the bright-eyed boy ;
'Tis he has spied your silver track,
Herring, our joy—herring, our joy.
Sing, Thugamar fein an samhradh linn,¹
'Tis we have brought the summer in.

It was in with the sails and away to the shore,
With the rise and swing, the rise and swing
Of two stout lads at each smoking oar,
After herring, our king—herring, our king.
Sing, Thugamar fein an samhradh linn,
'Tis we have brought the summer in.

The Manx and the Cornish raised the shout,
And joined the chase, and joined the chase ;
But their fleets they fouled as they went about,
And we won the race, we won the race.
Sing, Thugamar fein an samhradh linn,
'Tis we have brought the summer in.

For we turned and faced you full to land,
Down the goleen long, the goleen long,
And after you slipped from strand to strand
Our nets so strong, our nets so strong.
Sing, Thugamar fein an samhradh linn,
'Tis we have brought the summer in.

Then we called to our sweethearts and our wives :
'Come, welcome us home—welcome us home !
Till they ran to meet us for their lives
Into the foam, into the foam.
Sing, Thugamar fein an samhradh linn,
'Tis we have brought the summer in.

Oh, the kissing of hands and waving of caps
From girl and boy, from girl and boy,
While you leapt by scores in the lasses' laps,
Herring, our pride and joy.
Sing, Thugamar fein an samhradh linn,
'Tis we have brought the summer in.

¹ Translated by the following line.

THE IRISH WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON
IN AMERICA.

“ Remember, Denis, all I bade you say,
Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord !
But of our troubles since he went away,
You'll mind, avic, and never say a word,—
Of cares and troubles sure we've all our share,
The finest summer isn't always fair.

“ Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May,—
She died, poor thing, but that you needn't mind—
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay ;
But tell him, God to us was always kind,
And when the fever spread the country o'er,
His mercy kept the sickness from the door.

“ Be sure you tell him how the neighbours came
And cut the corn and stored it in the barn ;
'Twould be as well to mention them by name—
Pat Murphy, Ned McCabe, and James McCarn,
And big Tim Daly from behind the hill—
But say, agra, Oh, say, I missed him still !

“ They came with ready hands our toil to share—
'Twas then I missed him most, my own right hand !
I felt, although kind hearts were round me there,
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
Strong arm ! brave heart ! Oh, severed far from me
By many a weary mile of shore and sea !

“ You'll tell him she was with us (he'll know who),
Mavourneen ! hasn't she the winsome eyes ?
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue
That ever shone, except in summer skies ;
And such black hair !—it is the blackest hair
That ever rippled o'er a neck so fair.

" Tell him that Pincher fretted many a day—
 Ah, poor old fellow, he had like to die !
 Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way,
 And sniffed the travellers as they passed him by.
 Hail, rain and sunshine, sure 'twas all the same,
 He listened for the foot that never came.

" Tell him the house is lonesome-like and cold,
 The fire itself seems robbed of half its light ;
 But maybe 'tis my eyes are growing old,
 And things grow dim before my failing sight ;
 For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun
 The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

" Give him my blessing : morning, noon and night,
 Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
 That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
 And firmly stand as his brave fathers stood,
 True to his name, his country, and his God,
 Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad."

ELLEN FORRESTER.

HERSELF AND MYSELF.

AN OLD MAN'S SONG.

'Twas beyond at Macreddin, at Owen Doyle's weddin',
 The boys got the pair of us out for a reel.
 Says I : " Boys, excuse us." Says they : " Don't re-
 fuse us "—
 " I'll play nice and aisy," says Larry O'Neill.
 So off we went trippin' it, up an' down steppin' it—
 Herself and Myself on the back of the doore ;
 Till Molly—God bless her !—fell into the dresser,
 An' I tumbled over a child on the floore.

Says Herself to Myself : " We're as good as the best
of them."

Says Myself to Herself : " Shure, we're better than
gold."

Says Herself to Myself : " We're as young as the rest o'
them."

Says Myself to Herself : " Troth, we'll never grow
old."

As down the lane goin', I felt my heart growin'

As young as it was forty-five years ago ;

'Twas here in this boreen I first kissed my stoireen—

A sweet little colleen with skin like the snow.

I looked at my woman—a song she was hummin'

As old as the hills, so I gave her a pogue ;

'Twas like our old courtin', half sarious, half sportin',

When Molly was young, an' when hoops were in vogue

When she'd say to Myself : " You can coort with the
best of them."

When I'd say to Herself : " Sure, I'm better than
gold."

When she'd say to Myself : " You're as wild as the rest
o' them."

And I'd say to Herself : " Troth, I'm time enough
old."

PATRICK J. MACCALL.

SONG OF AN ISLAND FISHERMAN.

I groan as I put out my nets upon the say,

To hear the little girshas shout, a-dance among the spray,

Ochone ! the childer pass away, and lave us to our grief ;

The stranger took my little lass at falling of the leaf.

Why would you go so fast with him you never knew ?

In all the throuble that is past I never frowned on you,

The light of my old eyes you are, the comfort o' my heart !

Waitin' for me your mother lies in blessed Innishart.

Her lonesome grave I keep from all the cold world wide,
 But you in life an' death will sleep the stranger still beside.
 Ochone ! my thoughts are dark and wild ; but little blame,
 I say,
 An ould man hungerin' for his child, a-work the livelong
 day.

You will not run again laughin' to see me land ;
 Oh, what was pain and throuble then, holdin' your little
 hand ?
 Or when your darlin' head let fall its soft curls on my
 breast,
 Why do the childer grow at all to love the stranger best ?

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

O DRIMIN DHU DEELISH.¹

O Drimin Dhu Deelish, my kind Kerry cow,
 As black as the night with one star on her brow,
 For Drimin Dhu Deelish, the silk of the kine,
 For Drimin Dhu Deelish, I mourn and I pine.
 As O ru drimin dhu, och o ru agraw,
 As O ru drimin dhu, go dhu tu slaun !

For when to the milking I'd call Drimin Dhu,
 'Twas then like a deer down the mountain she flew ;
 And ah, when beneath her the stool I would place,
 How oft on my shoulder she rubbed her soft face.
 As O ru, etc.

And though sixteen gallons from Drimin would hail,
 And under my fingers froth up in the pail,
 She ne'er kicked one keeler away o'er the green,
 For no cow genteeler than Drimin was seen.
 As O ru, etc.

¹ O Dear Black Cow.

The mountain bog slid and surprised Drimin Dhu,
 Though bravely she battled to break her way through ;
 Till down, down she went, with a drizzen and drone,
 Poor Drimin Dhu Deelish, and left us alone.

As O ru, etc.

When other cows ailed in the wet and the cold,
 Our Drimin was evermore hearty and bold ;
 Straight back and firm body and honey sweet breath,
 Mild eyes and grave manners, how could you know death ?

As O ru, etc.

Oh, silk of the kine, when amongst us you stood,
 No milk was as fine and no butter as good,
 But oh, 'tis chill water and oh, tis dry scone,
 Since Drimin, since Drimin Dhu Deelish is gone !

As O ru, etc.

PREPARATIONS FOR WINTER.

There's my cabin with a bran new coat of thatch, Norah
 dear !

'Tis as cosy as the overcoat I've on ;
 And the stack that's in the haggard you won't match,
 Norah dear !

Sure the neighbours call it Lugnaquilla's son !
 I've put bushes in the gaps and the doors I've painted
 green ;

And the garden wall I've nately repaired.
 If I only had yourself, dear, I could say, like king or
 queen,

Roll on, winter, I'm well prepared !

There's an acre of potatoes in the pit, Norah dear !
 Troth, I've turf enough to light me to fame ;
 And the corner of the kitchen where you'd sit, Norah
 dear !

Is a pleasant place to talk or to dream.

Ah, but lonesomest of all is my heart there above ;
If the wind through its corners you heard,
You'd step into it at once with a turf load of love,
Crying, winter, I'm well prepared !

PATRICK J. MCCALL.

MY BLESSING BE ON WATERFORD.

My blessing be on Waterford, the town of ships,
For it's what I love to be streeling on the quay,
Watching while the boats go out, watching them come in,
And thinking of the one I know that's sailing far away.

It's well to be in Waterford, to see the ships,
The great big masts of them against the evening sky,
Seagulls flying round, and the men unloading them,
With quare strange talk among themselves the time
you're passing by.

I love to be in Waterford, to see the ships come in,
Bringing in their cargoes from west, and east, and
south.

Some day one I love will stand here upon the quay ;
He'll take my two hands in his own and stoop to kiss
my mouth.

WINIFRED M. LETTS.

IF ALL THE YOUNG MAIDENS.

If all the young maidens were blackbirds and thrushes,
A-making sweet music in white flowering bushes,
No work I'd be doing ;
I'd sit and be strewing
The grains of my barn for the sake of their song !

If all the young maidens were cowslips and daisies,
 Till filled was the meadow with sweet pretty faces,
 I'd scratch my head over,
 And chew a red clover—
 The sorrow a scythe would I sweep through the throng !

If all the young maidens were stars in heaven,
 Out peeping like mice through the chinks of the even',
 No sleep I'd be getting,
 But sighing and fretting,
 When Dawn's whiskered cat stretches out her long tongue !

If all the young maidens were mealy potatoes,
 A-laughing and smiling—" Young man, come an' ate us,"
 I'd die of starvation —
 A sight for the nation—
 And lie in my grave, ere I'd put in a prong.

So you see, Molly O ! I've a heart soft and tender,
 And don't you stand out, but just make your surrender.
 If you're bold like these Thrushes
 That fight in the bushes,
 I'll turn to some Blackbird and sing you my Song !

PATRICK J. MCCALL.

THE SIX ROAD ENDS.

When folks hae got the meetin' an' Sabbath dinner ower,
 The neighbours aye'll gather an' pass a frien'ly hour,
 O'er the doin's o' the week
 Tongues'll wag an' cutties reek—
 Every Sabbath evenin' at the " Six Road Ends."

If comin' frae the market ye got a wee bit drouth,
 An' gang into the " public " an' tongue has slipped the
 truth,
 How ye sold the spavin mare,
 Bested this yin here an' there—
 Ye'll hear it on the Sabbath at the " Six Road Ends "

Or hides a little soft head on her breast.
 Women, he too was fair of limb,
 And once a mother prayed for him !

Ragged and queer and old, he comes alone,
 But sometimes, with mysterious smile,
 He mutters to himself the while,
 Or stops to hold strange converse with a stone.
 Ah, men, beware, lest you should curse
 The Master of the universe.

He claims acquaintance with a leaf wind-blown,
 Or bids good morrow to a toad ;
 So, far adown the dusty road
 He stumbles forward into the unknown.
 Have pity on his passing. He
 Hath trod the road to Calvary.

CELIA DUFFIN.

BONNIE TWINKLING STARNIES.

Bonnie twinklin' starnies !
 Sae gentle and sae bright—
 Ye woo me and ye win me
 With your soft and silver light.
 Now peepin' o'er the mountain—
 Now glintin' in the streams—
 Now kissin' the red heather bell
 All with your winsome beams.
 Bonnie twinklin' starnies !
 Sae gentle and sae bright—
 Ye woo me and ye win me
 With your soft and silver light.

Bonnie twinklin' starnies !
 When gloamin' sheds its tinge,
 And strings the crystal dew-drop
 Around the gowan's fringe—

How often do I linger,
 With keen and anxious eye,
 To watch your bonnie faces
 Come glintin' frae the sky ?
 Starnies ! twinklin' starnies !
 Sae gentle and sae bright
 Ye woo me and ye win me
 With your soft and silver light.

Bonnie twinklin' starnies !
 Bright guardians of the skies—
 How can we dream of wickedness
 Beneath your sleepless eyes ?
 Cold and pulseless is the heart
 And deeply fraught with guile,
 Who does na feel the "lowe o' love"
 When ye look down and smile.
 Bonnie twinklin' starnies !
 Sae gentle and sae bright—
 Ye woo me and ye win me
 With your soft and silver light.

JAMES MCKOWEN.

"THEY'RE ONLY WEANS."

"Come in, sir, an' right welcome too ;
 Wi' rain, I'm sure, ye're drenched clane thro',
 Take off your coat. What's that ye say ?
 Ye'll not ! But aye ye will, in troth !
 That's right ; och, it's an awful day !
 Johneen, git ye up oot o' there,
 An' gie the gentleman that chair.
 Come up, come up, sir, from the dure ;
 Ye look near perished wi' the coul'.
 Come tae the fire ; I'll git a bowl
 An' you'll take jist a sup o' broth.
 An' sir, ye'll pardon me, I'm sure,
 An' dinnae mind the kitchen flure—

Ye cudnae keep it clane : the weans
 White ¹ sticks the whole day whin it rains ;
 Ye know I cannae let them oot
 Tae play, an' many's the scud an' cloot
 They git from me ; for sir, in troth !
 Sometimes they nearly turn my head.
 But after all, sir, whin all's said—
 They're weans.
 Och, aye ! they're only weans."

PADRIC GREGORY.

THE HILL O' DREAMS.

My grief ! for the days that's by an' done,
 When I was a young girl straight an' tall,
 Comin' alone at set o' sun,
 Up the high hill road from Cushendall.
 I thought the miles no hardship then,
 Nor the long road weary to the feet,
 For the thrushes sang in the deep green glen,
 An' the evenin' air was cool an' sweet.

My head with many a thought was throng,
 And many a dream as I never told,
 My heart would lift as a wee bird's song,
 Or at seein' a whin bush crowned with gold.
 And always I'd look back at the say,
 Or the turn o' the road shut out the sight
 Of the long waves curlin' into the bay
 An' breakin' in foam where the sands is white.

I was married young on a dacent man,
 As many would call a prudent choice,
 But he never could hear how the river ran
 Singin' a song in a changin' voice,
 Nor thought to see on the bay's blue wather
 A ship with yellow sails unfurled,
 Bearin' away a King's young daughter
 Over the brim of the heavin' world.

¹ To white sticks—to cut or whittle sticks.

The way seems weary now to my feet,
An' miles bes many, an' dreams bes few,
The evenin' air's not near so sweet,
The birds don't sing as they used to do.
An' I'm that tired at the top o' the hill,
That I haven't the heart to turn at all,
To watch the curlin' breakers fill
The wee round bay at Cushendall.

HELEN LANYON.

THE BLUE, BLUE SMOKE.

Oh ! many and many a time,
In the dim old days,
When the chapel's distant chime
Pealed the hour of evening praise,
I've bowed my head in prayer :
Then shouldered scythe or bill,
And travelled free of care
To my home across the hill :
Whilst the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waved my thousand welcomes home.

For oft and oft I've stood,
Delighted in the dew,
Looking down across the wood,
Where it stole into my view—
Sweet spirit of the sod
Of our own Irish earth,
Going gently up to God,
From the poor man's hearth.
O, the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
My thousand welcomes home.

But I hurried swiftly on,
When Herself from the door
Came swimming like a swan
Beside the Shannon shore :
And after her in haste,
On pretty, pattering feet,
Our rosy cherubs raced
Their daddy dear to meet :
While the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waved my thousand welcomes home.

But the times are sorely changed
Since those dim old days,
And far, far I've ranged
From those dear old ways :
And my colleen's golden hair
To silver all has grown,
And our little cherub pair
Have cherubs of their own :
And the black, black smoke,
Like a heavy funeral plume,
Darkly wreathing,
Fearful breathing,
Crowns the city with its gloom.

But 'tis our comfort sweet,
Through the long toil of life,
That we'll turn with tired feet
From the noise and the strife,
And wander slowly back
In the soft western glow,
Hand in hand, by the track
That we trod long ago :
Till the blue, blue smoke
Of our cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waves our thousand welcomes home.

OUT OF HEARING.

No need to hush the children for her sake,
Or fear their play :
She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake.
'Tis the long sleep, the deep long sleep she'll take,
Betide what may.
No need to hush the children for her sake ;
Even if their glee could yet again outbreak
So loud and gay.
She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake.
But sorrow a thought have they of merry-make
This many a day.
No need to hush the children for her sake,
So still they bide and sad her heart would ache
At their dismay.
She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake
To bid them laugh, and if some angel spake
Small heed they'd pay.
No need to hush the children for her sake.
She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake.

JANE BARLOW.

LIKE ONE I KNOW.

Little Christ was good, and lay
Sleeping, smiling in the hay ;
Never made the cows' round eyes
Open wider at His cries ;
Never, when the night was dim,
Startled guardian Seraphim,
Who above Him in the beams
Kept their watch round His white dreams ;
Let the rustling brown mice creep
Undisturbed about His sleep.
Yet if it had not been so—
Had He been like one I know,

Fought with little fumbling hands,
Kicked inside His swaddling bands,
Puckered wilful crimsoning face—
Mary Mother, full of grace,
At that little naughty thing,
Still had been a-worshipping.

NANCY CAMPBELL.

IRISH . LULLABY.

I'd rock my own sweet childie to rest in a cradle of gold
on a bough of the willow,
To the shoheen ho ! of the wind of the west and the
lulla lo ! of the soft sea billow.
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here beside your pillow.

I'd put my own sweet childie to float in a silver boat on
the beautiful river,
Where a shoheen ! whisper the white cascades, and a
lulla lo ! the green flags shiver.
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here with you for ever.

Shoheen ho ! to the rise and fall of mother's bosom
'tis sleep has bound you,
And, oh, my child, what cosier nest for rosier rest could
love have found you ?
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother's two arms are clasped around you.

DREAMS.

My son is in America
 Away beyond the sea,
But in his dreams he comes back home,
 And looks out towards Knockree.
He sees the ribbon of white road
 Go winding towards Glenchree,
And he knocks with his stick on the open door
 To call herself and me.

All day he's working in the town,
 And moidhered with the street,
But in his dreams he feels the grass—
 The grass beneath his feet.
He wanders up the green hill-side,
 The elder bloom smells sweet,
Then he praises God for the Irish air
 And reek of burning peat.

The wonders of the West he sees,
 For men of wealth live there
In houses reaching to the stars,
 With everything that's fair.
“ But och ! ” says he, “ the hills for me,
 The sight of grouse or hare,
The cry of the curlews over the bog,
 The breath of Irish air.”

WINIFRED M. LETTS.

IN BALLYSHANNON.

Standing on the Mall, beside the Salmon-leap,
 By the dancing, singing waters of the Erne,
Where the town of Ballyshannon lies asleep
 In Tyrconnell proud and stern.

I behold, as in a dream, the olden time,
And familiar forms in tender sunset glow,
And I hear the old Kilbarron belfry chime,
As in Sabbaths long ago.

In Kilbarron church my mother stood, a bride,
And its churchyard holds her kindred in its breast,
And I stand, a stranger, where they loved and sighed,
And were carried to their rest.

Far away the heedless world is surging on,
And the distant headlands greet the rising sea,
And the soundless dusk is gliding, pale and wan,
Round the river mournfully.

I go forth, as in a vision of the night,
And I journey past the bracken and the fern,
Scarcely listening, in the swiftly-dying light,
To the music of the Erne.

To the wistful cadence of its vesper song
Reminiscent of the islands and the lake,
Whence its waters wandered in a wayward throng
For the salt sea-surge's sake.

And the happy children by the Salmon-leap,
And the happy faces, vanished long ago,
Come to me in fancy as my watch I keep,
While the lonely shadows grow.

Some, perchance, sought El Dorado far away,
Some sought fair renown like valiant knights of old,
Hearing in their souls the Erne's bright waters play,
As on elfin harps of gold.

And Tyrconnell's sea-cliffs, white with spray and foam,
Seemed to call the exiles over wave and shore,
But the hearth grew cold, and desolate the home,
And the children came no more.

Only fancies floating through an ancient time,
Bringing to my soul, like music soft and low,
Vanished congregations, and a Sabbath chime,
And the dreams of long ago.

Quiet on the town, and on the misty Erne,
Quietness to-night, as in the buried years,
And, perchance, our hearts new hope and love may
learn,
From forgotten smiles and tears.

ROBERT J. KERR.

PADRIC THE FIDILER.

Padric sits in the garden
Inundher the bright new moon,
An' from his fidil coaxes
A lovely, dreamy tune.

Och ! I love the tune he's playin'
An' wisht it was for me ;
But I know it's for the birdeens
Up in the cherry tree.

Sure, iv'ry night they peep from
Inundher their mother's wings
Tae hear the silvery music
His wee dark fidil sings ;

An' for them he's always playin',
An' has nae a thought o' me ;
For if I go out he wandhers
Away from the cherry tree.

PADRIC GREGORY.

THE STARLING LAKE.

My sorrow that I am not by the little dún
By the lake of the starlings at Rosses under the hill,
And the larks there, singing over the fields of dew ;
Or evening there and the sedges still.
For plain I see now the length of the yellow sand,
And Lissadell far off and its leafy ways,
And the holy mountain whose mighty heart
Gathers into it all the coloured days.
My sorrow that I am not by the little dún
By the lake of the starlings at evening when all is still,
And still in whispering sedges the herons stand.
'Tis there I would nestle at rest till the quivering moon
Uprose in the golden quiet over the hill.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

THE GRAND MATCH.

Dennis was hearty when Dennis was young,
High was his step in the jig that he sprung,
He had the looks an' the sootherin' tongue,—
An' he wanted a girl wid a fortune.

Nannie was grey-eyed, an' Nannie was tall,
Fair was the face hid inundher her shawl,
Troth! an' he liked her the best o' them all,—
But she'd not a *traneen* to her fortune.

He be to look out for a likelier match,
So he married a girl that was counted a catch,
An' as ugly as need be, the dark little patch,—
But that was a trifle, he tould her.

She brought him her good-lookin' gold to admire,
She brought him her good-lookin' cows to his byre,
But, far from good-lookin' she sat by his fire,—
And paid him that "trifle" he tould her.

He met pretty Nan when a month had gone by,
An' he thought, like a fool, to get round her he'd try,
Wid a smile on her lip and a spark in her eye,
She said, "How is the woman that owns ye?"

Och, never be tellin' the life that he's led!
Sure many's the night that he'll wish himself dead,
For the sake of two eyes in a pretty girl's head,—
An' the tongue of the woman that owns him.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

CORRYMEELA.

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
And I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela, an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy
trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the hummin' o' the bees;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through
the heat,
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in
his shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.
"God save ye, colleen dhas," I said; the girl she thought
me wild!
Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard to
raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase ;
When ones't I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back
again—
Aye, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English
town !
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS.

Oh, to have a little house,
To own the hearth and stool and all—
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall !

To have a clock with weights and chains,
And pendulum swinging up and down !
A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown !

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store.

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed, and loth to leave
The ticking clock and shining delph.

Och ! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house or bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush :

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way

PADRAIC COLUM.

STRINGS IN THE EARTH AND AIR.

*Strings in the earth and air
Make music sweet ;
Strings by the river where
The willows meet.*

*There's music along the river,
For Love wanders there,
Pale flowers on his mantle,
Dark leaves on his hair.*

*All softly playing
With head to the music bent,
And fingers straying
Upon an instrument.*

JAMES JOYCE

SPIRITUAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL POETRY.

THE TRYST AFTER DEATH.

[“ Fothad Canann, the leader of a Connaught warrior-band, had carried off the wife of Alill of Munster with her consent. The outraged husband pursued them, and a fierce battle was fought, in which Fothad and Alill fell by each other’s hands. The lovers had engaged to meet on the evening after the battle. Faithful to his word, the spirit of the slain warrior kept his tryst and thus addressed his paramour] :—

Hush, woman ! Do not speak to me ;
My thoughts are not with thee to-night.
They glance again and yet again
Among the slain at Feic fight.

Who’d find my bloody corpse must grope
Upon the Slope of Double Brink ;
My head unwashed is in the hands
Of bands who ne’er from slaughter shrink.

Dark Folly is that tryster’s guide
Who Death’s black tryst aside would set ;
To keep the tryst at Claragh made,
The living and the dead are met.

Unhappy journey ! Evil doom
Had marked my tomb on Feic field,
And pledged me in that fateful strife
To foreign foes my life to yield.

Not I alone from Wisdom's way
Have gone astray by Passion led ;
Yet though for thee to death I came,
I put no blame on thy bright head.

Full wretched is our meeting here
In grief and fear, O hapless one !
Yet had we known it should be thus,
Not hard for us our sin to shun.

The proud-faced, grey-horsed warrior band
At my command fought faithful on ;
Till all their wondrous wood of spears
Beneath Death's shears to earth had gone.

Had they but lived, their valour bright
To-night had well avenged their lord.
Had Death not all my purpose changed,
I had avenged them with my sword.

Theirs was the blithe and lithesome force,
Till man and horse lay on the mould.
The great, green forest hath received
And overleaved the champions bold.

The sword of Domnall drank red dew,
The Lugh of hosts accoutred well,
Before him in the River Ford
By Death's award slim Comgal fell.

The three fierce Flanns, the Owens three,
From sea to sea six outlaws famed—
Each with his single hand slew four,
No coward's portion thus they claimed.

Swift charged Cu-Domna, singling out
With gleesome shout, his name-sake dread,
Down the Hill of Conflict rolled
Lies Flann the Little cold and dead

Red Falvey how your spear-string's play
Amid the fray made manhood melt ;
Forchorb, the Radiant, on his foes
Seven murderous blows, outleaping, dealt.

Twelve warriors in the battle brunt
Front to front against me stood.
Now of all the twelve are left
But corses cleft and bathed in blood.

Then I and Alili, Owen's son,
To shun each other we were loath,
With dropping sword and lowered shield,
Still stood the field to view us both.

Oh, then we too exchanged our spears,
Heroic peers, with such dread art,
I pierced him to the very brain,
He me again unto the heart.

Abide not on the battle-plain
Among the slain in terror's toils ;
Shun ghostly converse ; home with speed
Bear thou my meed of manly spoils.

All know that I was never seen,
Oh, Queen, apparelled as a boor,
But crimson-cloaked, with tunic white,
And belt of silver, bright and pure.

A five-edged spear, a lance of trust,
Of many-slaying thrust I bore ;
A shield five-circled, bronze its boss,
Firm oaths across its midst they swore.

My silver cup, a shining gem—
Its glittering stem will flash to thee ;
Gold ring and bracelets, famed afar,
By Nia Nar brought over sea.

Then Cailte's brooch, a pin of luck,
Though small, a buckle of price untold ;
Two little silver heads are bound
Deftly around its head of gold.

My draught-board, no mere treasure stake,
Is thine to take without offence ;
Noble blood its bright rim dyes,
Lady it lies not far from hence.

While searching for that treasure prized,
Be thou advised thy speech to spare.
Earth never knew beneath the sun
A gift more wonderfully fair.

One-half its pieces yellow gold,
White bronze of mould are all the rest ;
Its woof of pearls, a peerless frame,
By every smith of fame confessed.

The piece-bag—'tis a tale of tales—
Its rim with golden scales enwrought.
Its maker left a lock on it
Whose secret no want-wit hath caught.

Small is the casket and four-square,
Of coils of rare red gold its face,
The hundreth ounce of white bronze fine
Was weighed to line that matchless case.

O'er sea that red gold coil firm-wrought
Dinoll brought, the goldsmith nice ;
Of its all-glittering clasps one even
Is fixed at seven bondwomen's price.

Tradition tells the treasure is
A masterpiece of Turvy's skill ;
In the rich reign of Art The Good
His cattle would a cantred fill.

No goldsmith at his glittering trade
A wonder made of brighter worth ;
No royal jewel that outdid
Its glory hath been hid in earth.

If thou appraise its price with skill,
Want shall thy children ne'er attack ;
If thou keep safe this gem of mine,
No heir of thine shall ever lack.

There are around us everywhere
Great spoils to share of famous luck ;
Yet horribly at entrails grim
The Morrigan's dim fingers pluck.

Upon a spear-edge sharp alit,
With savage wit she urged us on.
Many the spoils she washes, dread
The laughter of red Morrigan.

Her horrid mane abroad is flung
That heart's well-strung that shrinks not back,
Yet though to us she is so near,
Let no weak fear thy heart attack.

At dawn I part from all that's human,
To join, O woman ! the warrior band.
Delay not ! Homeward urge thy flight ;
The end of night is nigh at hand.

Unto all time each ghostly rann
Of Fothad Canann shall remain,
My speech with thee reach every breast,
If my bequest I but obtain.

Since many to my grave will come,
Raise thou for me a tomb far-seen.
Such trouble for thy true love's sake
Wilt thou not undertake, O Queen !

My corse from thee must earthward pass,
My soul, alas ! to torturing fire.
Save worship of Heaven's Lord of lords
All earth affords but folly dire.

I hear the dusky ousel's song,
To greet the faithful throng, outpour ;
My voice, my shape, turn spectral weak—
Hush, woman, speak to me no more !

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

[From the Early Irish.]

Four Sages stood to chant a stave
Above the proud Earth Conqueror's grave ;
And all their words were words of candour
Above the urn of Alexander.

The first began : " But yesterday,
When all in State the Great King lay,
Myriads around him made their moan,
To-day he lieth all alone ! "

" But yesterday," the second sang,
" O'er earth his charger's hoof outrang ;
To-day its outraged soil instead
Is riding heavy o'er his head ! "

" But yesterday," the third went on,
" All earth was swayed by Philip's son ;
To-day to shroud his calcined bones
Seven feet thereof is all he owns ! "

" But yesterday, so liberal he,
Silver and gold he scattered free ;
To-day," the last outsigned his thought,
" His wealth abounds but he is naught ! "

Thus sentence gave these Sages four
Above the buried Emperor ;
It was no foolish women's prate
That held them thus in high debate.

EARLY IRISH TRIADS.

[*From the Ninth Century Collection of that name.*]

Three slender ones whereon the whole Earth swings :
The thin milk stream that in the keeler sings,
The thin green blade that from the cornfield springs,
The thin grey thread the housewife's shuttle flings.

Three finenesses that foulness keep from sight :
Fine manners in the most misfeatured wight,
Fine shapes of art by servile fingers moulded,
Fine wisdom from a hunch-back's brain unfolded.

Three fewnesses that better are than plenty :
A fewness of fine words—but one in twenty—
A fewness of milch-cows, when grass is shrinking ;
Fewness of friends when beer is best for drinking.

Three graceless sisters in the bond of unity
Are lightness, flightiness and importunity.

Three clouds, the most obscuring Wisdom's glance :
Forgetfulness, half-knowledge, ignorance.

Three signs of ill-bred folk in every nation :
A visit lengthened to a visitation,
Staring, and over-much interrogation

Three keys that most unlock our secret thinking
Are love and trustfulness and over-drinking.

Three the receivers are of stolen goods :
A cloak, the cloak of night, the cloak of woods.

Three unions, each of peace a proved miscarriage :
Confederate feats, joint ploughland, bonds of marriage.

Three excellencies of our dress are these :
Elegance, durability and ease.

Three aged sisters, not too hard to guess,
Are groaning, chastity and ugliness.

Three glories of a gathering free from strife :
Swift hound, proud steed and beautiful young wife.

The world's three laughing stocks (be warned and wiser !)
An angry man, a jealous and a miser.

Three powers advantaging a Chieftain most
Are Peace and Justice and an armed host.
Three worst of snares upon a Chieftain's way :
Sloth, treachery and evil counsel they !

Three ruins of a tribe to west or east :
A lying Chief, false Brehon, lustful Priest.

The rudest three of all the sons of earth :
A youngster of an old man making mirth,
A strong man at a sick man poking fun,
A wise man gibing at a foolish one.

Three signs that show a fop ; the comb-track in his hair,
The track of his nice teeth upon his nibbled fare,
His cane track in the dust, oft as he takes the air.

Three sparks that light the fire of love are these :
Glamour of face, and grace, and speech of ease.

Three steadinesses of wise womanhood :
A steady tongue, through evil as through good ;
A steady chastity, whoso else shall stray ;
Steady house-service, all and every day.

Three signs of increase : kine that low,
When milk unto their calves they owe ;
The hammer on the anvil's brow,
The pleasant swishing of the plough.

Three sisters false : I would ! I might ! I may !
Three timorous brothers : Harken ! Hush ! and Stay !

Three coffers of a depth unknown
Are His who occupies the throne,
The Church's, and the privileged Poet's own.

THRO' GRIEF AND THRO' DANGER.

[*An Address to the Irish Catholic Church.*]

Thro' grief and thro' danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love
burned,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turned,
Oh ! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more dear
to thee.

Thy rival was honoured, while thou wert wronged and
scorned ;
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorned ;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves ;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas ! were slaves ;
Yet, cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be,
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely who say thy vows are frail ;
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less
 pale ;
 They say, too, so long thou hast worn those ling'ring
 chains,
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile
 stains,
 Oh ! do not believe them, no chain could that soul subdue,
 Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too.

THOMAS MOORE.

TO TIME.

Yes, gentle Time, thy gradual, healing hand
 Hath stolen from sorrow's grasp the envenomed dart ;
 Submitting to thy skill, my passive heart
 Feels that no grief can thy soft power withstand,
 And though my aching breast still heaves the sigh,
 Though oft the tear swells silent in mine eye,
 Yet the keen pang, the agony is gone ;
 Sorrow and I shall part, and these faint throes
 Are but the remnant of severer woes ;
 As when the furious tempest is o'er blown,
 And when the sky has wept its violence,
 The opening heavens will oft let fall a shower,
 The poor o'erchargéd boughs still drops dispense.
 And still the loaded streams in torrents pour.

THE HON. MRS. TIGHE.

LAST LINES.

No coward soul is mine,
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere ;
 I see Heaven's glories shine,
 And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God, within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity !
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying life—have power in Thee.

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts ; unutterably vain ;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main.

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast to Thine infinity ;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void ;
Thou—Thou are Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

EMILY BRONTE

MOONLIGHT.

'Tis sweet at hush of night
By the calm moon to wander,
And view those isles of light
That float so far beyond her,
In that wide sea
Whose waters free

Can find no shore to bound them,
 On whose calm breast
 Pure spirits rest
 With all their glory round them ;
 Oh ! that my soul, all free,
 From bonds of earth might sever ;
 Oh ! that those isles might be
 Her resting place for ever.

When all those glorious spheres
 The watch of Heaven are keeping,
 And dews, like angels' tears,
 Around are gently weeping ;
 Oh, who is he
 That carelessly
 On virtue's bounds encroaches,
 But then will feel
 Upon him steal
 Their silent, sweet reproaches ?
 Oh ! that my soul, all free,
 From bonds of earth might sever ;
 Oh ! that those isles might be
 Her resting-place for ever.

J. J. CALLANAN.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

Yes, grief will have way—but the fast falling tear
 Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those
 Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian career,
 And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close.

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed
 By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave ;
 Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
 Like the Ghoul of the East, come to feed at his grave

Oh ! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born ;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn !

How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow ;
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow !

And thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had passed,
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast.

No, not for the wealth of the land, that supplies thee
With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine ;
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee—
Though this would make Europe's whole opulence
mine—

Would I suffer what e'en in the heart that thou hast—
All mean as it is, must have consciously burned,
When the pittance, which shame had wrung from thee
at last,
And which found all his wants at an end, was returned

“ Was this then the fate,”—future ages will say,
When some names shall live but in History's curse ;
When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of a day
Be forgotten as fools, or remembered as worse.

“ Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bower and the hall,
The orator—dramatist—minstrel—who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.

“ Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art,
From the finest and best of all other men's powers—

Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its
showers.

“ Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly’s light,
Played round every subject, and shone as it played ;
Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

“ Whose eloquence—brightening whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,—
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave ! ”

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate ;
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their morn’s dew in the beams of the Great,
And expect ’twill return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh ;
O Genius ! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die !

THOMAS MOORE.

THE SUN GOD.

I saw the Master of the Sun. He stood
High in his luminous car, himself more bright ;
An Archer of immeasurable might :
On his left shoulder hung his quivered load ;
Spurned by his Steeds the eastern mountain glowed ;
Forward his eager eye, and brow of light
He bent ; and, while both hands that arch embowed,
Shaft after shaft pursued the flying Night.
No wings profaned that godlike form : around
His neck high held an ever-moving crowd

Of locks hung glistening : while such perfect sound
Fell from his bowstring, that th' ethereal dome
Thrilled as a dewdrop ; and each passing cloud
Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam.

AUBREY DE VERE.

SORROW.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee ; do thou
With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow ;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;
Then lay before him all thou hast : Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness : Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to
the end.

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE FALLEN STAR.

A star is gone ! a star is gone !
There is a blank in Heaven,
One of the cherub choir has done
His airy course this even'.

He sat upon the orb of fire
That hung for ages there,
And lent his music to the choir
That haunts the nightly air.

But when his thousand years are passed,
With a cherubic sigh,
He vanished with his car at last—
For even cherubs die !

Hear how his angel-brothers mourn—
The minstrels of the spheres—
Each chiming sadly in his turn
And dropping splendid tears.

The planetary sisters all
Join in the fatal song,
And weep this hapless brother's fall,
Who sang with them so long.

But deepest of the choral band
The Lunar Spirit sings,
And with a bass-according hand
Sweeps all her sullen strings.

From the deep chambers of the dome
Where sleepless Uriel lies,
His rude harmonic thunders come,
Mingled with mighty sighs.

The thousand car-borne cherubim,
The wandering Eleven,
All join to chant the dirge of him
Who fell just now from Heaven.

GEORGE DARLEY.

THE SEA RITUAL.

Prayer unsaid, and Mass unsung,
Deadman's dirge must still be rung :
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells sound !
Mermen chant his dirge around !

Wash him bloodless, smooth him fair,
Stretch his limbs, and sleek his hair :
 Dingle-dong, the dead-bells go !
 Mermen swing them to and fro !

In the wormless sand shall he
Feast for no foul glutton be :
 Dingle-dong, the dead-bells chime !
 Mermen keep the tone and time !

We must with a tombstone brave
Shut the shark out from his grave :
 Dingle-dong, the dead-bells toll !
 Mermen dirgers ring his knoll !

Such a slab will we lay o'er him,
All the dead shall rise before him :
 Dingle-dong, the dead-bells boom !
 Mermen lay him in his tomb !

GEORGE DARLEY.

A WAKING DREAM.

Dreaming in the twilight,
When the shades creep o'er the hill ;
 Watching, when the sun is gone,
 How the grey, cold night comes on,
Awake, yet dreaming still.

Then I dream of dead ones,
Of my life the joy and light,
 And I see them round me rise,
 And I feel their cold calm eyes
Gaze on me through the night.

Dreaming by the firelight,
When the wintry night is chill—
Watching fire-sparks upward fly,
While the embers sink and die—
Awake, yet dreaming still.

Then I dream of fair souls
From dead ashes issuing bright,
And I see my dead arise,
Soaring heavenward through the skies,
In the death-dark night.

Dreaming in the sunlight,
When the summer noon is still—
Watching in the deep blue sky
Clouds of white, gold-cinctured lie—
Awake, yet dreaming still.

Then I dream of heaven,
Far beyond those tranquil skies,
And I see, 'mid angels bright,
My dead, in robes of gold and white,
Alive before my eyes.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

A LAMENT.

Youth's bright palace
Is overthrown,
With its diamond sceptre
And golden throne ;
As a time-worn stone
Its turrets are humbled,
All hath crumbled
But grief alone.

Whither, oh ! whither
Have fled away
The dreams and hopes
Of my early day ?
Ruined and grey
Are the towers I builded ;
And the beams that gilded,
Ah ! where are they ?

Once this world
Was fresh and bright,
With its golden noon
And its starry night ;
Glad and light,
By mountain and river,
Have I blessed the Giver
With hushed delight.

Youth's illusions,
One by one,
Have passed like clouds
That the sun looked on.
While morning shone,
How purple their fringes !
How ashy their tinges
When that was gone !

As fire-flies fade
When the nights are damp—
As meteors are quenched
In a stagnant swamp,
This Charlemagne's camp,
Where the Paladins rally,
And the Diamond Valley,
And the Wonderful Lamp—

And all the wonders
Of Ganges and Nile,
And Haroun's rambles,
And Crusoe's isle—

And Princes who smile
 On the Genii's daughters
 'Neath the Orient waters
 Full many a mile—

And all that the pen
 Of Fancy can write,
 Must vanish in manhood's
 Misty light—
 Squire and knight,
 And damosels' glances,
 Sunny romances
 So pure and bright !

These have vanished,
 And what remains ?
 Life's budding garlands
 Have turned to chains—
 Its beams and rains
 Feed but docks and thistles,
 And sorrow whistles
 O'er desert plains !

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

O pale green sea,
 With long, pale, purple clouds above—
 What lies in me like weight of love ?
 What dies in me
 With utter grief, because there comes no sign
 Through the sun-raying West, or the dim sea-line ?

O salted air,
 Blown round the rocky headland still,
 What calls me there from cove and hill ?
 What calls me fair

From thee, the first-born of the youthful night,
Or in the waves is coming through the dusk twilight ?

O yellow Star,
Quivering upon the rippling tide—
Sendest so far to one that sigh'd ?

Bendest thou, Star,
Above, where the shadows of the dead have rest
And constant silence, with a message from the blest ?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

O ! WONDROUS DEATH.

I.

Where thou hast touched, Oh, wondrous Death !
Where thou hast come between,
Lo ! there for ever perisheth
The common and the mean.

No little flaw, or trivial speck
Doth any more appear,
And cannot from this time, to fleck
Love's perfect image clear.

Clear stands Love's perfect image now,
And shall do evermore,
And we in awe and wonder bow,
The glorified before.

II.

A dewdrop falling on the wild sea wave,
Exclaimed in fear—" I perish in this grave " ;
But in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew ;
And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth—as first it feared, to die ;—

Until again, " I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed ;
O unbelieving !—so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a Monarch's diadem.

III.

The seed must die before the corn appears
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears.
Low must those ears by sickle's edge be lain,
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.
The grain is crushed, before the bread is made,
And the bread broke, ere life to man conveyed.
Oh ! be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed, and to be broken so ;
If thou upon God's table may'st be bread,
Life-giving food for souls an-hungred.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

LADY MARGARET'S SONG

Girls, when I am gone away,
On this bosom strew
Only flowers meek and pale,
And the yew.

Lay these hands down by my side,
Let my face be bare ;
Bind a kerchief round the face,
Smooth my hair.

Let my bier be borne at dawn,
Summer grows so sweet,
Deep into the forest green
Where boughs meet.

Then pass away, and let me lie
One long, warm, sweet day,
There alone, with face upturned,
One sweet day.

While the morning light grows broad,
While noon sleepeth sound,
While the evening falls and faints,
While the world goes round.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

EPITAPH.

He roamed half round the world of woe,
Where toil and labour never cease ;
Then dropped one little span below,
In search of peace.

And now to him mid beams and showers,
All that he needs to grace his tomb,
From loneliest regions, at all hours,
Unsought for, come.

AUBREY DE VERE.

AN ERRAND.

I slept ; and where her lonely flower-knots gleam
My dear lost Love I saw a-near my side,
Yet knew our fate, since in my dreamiest dream
How should I once forget that Norah died ?

But by a blossomed briar methought she stood,
Whereon the rose's dawn was fair to see ;
And " Bend the spray," she said, " and this small bud
It lifts so high above us, pluck for me.

" This is the flower I ever loved of yore,
This little rose, that where its petals part
Is all a-flush within, as if it bore
A rosier rose's shadow at its heart."

Then, "O my love," I said, "needs must there be
In thy dread world, unwist of mortal eyes,
Full many a wondrous bloom, and worthier thee
Than aught that drinks the light of these dim skies!"

"Most fair," quoth she, "untouched of change that mars,
I see them shine; yet this I chide in all,
That steadfast bides their beauty as a star's,
Nor ever a glow will fade, a leaf will fall.

"For so, Beloved, I still have vainly sought,
And missed in sheeniest sheen, in sweetest sweet,
A symbol of the old life's bliss, pain-fraught—
Thine yet—where all delight doth fail and fleet.

"Hence, for the old days' sake, from that far land
To clasp these flowers a weary way fare I,
Because their deathward drooping in my hand
Breathes memory of our love that shall not die."

JANE BARLOW.

THE EARTH AND MAN.

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream—
And life, as dry as desert dust,
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy,
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

SONG.

Bring from the craggy haunts of birch and pine,
Thou wild wind, bring
Keen forest odours from that realm of thine,
Upon thy wing!

Oh! wind, Oh! mighty, melancholy wind,
Blow through me, blow!
Thou blowest forgotten things into my mind,
From long ago.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN.

The old priest, Peter Gilligan,
Was weary night and day;
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die";
And after cried he, "God forgive!
My body spake, not I!"

He knelt, and leaning on the chair
He prayed and fell asleep,
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind,
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths came once more,
The old priest, Peter Gilligan,
Stood upright on the floor.

“ Mavrone, mavrone ! the man has died,
While I slept on the chair.”
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen ;
The sick man's wife opened the door :
“ Father ! you come again.”

“ And is the poor man dead ? ” he cried.
“ He died an hour ago.”
The old priest, Peter Gilligan,
In grief swayed to and fro.

“ When you were gone, he turned and died
As merry as a bird.”
The old priest, Peter Gilligan,
He knelt him at that word.

“ He who hath made the night of stars
For souls, who tire and bleed,
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need

“He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair.”

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

THE IRISH MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Half the long night my children, I lie waking
Till the dawn rustles in the old thorn-tree,
Then dream of you while the red morn is breaking
Beyond that broad salt sea,

In this poor room, where many a time the measure
Of your low, regular breathing in mine ear,
Brought to my listening heart a keener pleasure
Than any music clear.

Here, where, your soft heads in my bosom laying,
Ye nestled with your hearts to my heart press'd;
And I have felt your little fingers playing,
All night, around my breast.

On the brown hill-side, where so oft together,
Roaming forth idly, when our work was done,
We heard the moor-fowl in the purple heather
Crowing at set of sun.

I am alone—still on my threshold lieth
The shadow of the thorn ye play'd beneath,
Still to her mate, at eve, the brown bird crieth,
Out of the lonely heath:

But in my desolate house no sound of laughter,
And by my dreary hearth no daughter's face;
I watch the black smoke curling round the rafter,
I see each empty place.

How could you leave me? Did ye think a mother
Was natured like a bird in summer's prime,
Who leaves her young brood, hopeful of another
In the next glad spring time?

They tell me your new home is rich and sunny,
More than this dwelling on the mountain cold;
Fair as the land that flowed with milk and honey,
In the great Book of old.

They tell me flowers most beautiful are blowing
Out on your waysides, on your common trees,
But will ye find the mother's love there growing,
Ye gave for things like these?

And some have told me souls are never parted;
Faith leads us all unto the same bright Heaven,
Nor meet it is, that women, Christian-hearted,
To such wild grief be given;

Ah! But I know in that bright land is wanting
On Sunday morn, the sweet church-calling bell,
The pastoral word, the gather'd voices chanting
Hymns that ye loved so well.

The cares of this great world, its toils, its beauty,
Will dim your eyes, and grow about your heart,
And shut out heavenly hope and Christian duty,
And every better part.

The prayers we pray'd together at God's altar,
The creed ye lisp'd into my ear at night,
The verses that I taught your lips to falter
Will be forgotten quite.

Ah me! could I but think those lips were making,
In some far church, the vows they used to pour,
I could lie down without this wild heart-aching
Lest we should meet no more.

Sad mother ! for the visible presence pining
Of eyes that smile and lips that fondly move,
Things that, like dewy nights and bright sun's shining,
Nurse the sweet flowers of love.

But sadder far, when the wild waves that sever
Sing to her ear in one foreboding strain :
" We part you now, but must ye part for ever ? "
Echoing the heart's dull pain.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

SACRIFICE.

Those delicate wanderers,
The wind, the star, the cloud,
Ever before mine eyes,
As to an altar bowed,
Light and dew-laden airs,
Offer in sacrifice.

The offerings arise :
Hazes of rainbow light,
Pure crystal, blue and gold,
Through dreamland take their flight ;
And 'mid the sacrifice
God moveth as of old.

In miracles of fire
He symbols forth His days ;
In gleams of crystal light
Reveals what pure pathways
Lead to the soul's desire,
The silence of the height.

A.E.

ST. MICHAN'S CHURCHYARD.

[*Robert Emmet's Burial place.*]

Inside the city's throbbing heart
One spot I know, set well apart
From Life's hard highway, Life's loud mart.

Each Dublin lane, and street, and square
Around might echo ; but in there
The sound stole soft as whispered prayer.

A little, lonely, green graveyard,
The old church tower its solemn guard,
The gate with nought but sunbeams barred.

While other sunbeams went and came
Above the stone which waits the name,
His land must write with Freedom's flame.

The slender elm above that stone
Its summer wreath of leaves had thrown
Around the heart so quiet grown.

A robin, the bare boughs among,
Let loose his little soul in song—
Quick liquid gushes, fresh and strong.

And quiet heart, and bird and tree,
Seemed linked in some strange sympathy
Too fine for mortal eye to see,

But full of balm and soothing sweet,
For those who sought that calm retreat,
For aching breast and weary feet.

Each crowded street and thoroughfare
Was echoing round it—yet in there
The peace of Heaven was everywhere.

ROSE KAVANAGH.

LIFE.

Ah, Life ! that mystery that no man knows,
And all men ask, the Arab from his sands,
The Caesar's self, lifting imperial hands,
And the lone dweller where the lotus blows ;
O'er trackless tropics and o'er silent snows
She dumbly broods, that Sphinx of all the lands,
And if she answers no man understands,
And no cry breaks the blank of her repose.

But a new form dawned once upon my pain,
With grave sad lips, yet in the eyes a smile
Of deepest meaning dawning sweet and slow,

Lighting to service, and no more in vain
I ask of Life, " What art thou ? " as erewhile,
For since Love holds my hand I seem to know.

ELIZABETH MARY LITTLE.

A BENEDICTION

Dear little boy,
Soft-handed, playing with white daisies now,
Playing above tree shadows on the grass,
Where sorrowful I pass,
A gloom upon the sunlight of your joy
Seems to fall down whilst I am laying now
A kiss upon the brightness of your brow,
For with that kiss I did not wish you joy,
Dear little boy.

But this I wish for you,—
Not fortune, not much ease, not blissful days,
Not overmuch of even well-won praise,
Not even at end of life your labour's due—

But that beneath those little faltering feet,
In sacrifice complete,
A hard path may be chosen, the upward way,
On which I pause to-day—
Pause, helpless, weary, and can walk no more,
Whose work in life is o'er

And I bequeath,
When I must rest my share of earth beneath,
My days of toil being done,
The hope of this so nearly hopeless heart
To you, weak little one,
To be cherished and held apart,
Perhaps by failure to be tried and shaken,
Yet not by you forsaken ;
But kept, as I have kept it, handed on
Till, when you too are dust beneath the flowers,
Triumph at last is ours,
When darkness yields to dawn ;
And may it be our best of heaven to know
That God has made it so.

Now you may run,
White pinafore, into the spreading sun ;
Mid shadows racing as the clouds pass by,
Go, play, as thoughtless as the butterfly,
The white, gay thing that you are chasing after,
With ringing childish laughter ;
And I, whose innocent days of mirth are o'er,
Seeing you look to me and laugh again,
Feel hope steal back into my heart once more—
Hope, with this thought of pain,
That, oh ! you would be frightened if you knew
All I have wished for you.

ALICE MILLIGAN.

TOO DEEP FOR TEARS.

Come once again out of the depths of night,
Out of the darkness, that is all too bright
For eyes that need the glare of earthly light

Look once again, oh, eyes of purest blue,
Deep into mine—alas ! that never knew
In bygone days what beauty shone in you.

O calm and silent eyes, yet once again
Ye look upon me, and I look in vain ;
That baffling stillness—is it love or pain ?

Or love reproaching me that mine is cold ?
Ah ! never so ; the love that burned of old
Burns all the more because it burns untold.

Nay, doubt me not ; a thousand cares beset ;
New joys, new sorrows tempt me to forget ;
But thou, my dearest ! art remembered yet.

My brother ! my lost brother ! who can say
How far from sight, beneath life's surface play,
Live wounds of anguish that no tears betray ?

Thou knowest at least that only when my woe
Grew part of me, and sank from sight below
Into my life, my tears forbore to flow.

Thou knowest, oh, love, how often while I fare
Through dark and stony paths—in my despair
I seek thine arm—and lean—on empty air.

Aye, even now thy dear imagined eyes
Speak from the darkness, and thy heart replies
To these my passionate and wayward cries ;

“ Lean on me still ; God gave, in taking me,
His precious gifts of Hope and Memory ;
Be strong in these, and I am near to thee.”

EDMUND G. A. HOLMES.

A RETORT.

Not hers your vast Imperial mart,
Where myriad hopes on fears are hurled ;
Where furious rivals meet and part
To woo a world.

Not hers your vast Imperial town,
Your mighty mammoth piles of grain,
Your loaded vessels sweeping down
To glut the main.

Unused, unseen, her rivers flow
From mountain tarn to ocean tide ;
Wide vacant leagues the sunbeams show,
The rain-clouds hide.

You swept them vacant ! Your decree
Bid all her budding commerce cease ;
You drove her from your subject sea
To starve in peace !

Well, be it peace ! Resigned they flow,
No laden fleet adown them glides,
But wheeling salmon sometimes show
Their silvered sides.

And sometimes through the long still day
The breeding herons slowly rise,
Lifting grey tranquil wings away
To tranquil skies.

Stud all your shores with prosperous towns !
Blacken your hill-sides, mile on mile !
Redden with bricks your patient downs !
And proudly smile !

A day will come before you guess,
A day when men with clearer light,
Will rue that deed beyond redress ;
Will loathe that sight.

And, loathing, fly the hateful place,
And, shuddering, quit the hideous thing
For where unblackened rivers race
And skylarks sing.

For where, remote from smoke and noise,
Old Leisure sits knee-deep in grass ;
Where simple days bring simple joys,
And lovers pass.

I see her in those coming days,
Still young, still gay ; her unbound hair
Crowned with a crown of starlike rays,
Serenely fair

I see an envied haunt of peace,
Calm and untouched, remote from roar ;
Where wearied men may from their burdens cease
On a still shore.

EMILY LAWLESS.

CARRICK.

I will not walk these roads of pain,
I will turn back to youth again.
'Tis full sunlight, though past the noon,
The night will not come very soon,
And if you haste we may lie down
Before sunset in Carrick town.

O brothers, sisters, come with me.
The old house still stands there, you see
My little red-haired Tories,¹ come,
For none can shut the door of home.
We're safe before the sun goes down,
And sleep is sweet in Carrick town.

O hide me, Carrick, shut me in.
Here in your little streets begin
Again for me the young surprise
Of life, give back the eager eyes,
The bounding hearts, the hands that clung,
The songs our comrade voices sung.

See our own window set so high
To catch the wonder of the sky.
Come Brown Eyes, Blue Eyes, Curly Head.
O come, my living, come, my dead!
O Death, how did you find the way
You tread so certainly to-day?

No bigger than a bulrush, I
Beside the rushy Shannon cry.
There are no children on the shore,
The singing voices sing no more,
The sea draws all her rivers down,
And love has sailed from Carrick town.

SUSAN MITCHELL.

¹ Irish name for rogues or robbers.

CONNLA'S WELL.

[That is a well at which are the hazels of wisdom and inspirations, that is, the hazels of the science of poetry, and in the same hour, their fruit and their blossom and their foliage break forth, and then fall upon the well in the same shower, which raises upon the waters a royal surge of purple."—"The Voyage of Bran," p. 214.]

A cabin on the mountain-side hid in a grassy nook,
With door and window open wide, where friendly stars
 may look,
The rabbit shy can patter in, the winds may enter free
Who throng around the mountain throne in living ecstasy

And when the sun sets dimmed in eve, and purple fills the
 air,
I think the sacred hazel-tree is dropping berries there,
From starry fruitage waved aloft where Connla's well
 o'erflows ;
For, sure, the immortal waters run through every wind
 that blows.

I think, when night towers up aloft and shakes the tremb-
 ling dew,
How every high and lonely thought that thrills my spirit
 through
Is but a shining berry dropped down through the purple
 air,
And from the magic tree of life the fruit falls everywhere.
A.E.

DREAMS.

Beyond, beyond the mountain line,
 The grey-stone and the boulder,
Beyond the growth of dark green pine
 That crowns its western shoulder,
There lies that fairy land of mine,
 Unseen of a beholder.

Its fruits are all like rubies rare ;
Its streams are clear as glasses ;
There golden castles hang in air,
And purple grapes in masses,
And noble knights and ladies fair
Come riding down the passes.

Ah me ! they say if I could stand
Upon those mountain ledges,
I should but see on either hand
Plain fields and dusty hedges ;
And yet I know my fairy-land
Lies somewhere o'er their edges.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

THE SOUL-BELL.

Night, and its noon and a far to-morrow,
Grey with the fears
Of a future that leans to a past to borrow
Its meed of tears.

White are the drifts outside ; and hither,
Around her bed,
White comes the face, that asks, oh, whither
Fares forth my dead ?

White is the taper clasped in her fingers !
Her lips are white ;
Recall Thy judgment, O God ! that lingers
This weary night !

Hark ! from the ivy across the river
Moaneth the bell ;
Death ! fling thy arrow back to its quiver ;
There ! it is well !

Still as the marble and cold she seemeth,
Looking afar ;
Round the wide orb of her future gleameth
Her life's lone star.

Frail, how the garments of life still hold her
From the far flight
Through the trail of the stars, whose eyes enfold her
Beyond the night.

Hark ! how again the soul-bell splinters
The granite gloom,
Thick with the murk of a thousand winters,
And a halting doom.

Come, O ye Spirits, that float and hover
Above the soul !
Is there no gleam of bliss to cover
Grey death and dole ?

There, once again like a bolt from heaven
(Why always three ?)
Thunders the soul-bell till earth is riven
'Twixt you and me.

A flash of crimson ; in some far bourn
A star hath bled ;
Earth and the sky have met to mourn
Ismene, dead !

PATRICK A. SHEEHAN.

TITAN.

What matters where the great God flings
Down on earth's floor thy thinking clay,
If thou canst rise and live to-day
The life of emperors and kings !

So take thy soul and keep it sane ;
 And, treading firm the green earth-sod,
 Look upward from that place to God,
 That He shall see thy soul again.

There undejected, there unhurled
 Asunder—sick with mortal change ;
 Self-held from star to star to range,
 Or one with all the working world.

O King of kings and emperors,
 Though vagabond of night and morn—
 Some dusty quarry-fellow born
 To walk beside a tattered horse

CHARLES WEEKES

A MOMENT'S INSIGHT.

Beyond the smoke there burns a veiled fire,
 Behind the horizon sails a ship of dreams,
 Yet in the night of deeds and dull desire
 The earth that blinds our eyes our Mother seems.

Lo, now the smoke rolls her thick cloud away,
 And white sails gleam on the horizon line ;
 Fierce pity whispers in the ears of clay,
 And broken gods still know themselves divine.

EVA GORE-BOOTH.

“THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA.”

“There shall be no more Sea.” Ah, surely this
 Is only for the souls who reach the bliss
 Of Paradise ! They need not seek the kiss
 Of Earth's great mother, Sea ; nor will they miss,

Whose pulses with new-risen life beat high,
The soothing of the Æolian lullaby,
Which now doth win man's weariness to lie,
Lapped in its sound and be content to die.

Hearts strong in vigour of their fresh great joy
Will ask no more the leaping waves to buoy
Their moods to kindred laughter, and destroy
Through alien glee their human cares' annoy
A little while. The eyes whereon doth break
The light of Heaven, what need have they to take
Sad pleasure in those ocean gleams that make
Dim lives worth living for their beauty's sake ?

Yet though the Blessed need no more the Sea,
Will not God leave her to the Lost ?—that she,
Who could not save them from their woe, may be
Their nurse to comfort, ever tenderly
With vast and low-voiced hushabies to still
The restlessness of pain incurable,
And with a sense of vague, fair sadness fill
Their hunger for lost good adorable.

Men love her, earth's old Sea. She loves them well.
If she may be their mother too in Hell,
Will she not rock them there with lulling swell,
In her deep constancy ? Ah, who can tell ?
If waters' strength and love's be not in vain,
Some souls who nevermore God's grace might gain
May yet to peace of dreamless sleep attain,
Lost to all gladness, lost alike to pain.

ELIZABETH DICKINSON WEST.
(Mrs. Edward Dowden).

ADRIFT.

Unto my Faith, as to a spar, I bind
 My Love—and Faith and Love adrift I cast
 On a dim sea. I know not if at last
 They the eternal shore of God shall find.

I only know that neither waves nor wind
 Can sunder them ; the cords are tied so fast
 That Faith shall never—doubts and dangers past—
 Come safe to land, and Love be left behind.

ELIZABETH DICKINSON WEST.
 (Mrs. Edward Dowden).

A SONG OF SUN SETTING.

*More fleet than flights of fire,
 More soft than stealth of sleep,
 Speed down abysses dire,
 'Twixt outpost stars that keep
 Lone boundary lights ablaze,
 While, meshed in spiry rings,
 Suns weave their devious maze—
 Even so my sweet merle rings.*

He furls his dusky wings
 Beneath the ivy-hood
 That o'er yon gate-arch clings,
 As hill and field and wood,
 Through pale mists hovering dim
 Go lifted high and higher,
 Up, up, with cup-curved rim
 Against the West's rose fire.

*Speed swiftilier still and nigher ;
 Nay, ere our veiled dawn clings,
 The disc of vesmeil fire,
 Breathe hither, O Spring of Springs—
 Thy spell's enchanted might,
 Whose sudden gramary brings
 A change to strange delight—
 'Tis so my sweet merle rings.*

Ah, list his soothsayings,
 Of joy unthought, untold,
 Waked in all mortal things,
 Till even the weary and old
 Must deem they dream the truth,
 And see their soul's desire,
 Thrilled through anew with youth,
 Whose shadow is dew and fire.

*Fled hate and wrath's fell fire,
 Slain fear and sorrowing sore,
 The very airs inspire
 Love-lore and wonder-lore ;
 A heaven no heart shall miss,
 Where storm wild rapture flings,
 And calm sheds balm of bliss—
 Even so my sweet merle sings.*

JANE BARLOW.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Minstrel unseen, who singest to the skies,
 Hope not to make the vestal night pulsate
 To such wild strains of music passionate ;
 For she on heaven hath fixed her virgin eyes,
 And, deaf to thine entrancing melodies,
 Doth quiring angels, silent, contemplate,
 While hid in shadow, thou may'st sing and wait,
 To thine own longing making sad replies.

He is thy love ! O see, at heaven's edge,
Where trees expectant stand along the ridge,
Thy song is crowned ere yet its ardour sinks ;
Dawn leans her down through golden window-bars,
And flings with shining hands her wreathèd pinks
Among the silver lilies of the stars.

ELINOR SWEETMAN.

THE SHELL.

And then I pressed the shell
Close to my ear
And listened well,
And straightway like a bell
Came low and clear
The slow, sad murmur of far distant seas,
Whipped by an icy breeze
Upon a shore
Wind swept and desolate.
It was a sunless strand that never bore
The footprint of a man,
Nor felt the weight
Since time began
Of any human quality or stir,
Save what the dreary winds and waves incur.
And in the hush of waters was the sound
Of pebbles rolling round,
For ever rolling with a hollow sound,
And bubbling sea-weeds, as the waters go,
Swish to and fro
Their long, cold tentacles of slimy grey.
There was no day,
Nor ever came a night
Setting the stars alight
To wonder at the moon.
Was twilight only and the frightened croon,

Smitten to whimpers, of the dreary wind
And waves that journeyed blind—
And then I loosed my ear—oh, it was sweet
To hear a car go jolting down the street !

JAMES STEPHENS.

THE ROSE OF SILENCE.

In a green stillness hidden from sun and moon
Under the sea,
A blossom swings by the High-Queen's doon
On a silver tree ;
And every poet has dreamed since time begun
Of that hidden place,
But only those who have said farewell to the sun
May come to the doon by the silver tree
Or find in hollow or height,
Under the still green tideless sea
The Rose of Silence and Night.

ELLA YOUNG.

THE BOUGH OF TIME.

When all the years are shaken
From the Bough of Time,
Beloved we shall waken
In some far golden clime,
Where no dark hour can hold us
Or bitter memory fold us
And youth is ne'er o'ertaken
By wintry Age's rime.
There joy from height to hollow
Will call on us to follow

And starry blossoms swaying
Will set our hearts a-maying
And keep our feet delaying
In that far golden clime.

O would the years were shaken
From the Bough of Time.

ELLA YOUNG.

A DREAM GARDEN

Will you come one day to see me
In my House of Dream?
I'll light the way before you
With a rainbow gleam.

You'll see the cloud-walled garden
Where my lilies grow,
And count the sunflowers swaying
In a golden row.

The south wind blows the rose leaves
Before the sun,
In a cloud of crimson sweetness
When day is done.

And the stars come out a-flutter
Like moths white-winged
Among my apple branches
All flame be-ringed.

Flame-fair the apples shimmer
And change and glow,
And nowhere but in cloud-land
Such apples grow.

O come and see my garden
And my House of Dream,
I'll light the way before you
With a rainbow-gleam.

ELLA YOUNG.

THE UNEXPLORED.

Out of lonely seas we sailed
After dusk and crossed the bar
Ere the darkness wholly veiled
Haven, shores and lands afar ;
Ere the path of wild-rose light
O'er the hills had faded quite
Or the shore-light's golden rays
Glowed across the water-ways.

Wonderlands of which we dreamed
Over the unventured seas
Never more enchanted seemed,
Never lovelier than these ;
These that, hidden till the dawn,
Now no boundary confines,
Save where starry skies have drawn
Silvery horizon lines.

There, between the veiled and shown,
Wonders hidden are our own ;
Forest voices whisper there
Lore of days that never were ;
Secrets vision hides we find
Written in the undefined ;
Revelations in the guessed,
Treasures in the unpossessed.

Darker, over waters dark,
Loom the shores ; and still remains,
Here and there, a light to mark
Ships along the haven lanes.
Softer, over ripples soft,
Far away the sea-winds blow ;
Fairer than the stars aloft
Shine the stars in depths below.

Ah ! what seek we ? Even now,
 While we wonder, we endow
 All things near us and afar
 With the dreams that nowhere are :
 Reading into the unknown
 Hopes that we have long outgrown,
 Weaving into the unseen
 Tidings of the might-have-been.

Soon along the eastern rim
 Light shall steal, and silver mist
 Flash to rose, and uplands dim
 Wake in folds of amethyst.
 Soon shall tidings twilight told,
 Soon shall pathways starlight drew,
 Vanish in the morning's gold,
 Hide behind the noonday's blue

Now, till morn, remain our own
 Magic shores of old surmise,
 Peaks no morning can dethrone,
 Lands that know no boundaries.
 There the unfulfilled abides ;
 There the touch of night unbars
 Gates of ways that noonday hides,
 Paths that reach beyond the stars.

SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT.

YOUTH AND AGE.

[From the " Poem-book of Fionn.]

Once I was yellow-haired, and ringlets fell
 In clusters round my brow ;
 Grizzled and sparse to-night my short grey crop,
 No lustre in it now

Better to me the shining locks of youth,
Or raven's dusky hue,
Than dear old age, which chilly wisdom brings,
If what they say be true.

I only know that as I pass the road
No woman looks my way ;
They think my head and heart alike are cold—
Yet I have had my day.

ELEANOR HULL

GROWING OLD.

We'll fill a Provence bowl and pledge us deep
The memory of the far ones, and between
The soothing pipes in heavy-lidded sleep
Perhaps we'll dream the things that once had been.
'Tis only noon and yet too soon to die,
Yet we are growing old, my heart and I.

A hundred books are ready in my head
To open out where Beauty bent a leaf,
What do we want with beauty ? We are wed
Like ancient Proserpine to dismal grief,
And we are changing with the hours that fly,
And growing odd and old, my heart and I.

Across a bed of bells the river flows,
And roses dawn, but not for us ; we want
The new thing ever as the old thing grows
Spectral and weary on the hills we haunt,
And that is why we feast and that is why
We're growing odd and old, my heart and I.

FRANCIS E. LEDWIDGE.

I WILL FORGET.

I will forget
 The moaning of the sea about Aran ;
 Green beaches wet,
 And grey rocks barren—
 The sea-moan, against rocks that hinder and let !
 (I said, and in my saying, remembered yet.)

I am the cry of the sea
 Moaning about the rocks of Aran.
 Ye are the rocks, cold rocks unmoved by me,
 O dark-eyed people of Aran.

I will forget
 The dark-eyed people of the Isles of the Old Sea :
 Mairead-bheag, and Donal who talked with the Sidh
 The dark-eyed people have their own fret,
 Have their own glee.
 I will forget,
 (I say, and in my saying, remember yet.)

ALICE FURLONG.

FROM THE BURREN.

No hint, no touch of grim utility,
 Earth's busy functions sleep abandoned here ;
 Corn-grower, root-grower, nourisher of grain,
 All are forgotten ; nakedly austere.
 Nought but herself, her inmost core, survives,
 Stripped to the elements ; enskyed and pure,
 Remote, and stern, and coldly sanctified ;
 Pale as a ghost, yet rock-fast to endure.

And therefore, Burren hills, to me you seem
 Shrines meet for that which is, and which is not ;
 Approach, beloved ones ! Hasten ! All is clear,
 No bidding need you—you the unforgot !

The door stands open ; only come, ah, come ;
Come from your far-off realms, with noiseless tread,
Come as you were, no dearer could you be—
The Loved, the Lost, the Sundered and the Dead !

Wide glistening pavements fit for ghostly feet,
Where never thought of mart or street intrude,
Only from ledge to ledge spent rain-drops drip,
And half-heard tinklings stir the solitude.
Imponderable wanderers ! Shadowy all !
Ghost after ghost ; half-veiled ; grey muffled ; while
With spirit-looks, visions seen in sleep,
Eyes seem to glimmer, lips austere smile.

Again at dusk-time, or when moonbeams lie
Far on the sheeted silence, fold on fold ;
Then with a swifter sequence, soft as light,
Life's semblances enwrap this shadowy cold
Like autumn leaves, like high-borne clouds, they come—
Strange shapes ; and others, others, ah, *not* strange !
Not strange, God knows, but intimately dear,
Untouched by time, defiant of all change.

And therefore, Burren hills, grey Burren hills,
Soul of fierce Clare, wild West of all our West,
No mindless tract of earth or strand thou seem'st,
Such as dull maps and solemn charts attest.
Here 'mid your solitudes, as 'mid the crowds,
Alike for me thou shinest, realm apart ;
Open to all we pine for, pray for, hope ;
Sanctified Home-land of th' unchanging heart.

EMILY LAWLESS.

THE WEAVER.

I was the child that passed long hours away
Chopping red beetroot in the hay-piled barn ;
Now must I spend the wind-blown April day
Minding great looms and tying knots in yarn.

Once long ago I tramped through rain and slush,
In brown waves breaking up the stubborn soil,
I wove and wove the twilight's purple hush
To fold about the furrowed heart of toil.

Strange fire and frosts burnt out the seasons' dross;
I watched slow Powers the woven cloth reveal,
While God stood counting out His gain and loss,
And Day and Night pushed on the heavy wheel.

Held close against the breast of living Powers—
A little pulse, yet near the heart of strife,
I followed the slow plough for hours and hours,
Minding through sun and shower the loom of life.

The big winds, harsh and clear and strong and salt,
Blew through my soul and all the world rang true,
In all things born I knew no stain or fault,
My heart was soft to every flower that grew.

The cabbages in my small garden patch
Were rooted in the earth's heart; wings unseen
Throbbled in the silence under the dark thatch,
And brave birds sang long ere the boughs were
green.

Once did I labour at the living stuff
That holds the fire, the water and the wind;
Now do I weave the garments coarse and rough
That some vain men have made for vain mankind.

EVA GORE-BOOTH.

COIRE DUBH LINN.

The voices of the curlew crying on the air
Floated about the silence of the hills.
The brooding visage of the mountains bare
Seemed the mute passion of a thousand wills.

From the black waters of the dizzy pool
Cupped in the rocky sharpness of their sides,
Enchantments curled up to their foreheads cool,
Like a large gesture that reveals and hides.

Then thro' the tangled network of my mind
I sank, as down a steep and endless well ;
A sudden darkness and a rushing wind
And a sharp terror caught me as I fell.

So I saw God : as like a man may see
The Spectral Beauty and be living still,
His snowy hair flowed thro' eternity,
And His quick eyes searched out my secret will.

Then shining rainbows hid Him wholly up.
But a large peace had filled me at the sight :
Like crystal waters in a golden cup,
Brimming above the sides into the light.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

GHOSTS.

The nettle chokes the beaten earth,
The ivy-tree the stone—
The living dead must mind
The walls that were their own.

The living dead must surely mind
The constant stream that spills
Into a granite pool
Between the folding hills.

It twists about, it trickles thro'
And with a hollow sound,
It spills into the pool,
And gurgles underground.

Last night, last night, as I came by
The ruins grey and bare,
I heard a human voice
Make music on the air.

For tho' the nettle chokes the earth,
The ivy-tree the stone,
The living dead must mind
The walls that were their own.

I looked, and lo, the driven moon
Hid in a bank of cloud ;
And when it shone I saw
A woman in her shroud

She sang, and washed a wooden churn
All in the water white :
Her hair was in the stream,
Her shroud was spun of light.

She washed, and coloured bubbles foamed,
About her fallen hair ;
And human laughter rang
Into the icy air.

It seemed the pool was white with feet,
The darkness bright with eyes,
The ruins warm with song,
With laughter and with sighs.

For though the nettle chokes the earth,
The ivy-tree the stone,
The living dead must mind
The walls that were their own.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

THE OMEN.

From out its chamber, green and high,
A bird leap'd forth at break of day,
And speeding o'er the wood, came nigh
Where two great glittering armies lay.

It swooped aside, and clamour stirred
The pale grey region where it flew ;
And wavering down the plain, the bird
Reach'd the calm river-nook it knew.

But neither army paused nor spoke,
And one read foul and one read fair ;
And straight the storm of battle broke,
With ruin here and triumph there.

At eve the bird flew back again,
The plain beneath now bare and wide ;
Stars throng'd, the skies were fleec'd, in pain
The stricken warrior turn'd and died.

From cape to mountain beacons gleamed,
And cities waked with peal and blare.
Head under wing it slept, nor dream'd
Of that wild symbol traced in air.

“ JOHN EGLINTON.”

DIMINUTIVUS ULULANS.

[*To John Macnamara.*]

Wailing diminutive of me, be still ;
Or cry, but spare me that regretful tone,—
Of sorrows elemental waxing shrill,
O you of living things the most alone !
Son, do you thus reproach me and make moan,

Because upon Love's chariot I did fly
 And a horn winded in the great unknown,
 Calling your atoms out to be an I?
 Should I have let you in abeyance lie,
 Disintegrate another million years?
 Then use your life to teach you how to die
 And pass again beyond the reach of tears,
 Some day you may regret I dragged you thence,
 Perhaps forgive the vast impertinence.

FRANCIS MACNAMARA.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

What means this mighty chant, wherein its wail
 Of some intolerable woe, grown strong
 With sense of more intolerable wrong
 Swells to a stern victorious march—a gale
 Of vengeful wrath? What mean the faces pale,
 The fierce resolve, the ecstatic pangs along
 Life's fiery ways, the demon thoughts which throng
 The gates of awe, when these wild notes assail
 The sleeping of our souls? Hear ye no more
 Than the mad foam of revolution's leaven,
 Than a roused people's throne-o'erwhelming tread?
 Hark! 'tis man's spirit thundering on the shore
 Of iron fate; the tramp of Titans dread,
 Sworn to dethrone the Gods unjust from Heaven.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

THE STARS SANG IN GOD'S GARDEN.

I.

The stars sang in God's garden,
 The stars are the birds of God;
 The night-time is God's harvest,
 Its fruits are the words of God.

God ploughed His fields in the morning,
God sowed His seed at noon,
God reaped and gathered in His corn
With the rising of the moon.

The sun rose up at midnight,
The sun rose red as blood,
It showed the Reaper, the dead Christ,
Upon His cross of wood.

For many live that One may die,
And One must die that many live—
The stars are silent in the sky
Lest my poor songs be fugitive.

I SEE HIS BLOOD UPON THE ROSE.

II.

I see His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of His eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

In see His face in every flower ;
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice—and carven by His power
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His cross is every tree.

JOSEPH PLUNKETT.

WHAT IS WHITE ?

What is white ?

The soul of the sage, faith-lit,
The trust of Age,
The infant's untaught wit.

What more white ?

The face of Truth made known,
The Voice of Youth
Singing before her throne.

THOMAS MACDONAGH

ALAS THAT SPRING SHOULD VANISH WITH
THE ROSE.

[*From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.*]

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and around, but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand labour'd it to grow :
And this was all the harvest that I reap'd—
“ I came like Water, and like Wind I go.”

Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing,
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing !
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence* ?
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence !
Another and another Cup to drown
The memory of this Impertinence !

There was a Door to which I found no Key :
There was a Veil past which I could not see :
Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE
There seemed—and then no more of THEE and ME

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose !
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close !
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows ?

Ah, Love ! could thou and I with fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire !

Ah, Moon of my Delight, who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heaven is rising once again :
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain !

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass !

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

THE END OF ALL.

[*From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.*]

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers ; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

Think in this battered caravanserai,
Whose portals are alternate night and day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
Abode his destined hour, and went his way.

They saw the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep ;
And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled ;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving herb whose tender green
Fledges the river-lip on which we lean,—
Ah, lean upon it lightly, for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen !

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regret and future fears :
To-morrow !—why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two, before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the couch of earth
Descend—ourselves to make a couch—for whom ?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend ;
Dust into dust, and under dust, to lie
Sans wine, sans songs, sans singer, and—sans end !

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A man there came, whence none could tell,
Bearing a Touchstone in his hand ;
And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote
The fair to foul, the foul to fair ;
Purple nor ermine did he spare,
Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,
Were many changed to chips and clods,
And even statues of the Gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
“ The loss outweighs the profit far ;
Our goods suffice us as they are ;
We will not have then tried.”

And since they could not so prevail
To check this unrelenting guest,
They seized him, saying—“ Let him test
How real it is, our jail ! ”

But, though they slew him with the sword,
And in a fire his Touchstone burn'd,
Its doings could not be o'erturned,
Its undoings restored.

And when to stop all future harm,
They strew'd its ashes on the breeze ;
They little guess'd each grain of these
Convey'd the perfect charm.

North, south, in rings and amulets,
Throughout the crowded world 'tis borne ;
Which, as a fashion long outworn,
Its ancient mind forgets.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

MAN OCTIPARTITE.

[*From the Middle Irish.*]

Thus sang the sages of the Gael :

A thousand years ago well nigh ;
“ Hearken how the Lord on high
Wrought man, to breathe and laugh and wail,
To hunt and war, to plough and sail,
To love and teach, to pray and die ! ”

Then said the sages of the Gael :

“ Of parcels eight was Adam built,
The first was earth, the second sea,
The third and fourth were sun and cloud,
The fifth was wind, the sixth was stone,
The seventh was the Holy Ghost,
The last, the Light which lighteth God.”

Then sang the sages of the Gael :

“ Man's body first was built of earth
To lodge a living soul from birth.
And earthward home again to go
When Time and Death have spoken so.
Then of the sea his blood was dight
To bound in love and flow in fight.
Next, of the sun, to see the skies,
His face was framed with shining eyes.
From hurrying hosts of cloud was wrought
His roaming, rapid-changeeful thought.

Then of the wind was made his breath
To come and go from birth to death.
And then of earth-sustaining stone
Was built his flesh-upholding bone

The Holy Ghost, like cloven flame,
The substance of his soul became ;
Of Light which lighteth God was made
Man's conscience, so that unafraid
His soul through haunts of night and sin
May pass and keep all clean within.

“ Now, if the earthiness redound,
He lags through life a slothful hound,
But, if it be the sea that sways,
In wild unrest he wastes his days.
Whene'er the sun is sovran, there
The heart is light, the face is fair.
If clouds prevail, he lives in dreams
A deedless life of gloom and gleams,
If stone bear rule, he masters men,
And ruthless is their ransom then.
But when the wind has won command,
His word is harder than his hand.
The Holy Ghost, if He prevail,
Man lives exempt from lasting bale,
And, gazing with the eyes of God,
Of all he sees at home, abroad,
Discerns the inmost heart, and then
Reveals it to his fellow-men,
And they are truer, gentler, more
Heroic than they were before.

“ But he on whom the Light Divine
Is lavished bears the sacred sign,
And men draw nigh in field or mart
To hear the wisdom of his heart.
For he is calm and clear of face,
And unperplexed he runs his race,

Because his mind is always bent
On Right, regardless of event.

“Of each of those eight things decreed
To make and mould the human breed,
Let more or less in man and man
Be set as God has framed His plan;
But still there is a ninth in store—
(Oh grant it now and evermore!)
Our Freedom, wanting which, we read,
 The bulk of earth, the strength of stone,
The bounding life o’ the sea, the speed
 Of comets, the splendour of the sun,
The never-flagging light of wind,
 The fervour of the Holy Ghost,
 The Light before the angels’ host—
Though all be in our frame combined,
Grow tainted, yea, of no avail.”

So sang the sages of the Gael.

WHITLEY STOKES.

RELIGIOUS POETRY.

PATRICK'S BLESSING ON MUNSTER.

*Blessing from the Lord on High
Over Munster fall and lie ;
To her sons and daughters all
Choicest blessings still befall ;
Fruitful blessing on the soil
That supports her faithful toil !*

*Blessing full of ruddy health,
Blessing full of every wealth
That her borders furnish forth,
East and West and South and North ;
Blessing from the Lord on High
Over Munster fall and lie !*

*Blessing on her peaks in air,
Blessing on her flag-stones bare ;
Blessing from her ridges flow
To her grassy glens below ;
Blessing from the Lord on High
Over Munster fall and lie !*

*As the sands upon the shore
Underneath her ships, for store,
Be her hearths, a twinkling host
Over mountain, plain, and coast !
Blessing from the Lord on High
Over Munster fall and lie !*

RELIGIOUS POETRY.

THE BREASTPLATE OF ST. PATRICK.

I invoke, upon my path
To the king of Ireland's rath,
The Almighty power of the Trinity ;
Through belief in the Threeness,
Through confession of the Oneness
Of the Maker's Eternal Divinity.

I invoke, on my journey arising,
The power of Christ's Birth and Baptizing,
The powers of the hours of His dread Crucifixion,
Of His Death and Abode in the Tomb,
The power of the hour of his glorious Resurrection
From out the Gehenna of gloom,
The power of the hour when to Heaven He ascended,
And the power of the hour when by Angels attended
He returns for the Judgment of Doom !

On my perilous way
To Tara to-day,
I, Patrick, God's servant,
Invoke from above,
The Cherubim's love !

Yea ! I summon the might of the Company fervent
Of Angel obedient, ministrant Archangel
To speed and to prosper my Irish Evangel,
I go forth on my path in the trust
Of the gathering to God of the Just ;
In the power of the Patriarchs' prayers ;
The foreknowledge of Prophets and Seers ;

The Apostles' pure preaching ;
 The Confessors' sure teaching ;
 The virginity blest of God's Dedicate Daughters,
 And the lives and the deaths of His Saints and His
 Martyrs !

I arise to-day in the strength of the heaven,
 The glory of the sun,
 The radiance of the moon,
 The splendour of fire and the swiftness of the levin,
 The wind's flying force,
 The depth of the sea,
 The earth's steadfast course,
 The rock's austerity.

I arise on my way,
 With God's Strength for my stay,
 God's Might to protect me,
 God's Wisdom to direct me,
 God's Eye to be my providence,
 God's Ear to take my evidence,
 God's Word my words to order,
 God's Hand to be my warder,
 God's Way to lie before me,
 God's Shield and Buckler o'er me,
 God's Host Unseen to save me,
 From each ambush of the Devil,
 From each vice that would enslave me,
 And from all who wish me evil,
 Whether far I fare or near,
 Alone or in a multitude.

All these Hierarchies and Powers
 I invoke to intervene,
 When the Adversary lowers
 On my path, with purpose keen
 Of vengeance black and bloody
 On my soul and on my body ;
 I bind these Powers to come
 Against Druid counsel dark,
 The black craft of Pagandom,

And the false heresiarch,
 The spells of wicked women,
 And the wizard's arts inhuman,
 And every knowledge, old and fresh,
 Corruptive of man's soul and flesh.

May Christ on my way
 To Tara to-day,
 Shield me from poison
 Shield me from fire,
 Drowning or wounding
 By enemy's ire,
 So that mighty fruition
 May follow my mission.

Christ behind and before me,
 Christ beneath me and o'er me,
 Christ within and without me,
 Christ with and about me,

Christ on my left and Christ on my right,
 Christ with me at morn and Christ with me at night ;
 Christ in each heart that shall ever take thought of me
 Christ in each mouth that shall ever speak aught of me;
 Christ in each eye that shall ever on me fasten,
 Christ in each ear that shall ever to me listen.

I invoke, upon my path
 To the King of Ireland's rath,
 The Almighty power of the Trinity ;
 Through belief in the Threeness,
 Through confession of the Oneness
 Of the Maker's Eternal Divinity.

A PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN.

Gentle Mary, Noble Maiden,
 Hearken to our suppliant pleas !
 Shrine God's only Son was laid in !
 Casket of the Mysteries !

Holy Maid, pure Queen of Heaven,
Intercession for us make,
That each hardened heart's transgression
May be pardoned for Thy sake.

Bent in loving pity o'er us,
Through the Holy Spirit's power,
Pray the King of Angels for us
In Thy Visitation hour.

Branch of Jesse's tree whose blossoms
Scent the heavenly hazel wood,
Pray for me for full purgation
Of my bosom's turpitude.

Mary, crown of splendour glowing,
Dear destroyer of Eve's ill,
Noble torch of Love far-showing,
Fruitful Stock of God's good will ;

Heavenly Virgin, Maid transcendent
Yea, He willed that Thou shouldst be
His fair Ark of Life Resplendent,
His pure Queen of Chastity.

Mother of all good, to free me,
Interceding at my side,
Pray Thy First-Born to redeem me,
When the Judgment books are wide ;

Star of knowledge, rare and noble,
Tree of many-blossoming sprays,
Lamp to light our night of trouble,
Sun to cheer our weary days.

Ladder to the Heavenly Highway,
Whither every Saint ascends,
Be a safeguard still, till my way
In Thy glorious Kingdom ends.

Covert fair of sweet protection,
Chosen for a Monarch's rest,
Hostel for nine months' refection
Of a Noble Infant Guest.

Glorious Heavenly Porch, whereunder,
So the day star sinks his head,
God's Own Son—O saving wonder !
Jesus was incarnated ;

For the fair Babe's sake conceived
In Thy womb and brought to birth,
For the Blest Child's sake received
Now as King of Heaven and Earth ;

For His Rood's sake ! starker, steeper
Hath no other cross been set,
For His 'Tomb's sake ! darker, deeper
There hath been no burial yet ;

By His Blessed Resurrection,
When He triumphed o'er the tomb,
By the Church of His affection
During till the Day of Doom—

Safeguard our unblest behaviour,
Till behind Death's blinding veil,
Face to Face, we see our Saviour,
This our prayer is : Hail ! All Hail !

COLUMBKILLE'S FAREWELL

Alas for the voyage, O high King of Heaven,
Enjoined upon me,
For that I on the red plain of bloody Cooldrevin
Was present to see.

How happy the son is of Dima ; no sorrow
 For him is designed,
He is having, this hour, round his own hill in Durrow,
 The wish of his mind.

The sounds of the winds in the elms, like the strings of
 A harp being played,
The note of a blackbird that claps with the wings of
 Delight in the glade.

With him in Ros-Grencha the cattle are lowing
 At earliest dawn,
On the brink of the summer the pigeons are cooing
 And doves in the lawn.

Three things am I leaving behind me, the very
 Most dear that I know,
Tir-Leedach I'm leaving, and Durrow and Derry ;
 Alas, I must go !

Yet my visit and feasting with Comgall have eased me
 At Cainneach's right hand,
And all but thy government, Eirie, have pleased me,
 Thou waterful land.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

ON THE FLIGHTINESS OF THOUGHT.

Shame upon my thoughts, O shame !
 How they fly in order broken,
Much therefore I feel the blame
 When the Trump of Doom has spoken.

At my psalms, they oft are set
 On the path the Fiend must pave them ;
Evermore, with fash and fret,
 In God's sight they misbehave them.

Through contending crowds they fleet,
Companies of wanton women,
Silent wood or strident street,
Swifter than the breezes skimming.

Now through paths of loveliness,
Now through ranks of shameful riot,
Onward ever more they press,
Fledged with folly and disquiet

O'er the Ocean's sounding deep
Now they flash like fiery levin ;
Now at one vast bound they leap
Up from earth into the heaven.

Thus afar and near they roam
On their race of idle folly ;
Till at last to reason's home
They return right melancholy.

Would you bind them wrist to wrist—
Foot to foot the truants shackle,
From your toils away they twist
Into air with giddy cackle.

Crack of whip or edge of steel
Cannot hold them in your keeping ;
With the wriggle of an eel
From your grasp they still go leaping.

Never yet was fetter found,
Never lock contrived, to hold them ;
Never dungeon underground,
Moor or mountain keep controlled them

Thou Whose glance alone makes pure,
Searcher of all hearts and Saviour,
With Thy Sevenfold Spirit cure
My stray thoughts' unblessed behaviour.

God of earth, air, fire and flood,
Rule me, rule me in such measure,
That, to my eternal good,
I may live to love Thy pleasure.

Christ's own flock thus may I reach,
At the flash of Death's sharp sickle,
Just in deed, of steadfast speech,
Not, as now, infirm and fickle.

THE MONK AND HIS WHITE CAT.

Pangar, my white cat, and I
Silent ply our special crafts ;
Hunting mice his one pursuit,
Mine to shoot keen spirit shafts.

Rest I love, all fame beyond,
In the bond of some rare book ;
Yet white Pangar from his play
Casts, my way, no jealous look.

Thus alone within one cell
Safe we dwell—not dull the tale—
Since his ever favourite sport
Each to court will never fail.

Now a mouse, to swell his spoils,
In his toils he spears with skill ;
Now a meaning deeply thought
I have caught with startled thrill.

Now his green full-shining gaze
Darts its rays against the wall ;
Now my feebler glances mark
Through the dark bright knowledge fall.

Leaping up with joyful purr,
In mouse fur his sharp claw sticks,
Problems difficult and dear
With my spear I, too, transfix.

Crossing not each other's will,
Diverse still, yet still allied,
Following each his own lone ends,
Constant friends we here abide.

Pangar, master of his art,
Plays his part in pranksome youth ;
While, in age sedate, I clear
Shadows from the sphere of Truth

THE SCRIBE.

[From the Irish of Saint Columbkille.]

For weariness my hand writes ill,
My small, sharp quill runs rough and slow ;
Its slender beak with failing craft
Puts forth its draught of dark, blue flow.

And yet God's blessed wisdom gleams
And streams beneath my fair-brown palm
The while quick jets of holly ink
The letters link of prayer or psalm.

So, still my dripping pen is fain
To cross the plain of parchment white,
Unceasing at some rich man's call,
Till wearied all am I to-night.

QUATRAINS FROM THE EARLY IRISH HOSPITALITY.

Whether my house is dark or bright,
I close it not on any wight,
Lest Thou, hereafter, King of Stars,
Against me close Thy Heavenly bars.

If from a guest who shares thy board,
Thy dearest dainty thou shalt hoard,
'Tis not that guest, O do not doubt it,
But Mary's Son shall do without it.

THE SEA-GOING BARK.

*[From the Irish of King and Bishop, Cormac Mac Culennain,
837-903.]*

Shall I loose my dusky little coracle
On the glorious, deep, wide-bosomed ocean?
Shall I face, O Heaven's bright King and Oracle,
Of my own free will the salt commotion?

Whether narrow in Thy sight or wide it be,
Served by few or by a host in number,
O my God, wilt Thou Thyself beside it be,
When my struggling bark the billows cumber

THE SHAVING OF MURDOCH.

*[By Muiredach O'Daly, late twelfth century, when he and Cathal
of the Red Hand, King of Connaught, entered the monastic life
together.]*

Murdoch, whet thy razor's edge,
Our crowns to pledge to Heaven's Ardrigh!
Vow we now our hair fine-tressed
To the Blessed Trinity!

Now my head I shear to Mary ;
'Tis a true heart's very due.
Shapely, soft-eyed chieftain now
Shear thy brow to Mary, too !

Seldom on thy brow, fair chief,
Hath a barbing knife been plied ;
Oft the fairest of Princesses
Combed her tresses at thy side.

Whenso'er that we did bathe
We found no scathe, yourself and I,
With Brian of the well-curled locks,
From hidden rocks and currents wry.

And well I mind what once befell
Beside the well of fair Boru—
I swam a race with Ua Chais
The icy flood of Fergus through.

When hand to hand the bank we reached,
Swift foot to foot we stretched again,
Till Duncan Cairbre, chief of chiefs,
Gave us three knives—not now in vain.

No other blades such temper have ;
Then Murdoch shave with easy art ;
Whet, Cathal of the Wine Red Hand,
Thy victor brand, in peaceful part.

Then our shorn heads from weather wild
Shield, Daughter mild of Joachim,
Preserve us from the sun's fierce power,
Mary, soft flower of Jesse's stem.

CONSECRATION.

[By Murdoch O'Daly, called Murdoch "the Scotchman" (Muiredach Albanach), on account of his affection for that country ; born in Connaught towards the close of the twelfth century.]

How great the tale, that there should be,
In God's Son's heart, a place for me !
That on a sinner's lips like mine,
The cross of Jesus Christ should shine !

Christ Jesus bend me to Thy will,
My feet to urge, my griefs to still ;
That even my flesh and blood may be
A temple sanctified to Thee.

No rest, no calm, my soul may win,
Because my body craves to sin ;
Till Thou, dear Lord, Thyself impart
Peace to my head, light to my heart.

May consecration come from far,
Soft shining like the evening star !
My toilsome path make plain to me,
Until I come to rest in Thee.

TRANSLATION BY ELEANOR HULL.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

[By *Maélisu*, 900 to 1030.]

O Holy Spirit, hasten to us !
Move round about us, in us, through us !
All our deadened souls' desires
Inflame anew with heavenly fires.

Yea ! let each heart become a hostel
Of Thy bright Presence Pentecostal,
Whose power from pestilence and slaughter
Shall shield us still by land and water.

From bosom sins, seducing devils,
From Hell with all its hundred evils,
For Jesus' only sake and merit,
Preserve us, Thou Almighty Spirit.

MAELISU'S HYMN TO THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

Angel and Saint,
O Michael of the Oracles,
O Michael of great miracles,
Bear to the Lord my plaint !

Hear my request !
Ask of the great, forgiving God
To lift this vast and grievous load
Of sin from off my breast

Why, Michael, tarry
My fervent prayer with upward wing
Unto the King, the great High King
Of Heaven and earth, to carry.

Unto my soul
Bring help, bring comfort, yea bring power,
To win release in death's black hour
From sin, distress and dole.

Till as devoutly
My fading eyes seek Heaven's height,
To meet me with the myriads bright
Do thou adventure stoutly.

Captain of Hosts,
Against earth's wicked, crooked clan,
To aid me, lead thy battle van
And quell their boasts.

Archangel glorious,
Disdain not now thy suppliant urgent,
But over every sin insurgent
Set me victorious.

Thou art my choosing !
That with my body, soul and spirit
Eternal life I may inherit,
Thine aid be not refusing.

In my sore need
O Thou of Anti-Christ the slayer,
Triumphant Victor, to my prayer
Give heed, O now give heed !

THE SOUL'S DESIRE.

[Author and date unknown.]

It were my soul's desire
To see the face of God ;
It were my soul's desire
To rest in His abode.

It were my soul's desire
To study zealously ;
This, too, my soul's desire,
A clear rule set for me.

It were my soul's desire
A spirit free from gloom ;
It were my soul's desire
New life beyond the Doom.

It were my soul's desire
 To shun the chills of hell ;
 Yet more my soul's desire
 Within His house to dwell.

It were my soul's desire
 To imitate my King,
 It were my soul's desire
 His ceaseless praise to sing.

It were my soul's desire,
 When heaven's gate is won,
 To find my soul's desire
 Clear shining like the sun.

Grant, Lord, my soul's desire,
 Deep waves of cleansing sighs ;
 Grant, Lord, my soul's desire
 From earthly cares to rise.

This still my soul's desire—
 Whatever life afford—
 To gain my soul's desire
 And see Thy face, O Lord.

Translated by ELEANOR HULL.

THE FEILIRE OF ADAMNAN.

[*Ancient Irish Litany.*]

[Though ascribed to St. Adamnan, Abbot of Iona (died 704), the biographer of St. Columba, the piece, judging by its languages, is later.]

Saints of Four Seasons !
 Saints of the Year !
 Loving, I pray to you ; longing, I say to you :
 Save me from angers, dreeings, and dangers !
 Saints of Four Seasons !
 Saints of the Year !

Saints of Green Springtime !
Saints of the Year !
Patraic and Grighair, Brighid be near !
My last breath gather with God's Foster Father !
Saints of Green Springtime !
Saints of the Year !

Saints of Gold Summer !
Saints of the Year !
(Poesy wingeth me ! Fancy far bringeth me !)
Guide ye me on to Mary's Sweet Son !
Saints of Gold Summer !
Saints of the Year !

Saints of Red Autumn !
Saints of the Year !
Lo ! I am cheery ! Michil and Mary
Open wide Heaven to my soul bereaven !
Saints of Red Autumn !
Saints of the Year !

Saints of Grey Winter !
Saints of the Year !
Outside God's Palace fiends wait in malice—
Let them not win my soul going in !
Saints of Grey Winter !
Saints of the Year !

Saints of Four Seasons !
Saints of the Year !
Waking or sleeping, to my grave creeping,
Life in its Night, hold me God's light !
Saints of Four Seasons !
Saints of the Year !

PATRICK J. MCCALL.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

[From the Irish.]

Hail to thee, thou holy Babe,
In the manger now so poor,
Yet so rich Thou art, I ween,
High within the highest door.

Little Babe who art so great,
Child so young who art so old,
In the manger small His room
Whom not heaven itself could hold.

Motherless, with mother here,
Fatherless, a tiny span,
Ever God in heaven's height,
First to-night becoming man.

Father—not more old than thou ?
Mother—younger, can it be !
Older, younger is the Son,
Younger, older, she than he.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

A CONFESSION FOR FORGIVENESS

[From the Later Irish.]

Outstretched on this bed,
As if for the tomb,
To make my confession,
Lord, toward Thee I come !

For all deeds of the flesh,
Alas ! ever fresh,
Ill thoughts of the mind
That my secret soul find ;

For my eyes' lawless roving,
My ears' lawless hearing,
My lips' lawless moving,
My steps, sinward steering ;

For everything spoken
Or acted untrue ;
For promises broken
And broken anew ;

For every one thing,
In thought and in deed,
In deed or in thought,
Against Thy will wrought,
Oh, Heavenly King,
For Thy pardon I plead !

THE CONVENT BELL.

O convent bell ! long, long ago
Your peal was refuge for my heart ;
The homeward path you seemed to show
Lay from the world's ways far apart.

But now you hammer prison bars—
I hear the passing children's mirth—
Above the walls mad dancing stars
Mingle their music with the earth.

What though night-long aspiring prayer
And adoration in my soul
Ascend as incense through the air
To wave for me an angel's stole—

The mother's heart is still more blest,
When stirring in her arms she feels
Her baby's hand grope for the breast,
For heaven her own soul reveals.

O, sad and far, O convent bell !
You call to prayer on this May eve ;
For unborn babes your funeral knell
Makes Mary mother weep and grieve.

GEORGE ROBERTS.

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